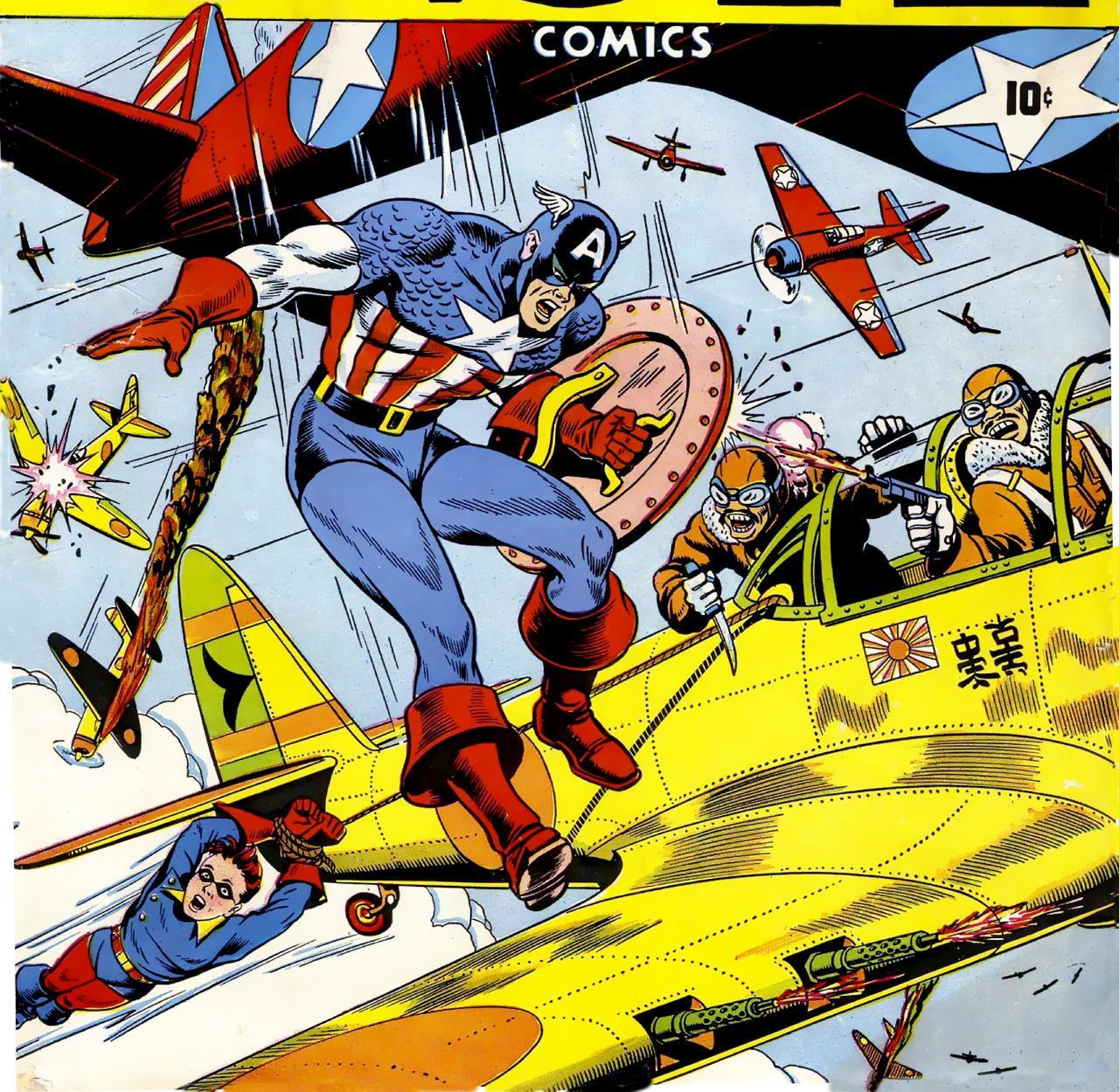
CAPTAIN AMERICA FEATURED IN

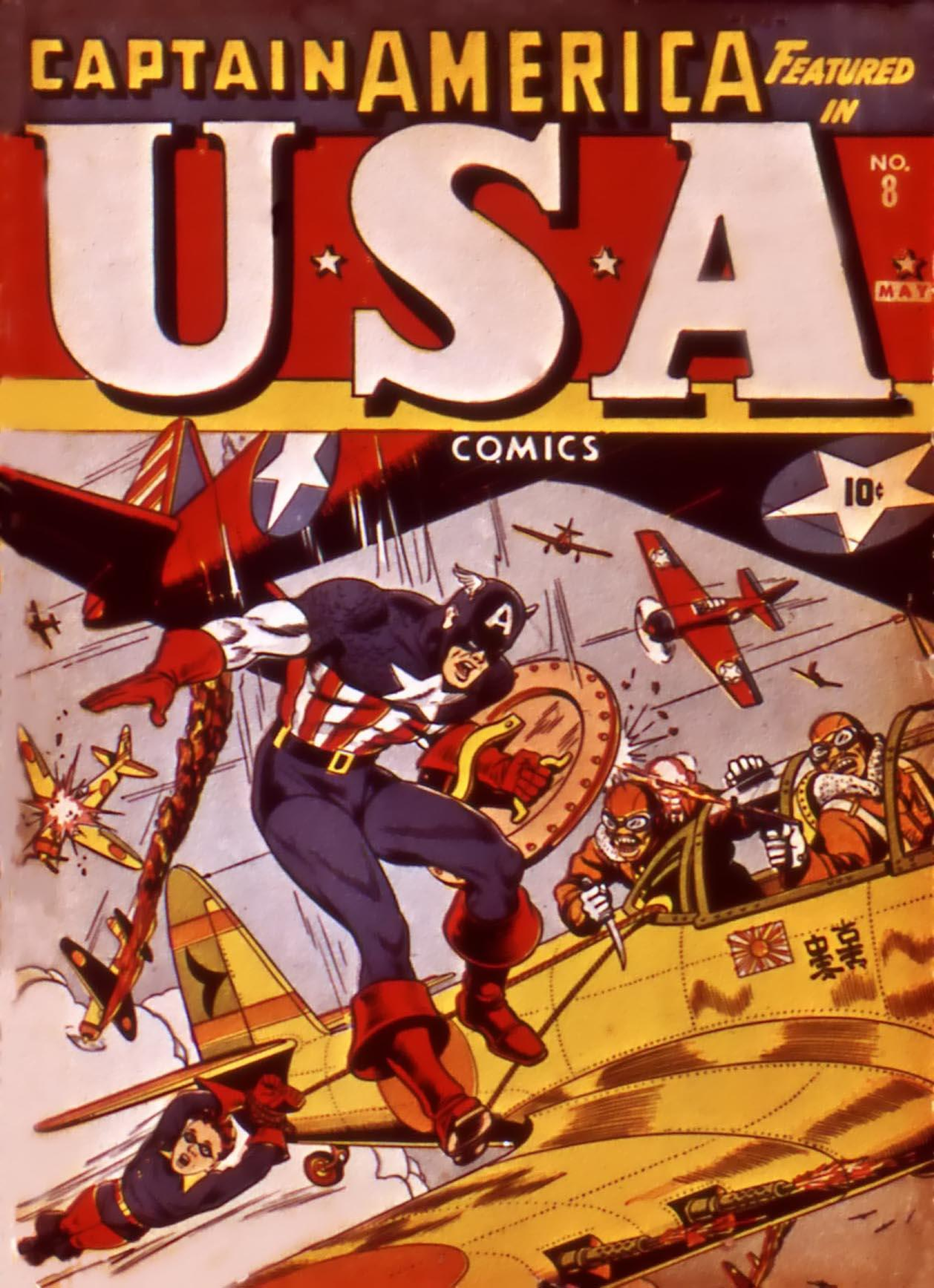
U.S.A COMICS

NO. 8

MAY

10¢




CAPTAIN AMERICA FEATURED IN
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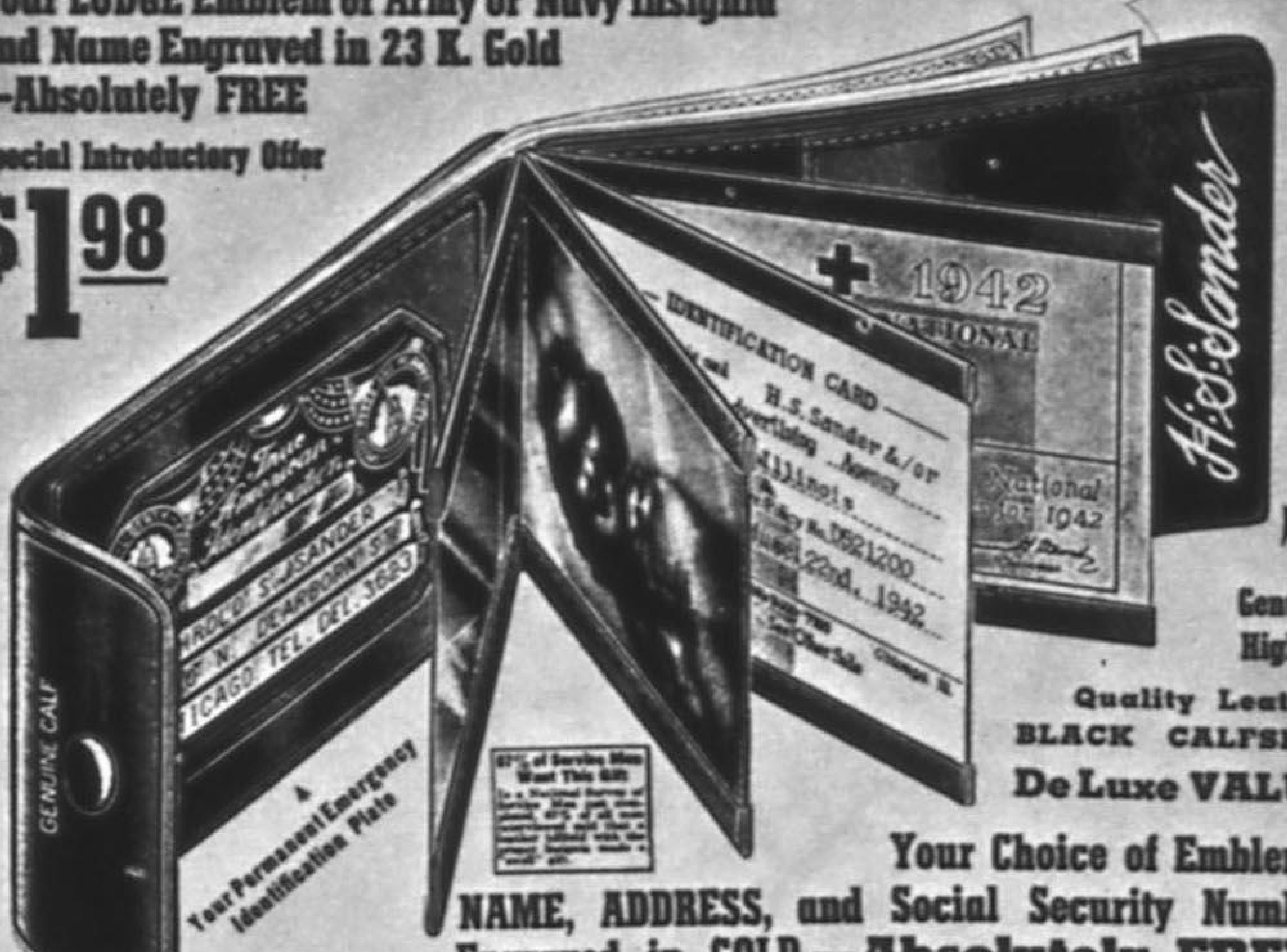

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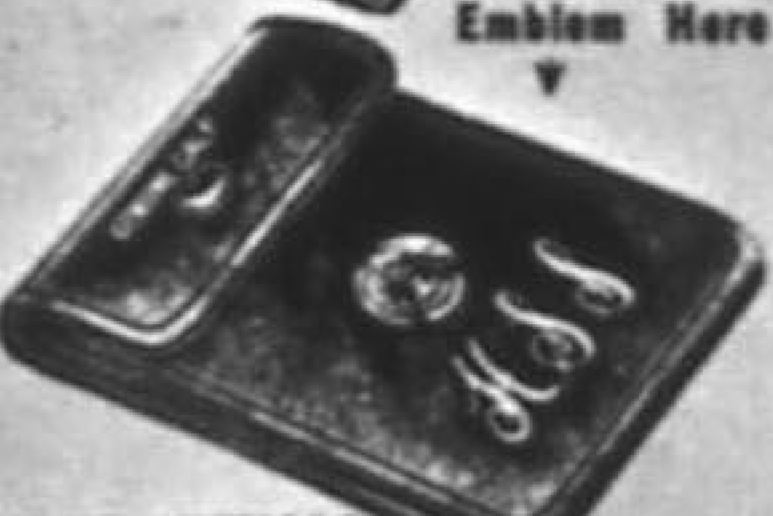

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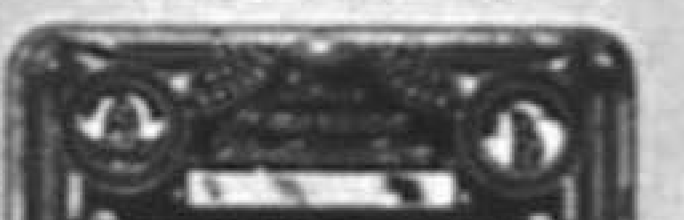

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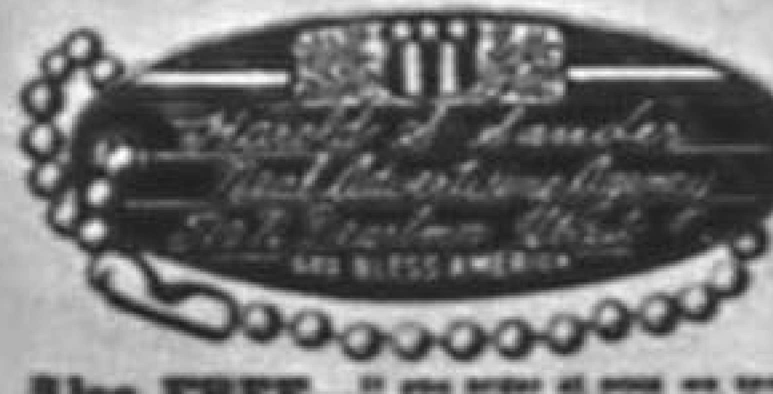

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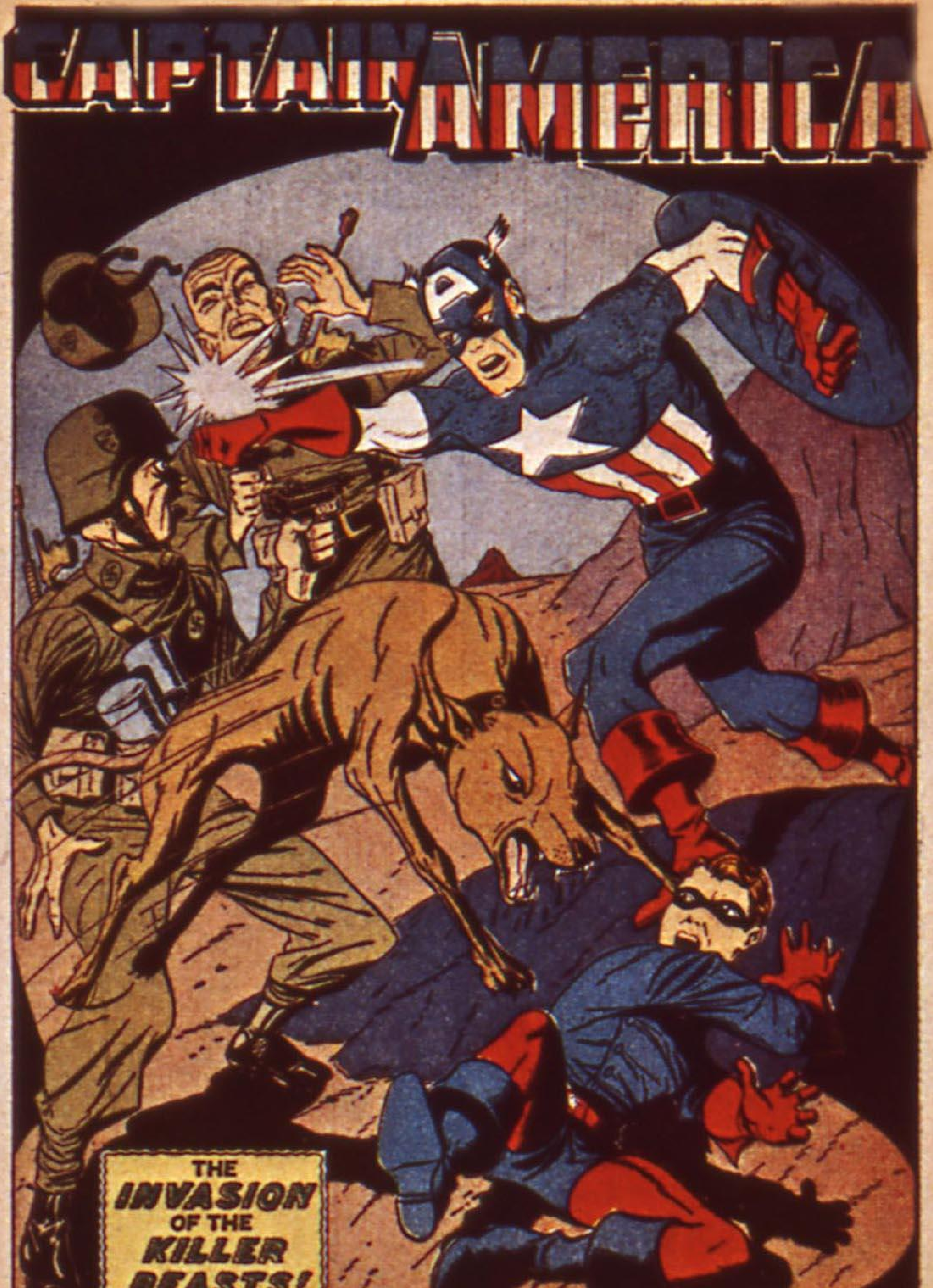
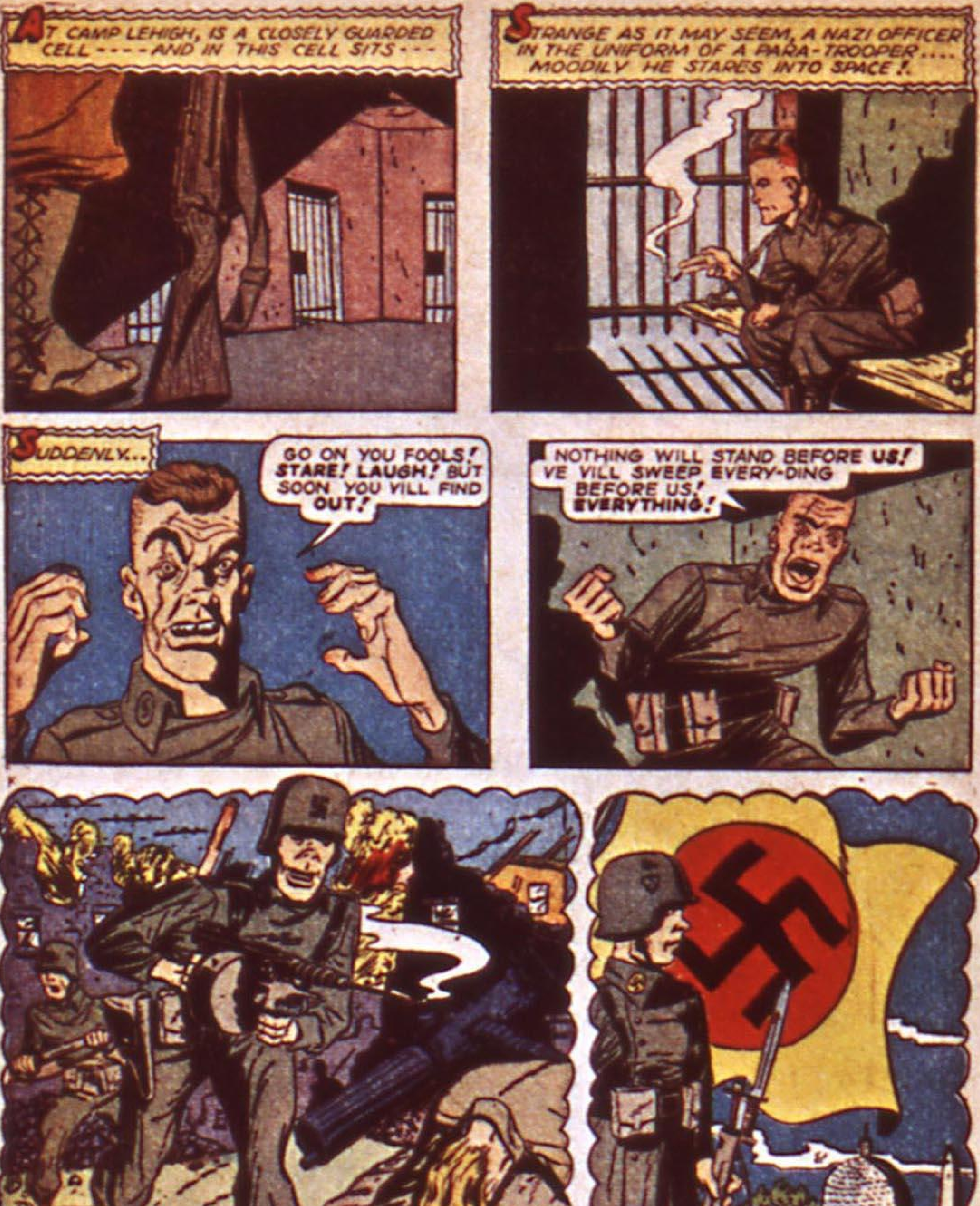
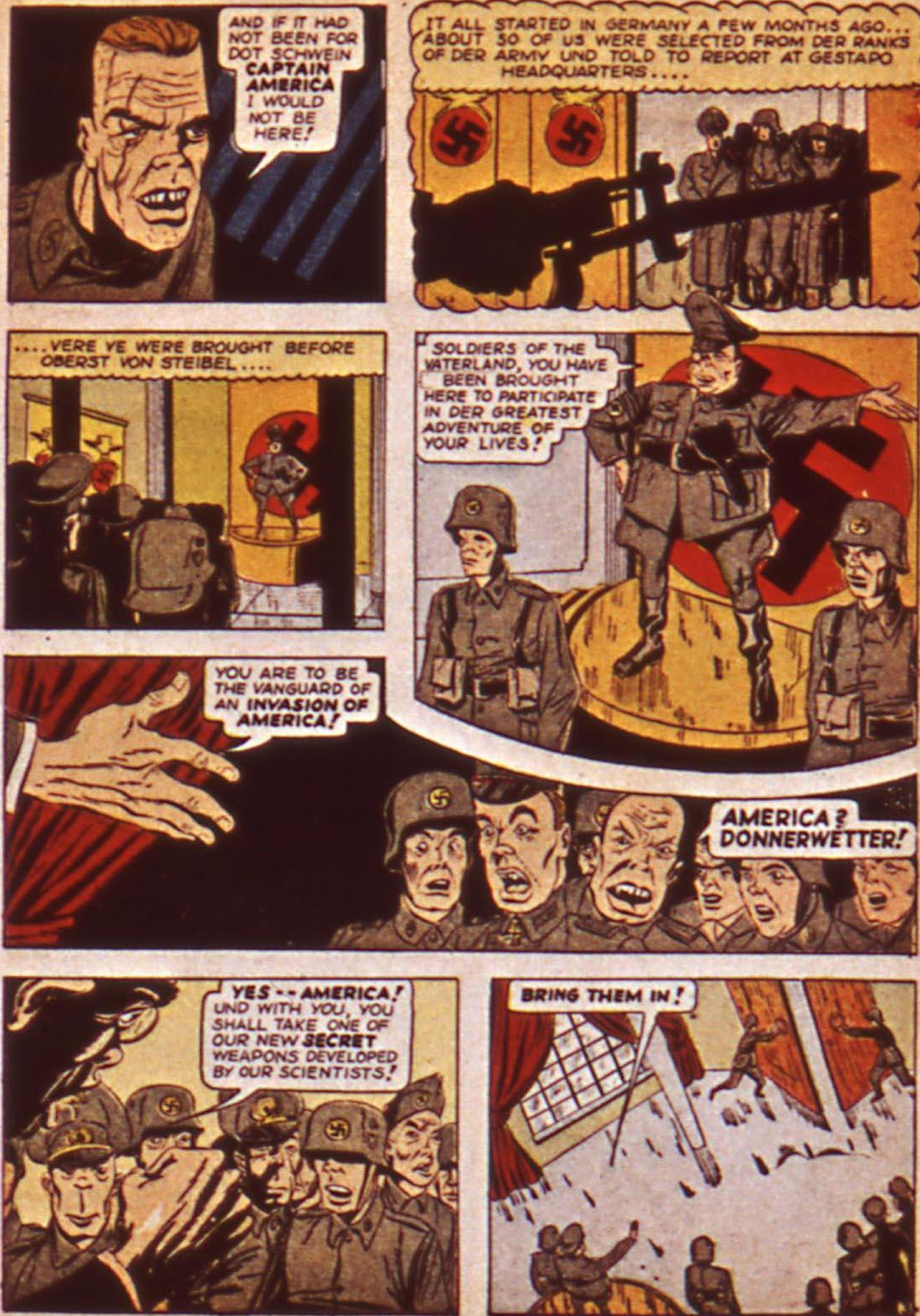
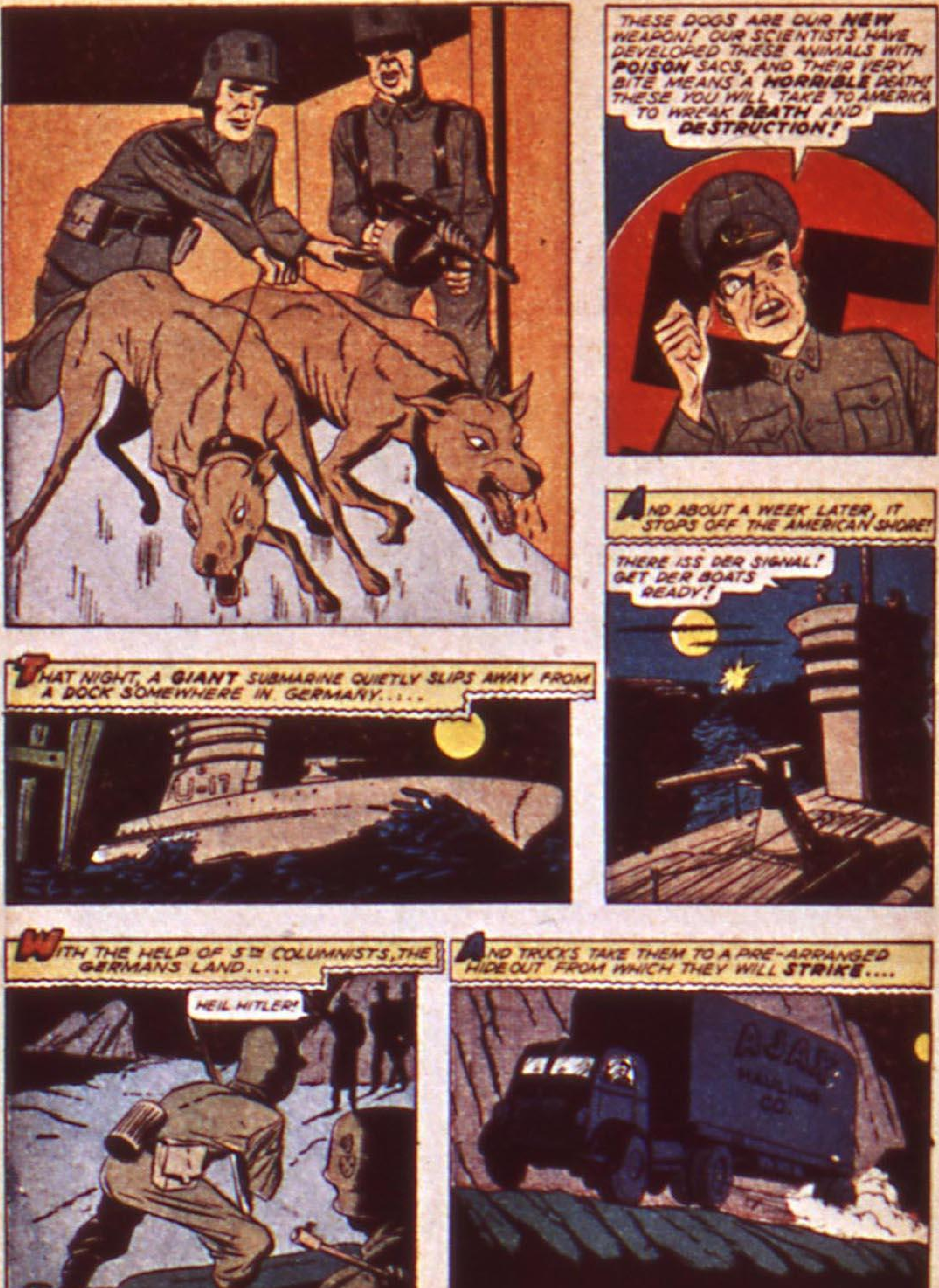
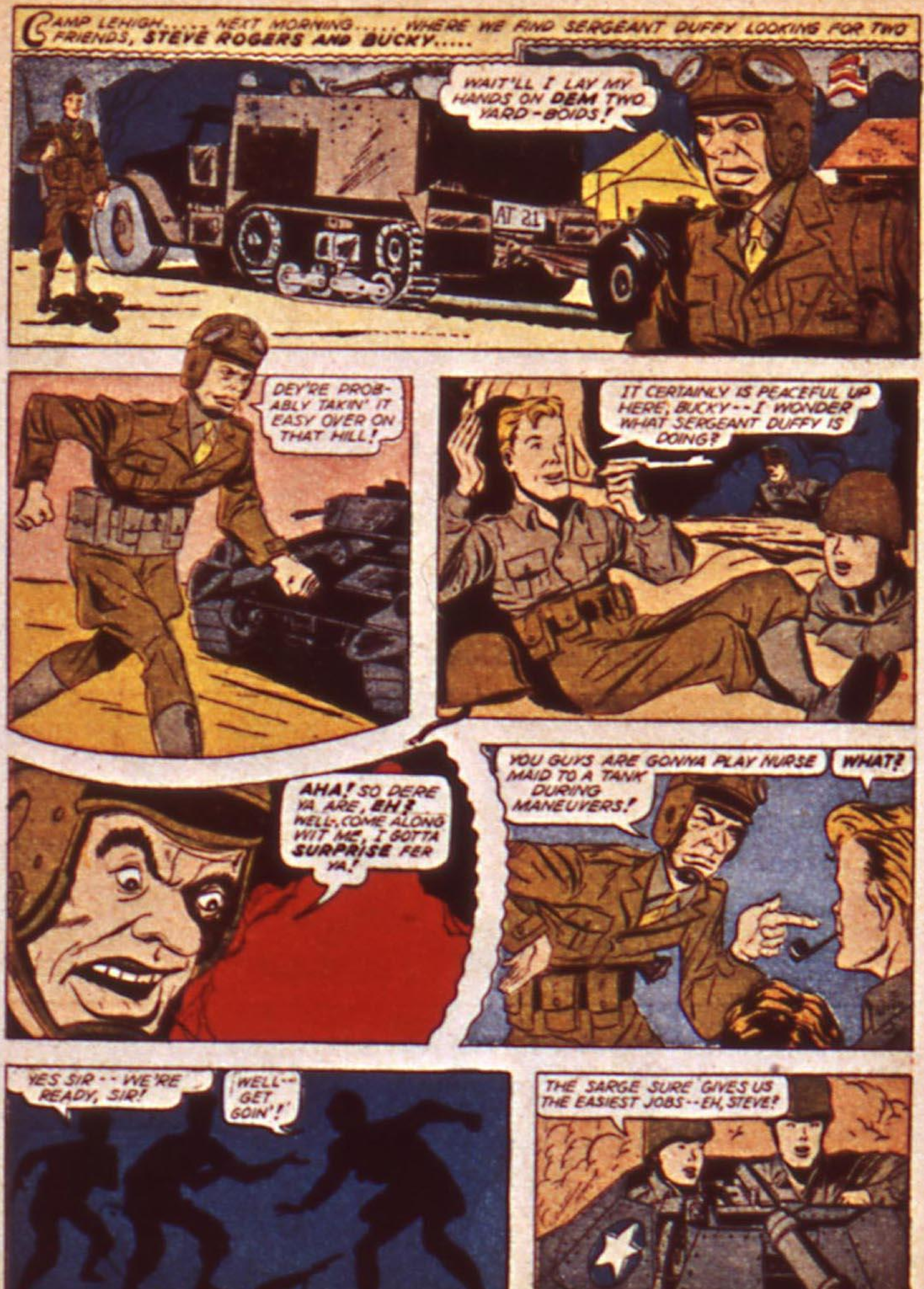
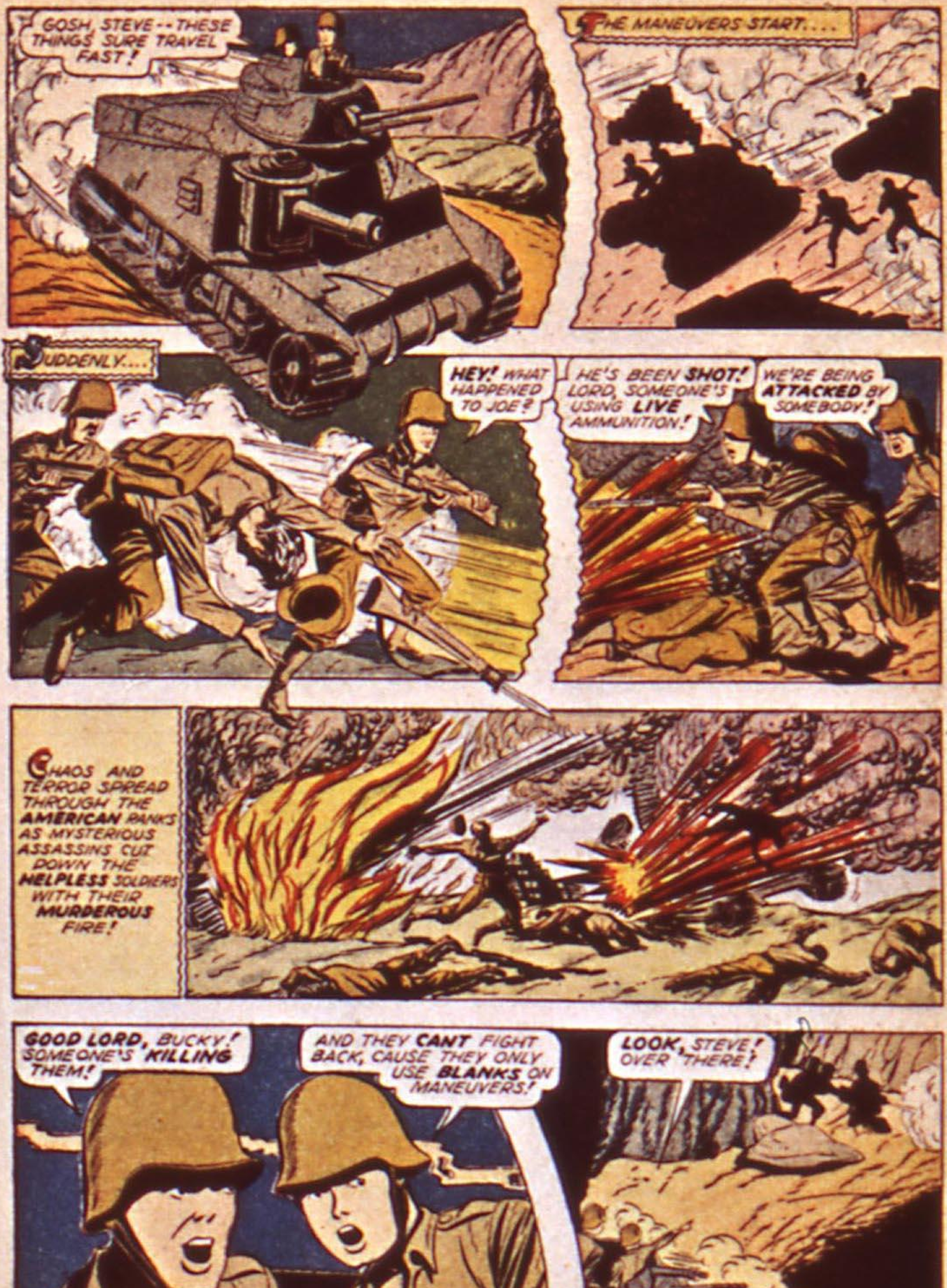

CAPTAIN AMERICA
THE INVASION OF THE KILLER BEASTS!

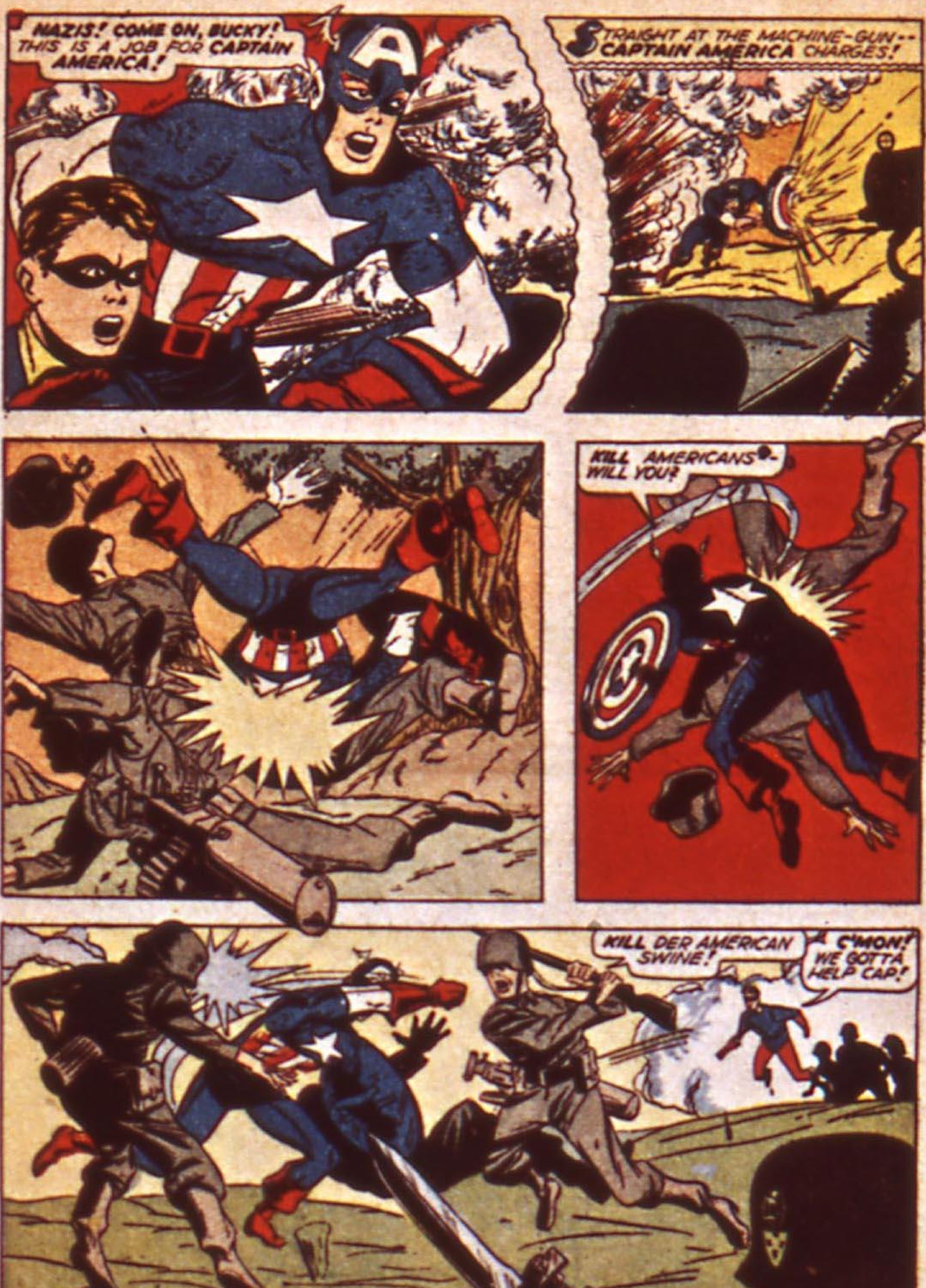

AT CAMP LEHIGH, IS A CLOSELY GUARDED CELL ---- AND IN THIS CELL SITS ---
STRANGE AS IT MAY SEEM, A NAZI OFFICER IN THE UNIFORM OF A PARA-TROOPER.... MOODILY HE STARES INTO SPACE!.
SUDDENLY...
GO ON YOU FOOLS! STARE! LAUGH! BUT SOON YOU VILL FIND OUT!
NOTHING WILL STAND BEFORE US! VE VILL SWEEP EVERY-DING BEFORE US! EVERYTHING!
SOON THE GLORIOUS ARMIES OF THE FATHER-LAND WILL SWEEP OVER THIS DECADENT DEMOCRACY!
AND THE SWASTIKA SHALL FLY OVER YOUR CAPITAL CITIES!

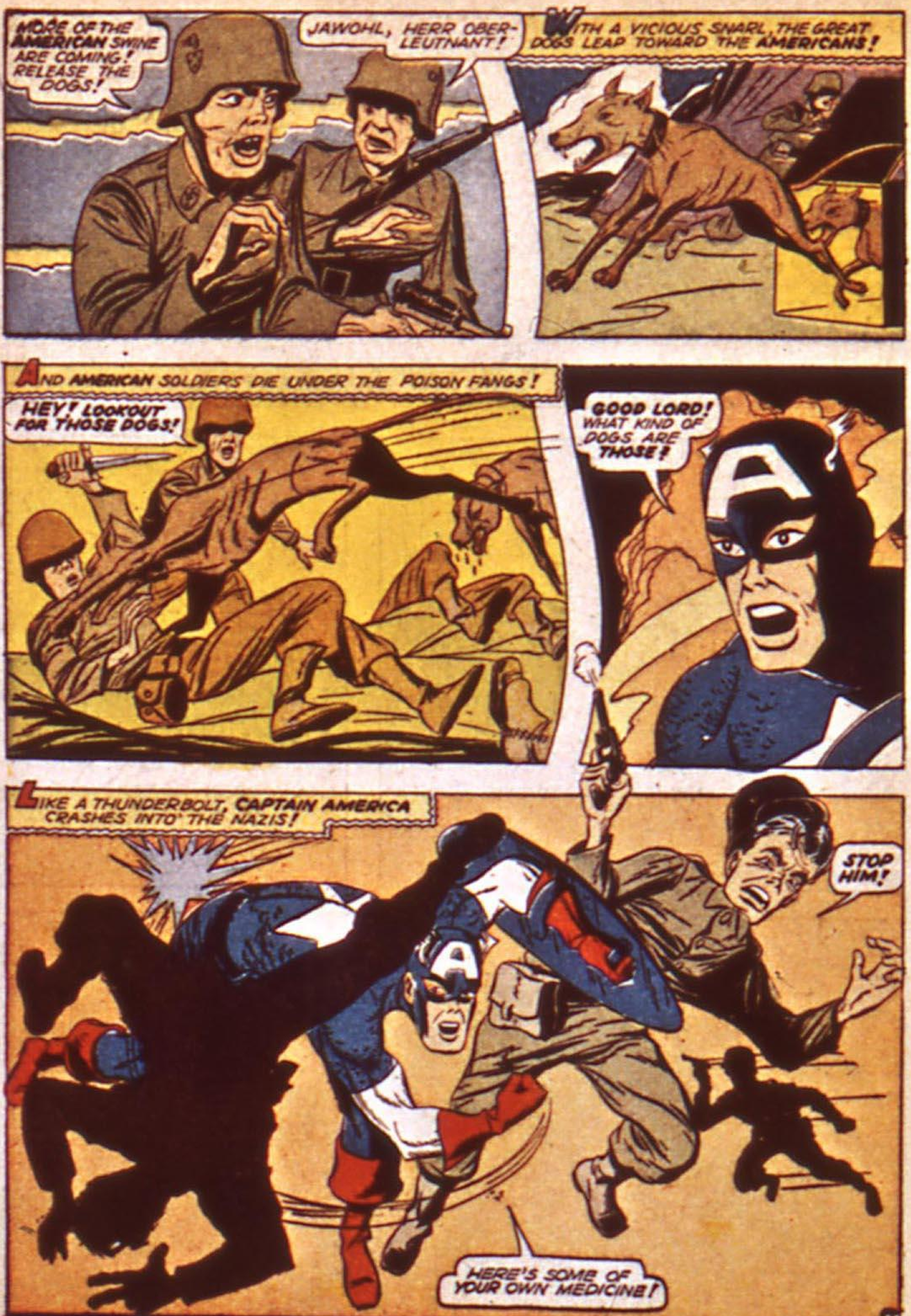

AND IF IT HAD NOT BEEN FOR DOT SCHWEIN **CAPTAIN AMERICA** I WOULD NOT BE HERE!
IT ALL STARTED IN GERMANY A FEW MONTHS AGO... ABOUT 30 OF US WERE SELECTED FROM DER RANKS OF DER ARMY UND TOLD TO REPORT AT GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS....
....VERE YE WERE BROUGHT BEFORE OBERST VON STEIBEL....
SOLDIERS OF THE VATERLAND, YOU HAVE BEEN BROUGHT HERE TO PARTICIPATE IN DER GREATEST ADVENTURE OF YOUR LIVES!
YOU ARE TO BE THE VANGUARD OF AN **INVASION OF AMERICA!**
AMERICA? DONNERWETTER!
YES--AMERICA! UND WITH YOU, YOU SHALL TAKE ONE OF OUR NEW **SECRET** WEAPONS DEVELOPED BY OUR SCIENTISTS!
BRING THEM IN!

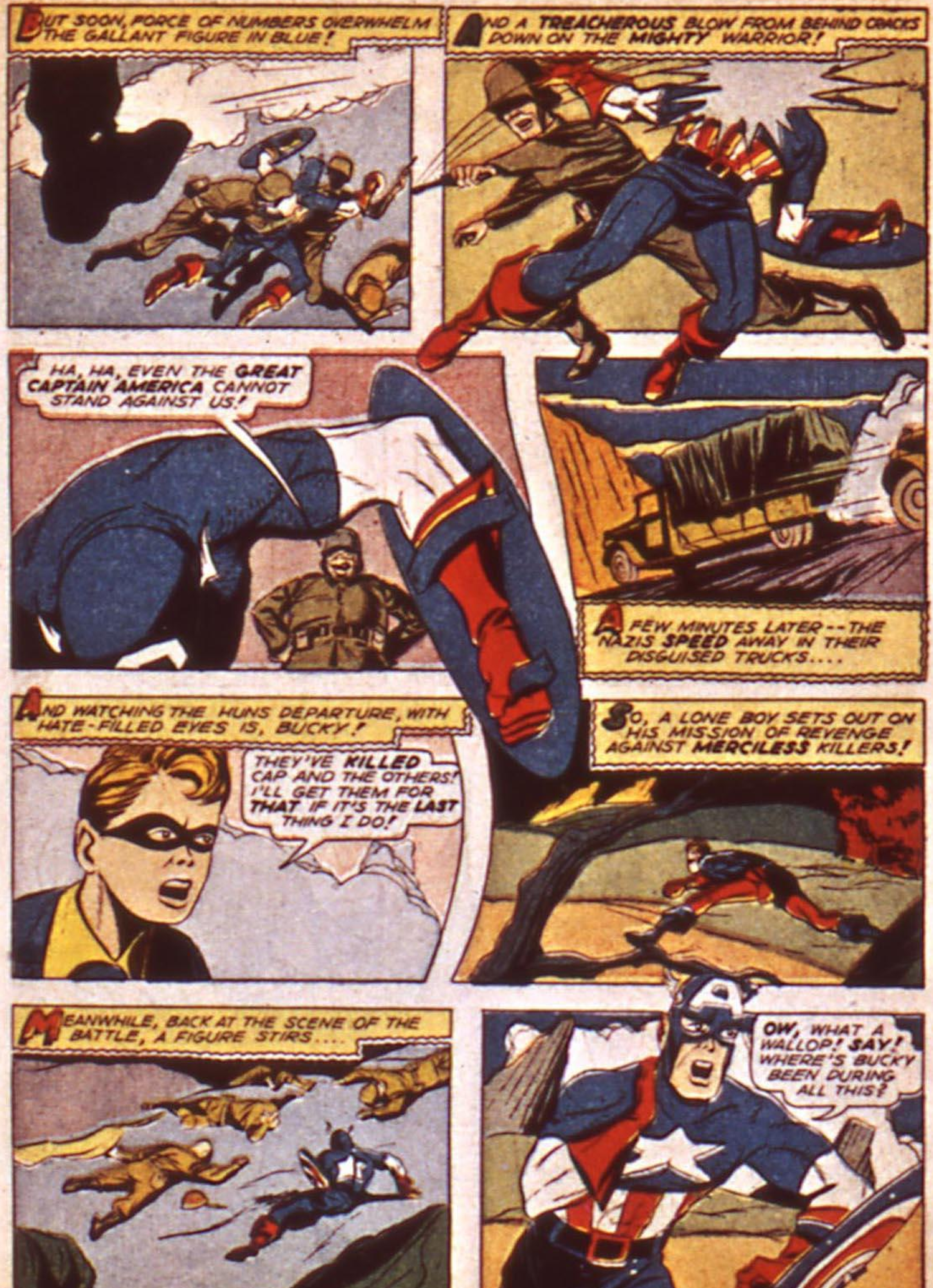

THESE DOGS ARE OUR NEW WEAPON! OUR SCIENTISTS HAVE DEVELOPED THESE ANIMALS WITH POISON SACS, AND THEIR VERY BITE MEANS A HORRIBLE DEATH! THESE YOU WILL TAKE TO AMERICA TO WREAK DEATH AND DESTRUCTION!
THAT NIGHT, A GIANT SUBMARINE QUIETLY SLIPS AWAY FROM A DOCK SOMEWHERE IN GERMANY.....
U-17
AND ABOUT A WEEK LATER, IT STOPS OFF THE AMERICAN SHORE!
THERE ISS DER SIGNAL! GET DER BOATS READY!
WITH THE HELP OF 5TH COLUMNISTS, THE GERMANS LAND.....
HEIL HITLER!
AND TRUCKS TAKE THEM TO A PRE-ARRANGED HIDEOUT FROM WHICH THEY WILL STRIKE....
A.&A.
HAULING CO.

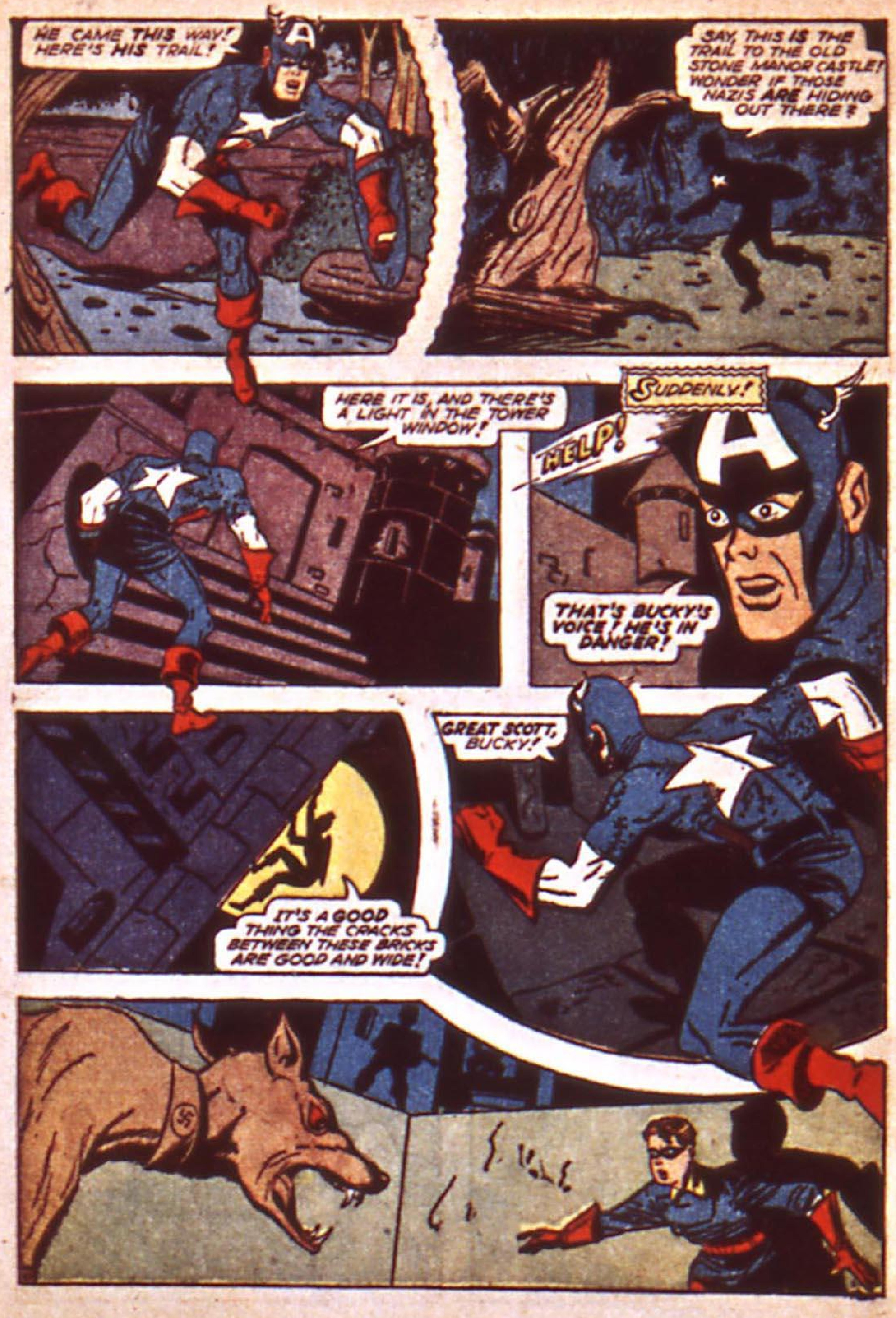

CAMP LEHIGH..... NEXT MORNING..... WHERE WE FIND SERGEANT DUFFY LOOKING FOR TWO FRIENDS, STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY.....
WAIT'LL I LAY MY HANDS ON DEM TWO YARD-BOIDS!
AT 21
DEY'RE PROBABLY TAKIN' IT EASY OVER ON THAT HILL!
IT CERTAINLY IS PEACEFUL UP HERE, BUCKY--I WONDER WHAT SERGEANT DUFFY IS DOING?
AHA! SO DERE YA ARE, EH? WELL--COME ALONG WIT ME, I GOTTA SURPRISE FER YA!
YOU GUYS ARE GONNA PLAY NURSE MAID TO A TANK DURING MANEUVERS!
WHAT?
YES SIR--WE'RE READY, SIR!
WELL--GET GOIN'!
THE SARGE SURE GIVES US THE EASIEST JOBS--EH, STEVE?

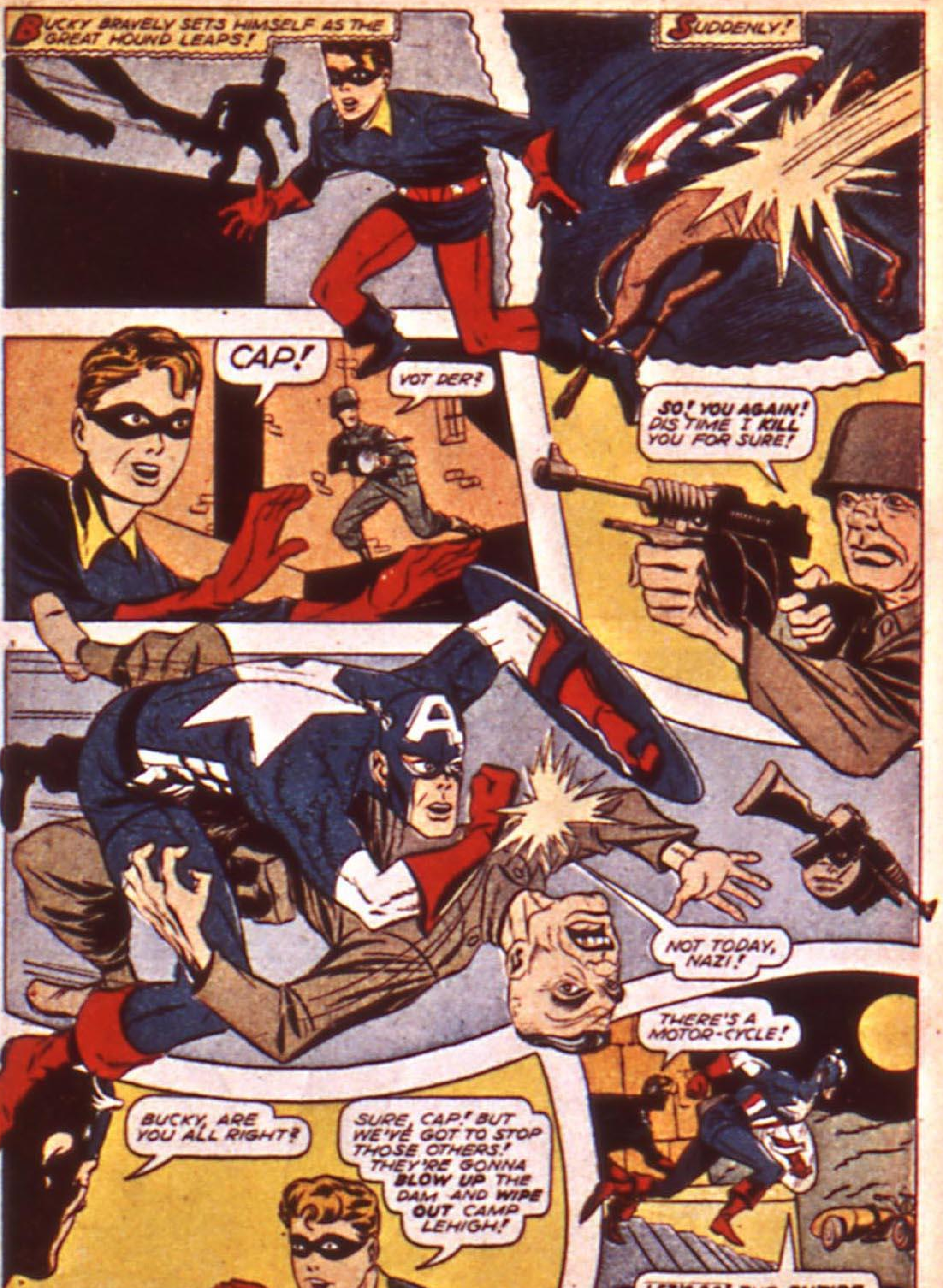

GOSH, STEVE -- THESE THINGS SURE TRAVEL FAST!
THE MANEUVERS START....
SUDDENLY....
HEY! WHAT HAPPENED TO JOE?
HE'S BEEN SHOT! LORD, SOMEONE'S USING LIVE AMMUNITION!
WE'RE BEING ATTACKED BY SOMEBODY!
CHAOS AND TERROR SPREAD THROUGH THE AMERICAN RANKS AS MYSTERIOUS ASSASSINS CUT DOWN THE HELPLESS SOLDIERS WITH THEIR MURDEROUS FIRE!
GOOD LORD, BUCKY! SOMEONE'S KILLING THEM!
AND THEY CANT FIGHT BACK, CAUSE THEY ONLY USE BLANKS ON MANEUVERS!
LOOK, STEVE! OVER THERE!
6

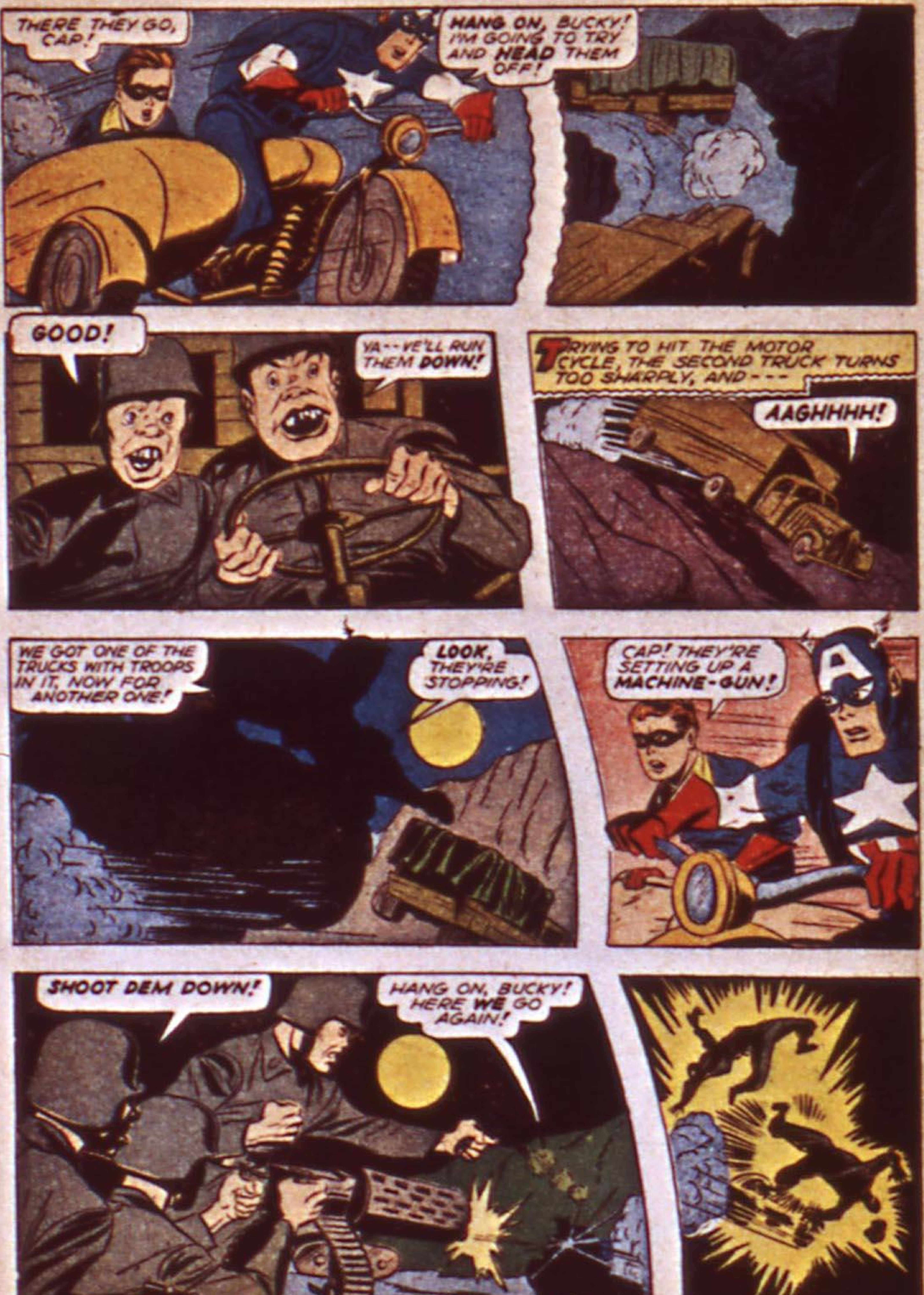

NAZIS! COME ON, BUCKY! THIS IS A JOB FOR CAPTAIN AMERICA!
STRAIGHT AT THE MACHINE-GUN-- CAPTAIN AMERICA CHARGES!
KILL AMERICANS - WILL YOU?
KILL DER AMERICAN SWINE!
C'MON! WE GOTTA HELP CAP!

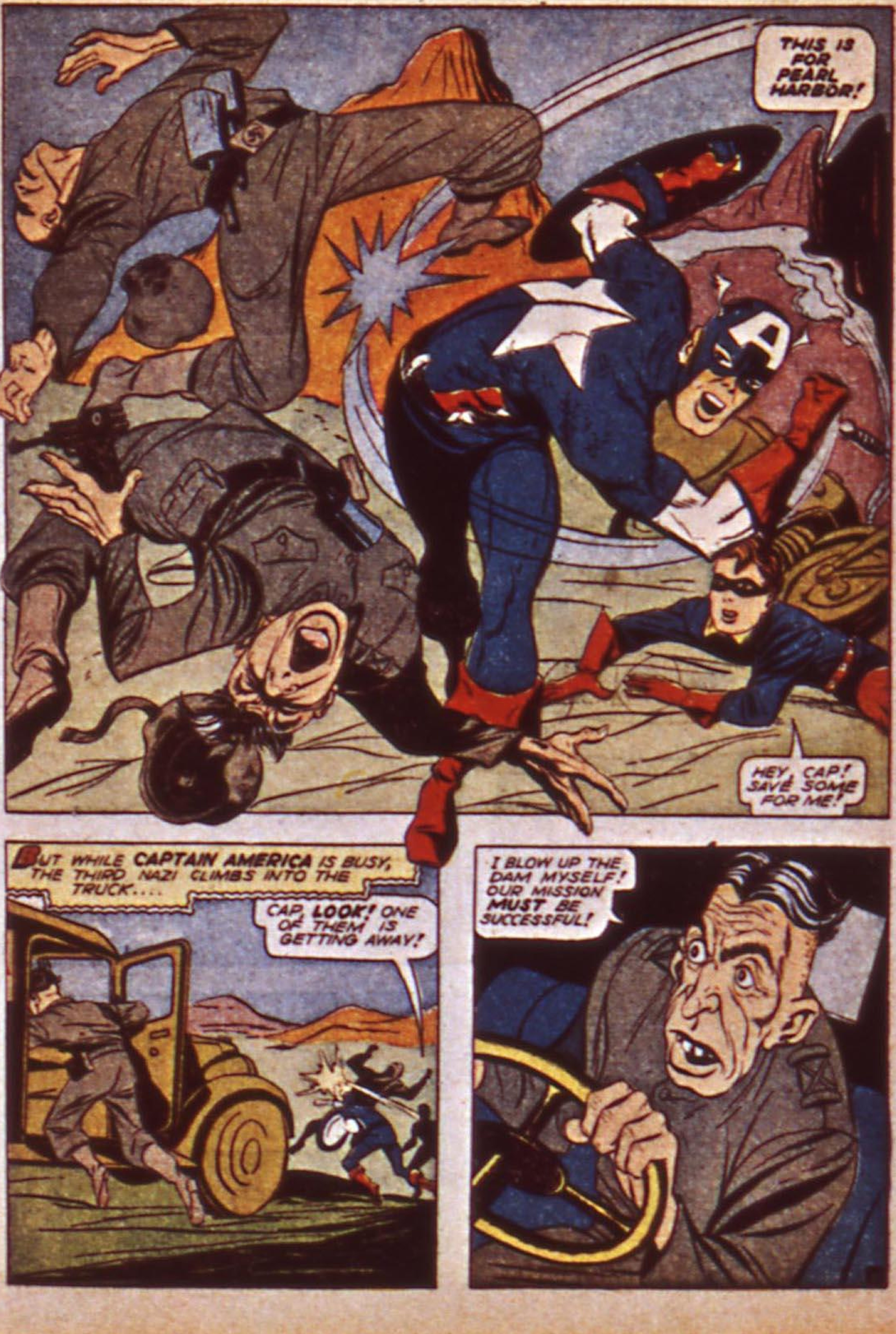

MORE OF THE AMERICAN SWINE ARE COMING! RELEASE THE DOGS!
JAWOHL, HERR OBER-LEUTNANT!
WITH A VICIOUS SNARL, THE GREAT DOGS LEAP TOWARD THE AMERICANS!
AND AMERICAN SOLDIERS DIE UNDER THE POISON FANGS!
HEY! LOOKOUT FOR THOSE DOGS!
GOOD LORD! WHAT KIND OF DOGS ARE THOSE?
LIKE A THUNDERBOLT, CAPTAIN AMERICA CRASHES INTO THE NAZIS!
STOP HIM!
HERE'S SOME OF YOUR OWN MEDICINE!

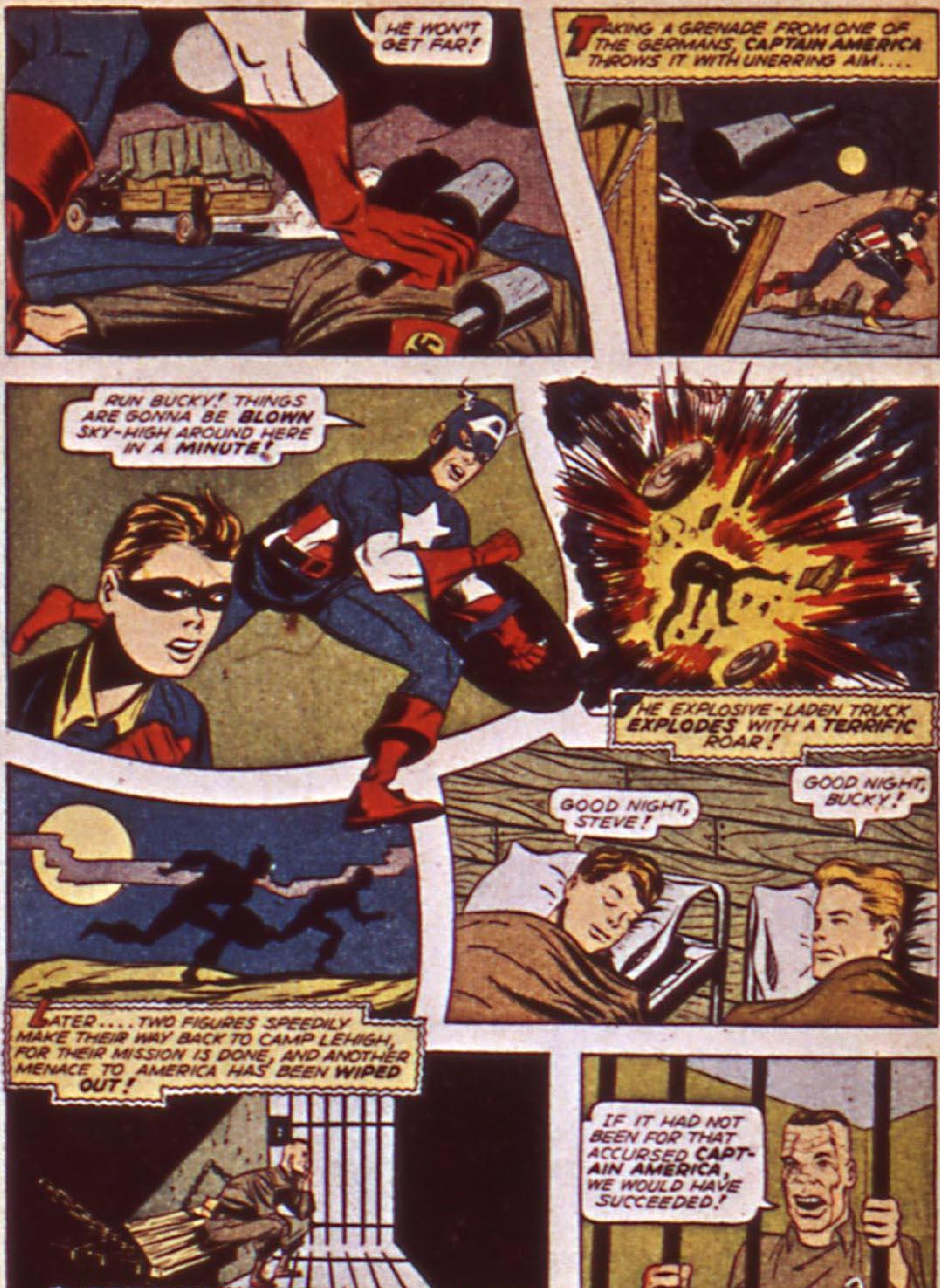

BUT SOON, FORCE OF NUMBERS OVERWHELM THE GALLANT FIGURE IN BLUE!
AND A TREACHEROUS BLOW FROM BEHIND CRACKS DOWN ON THE MIGHTY WARRIOR!
HA, HA, EVEN THE GREAT CAPTAIN AMERICA CANNOT STAND AGAINST US!
A FEW MINUTES LATER -- THE NAZIS SPEED AWAY IN THEIR DISGUISED TRUCKS....
AND WATCHING THE HUNS DEPARTURE, WITH HATE-FILLED EYES IS, BUCKY!
THEY'VE KILLED CAP AND THE OTHERS! I'LL GET THEM FOR THAT IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!
SO, A LONE BOY SETS OUT ON HIS MISSION OF REVENGE AGAINST MERCILESS KILLERS!
MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE SCENE OF THE BATTLE, A FIGURE STIRS....
OW, WHAT A WALLOP! SAY! WHERE'S BUCKY BEEN DURING ALL THIS?

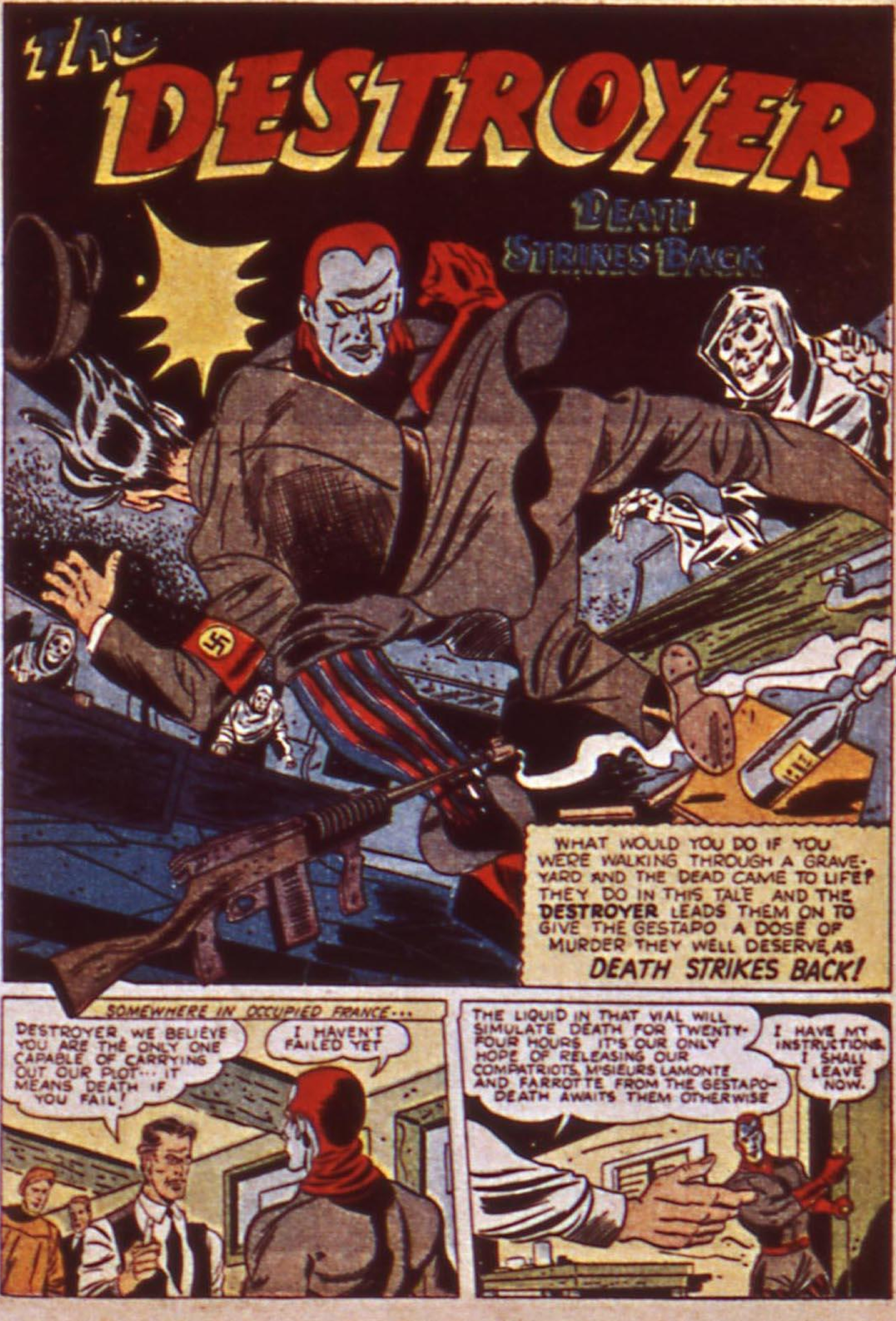

HE CAME THIS WAY! HERE'S HIS TRAIL!
SAY, THIS IS THE TRAIL TO THE OLD STONE MANOR CASTLE! WONDER IF THOSE NAZIS ARE HIDING OUT THERE?
HERE IT IS, AND THERE'S A LIGHT IN THE TOWER WINDOW!
SUDDENLY!
HELP!
THAT'S BUCKY'S VOICE! HE'S IN DANGER!
IT'S A GOOD THING THE CRACKS BETWEEN THESE BRICKS ARE GOOD AND WIDE!
GREAT SCOTT, BUCKY!

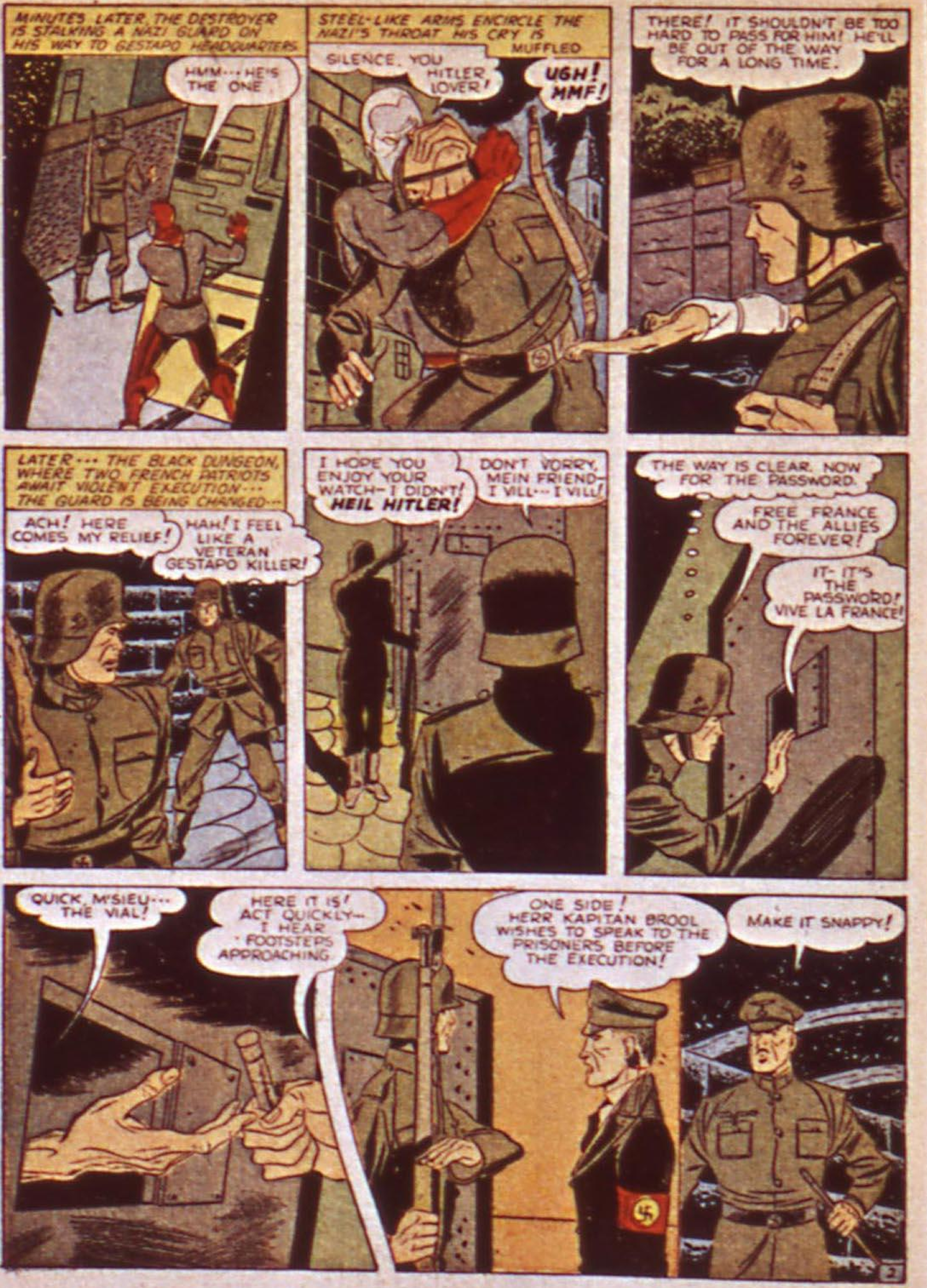

BUCKY BRAVELY SETS HIMSELF AS THE GREAT HOUND LEAPS!
SUDDENLY!
CAP!
VOT DER?
SO! YOU AGAIN! DIS TIME I KILL YOU FOR SURE!
NOT TODAY, NAZI!
BUCKY, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
SURE, CAP! BUT WE'VE GOT TO STOP THOSE OTHERS! THEY'RE GONNA BLOW UP THE DAM AND WIPE OUT CAMP LEHIGH!
THERE'S A MOTOR-CYCLE!
LET'S GO! THE ENTIRE THIRD ARMY IS AT LEHIGH! THEY'LL BE WIPED OUT!

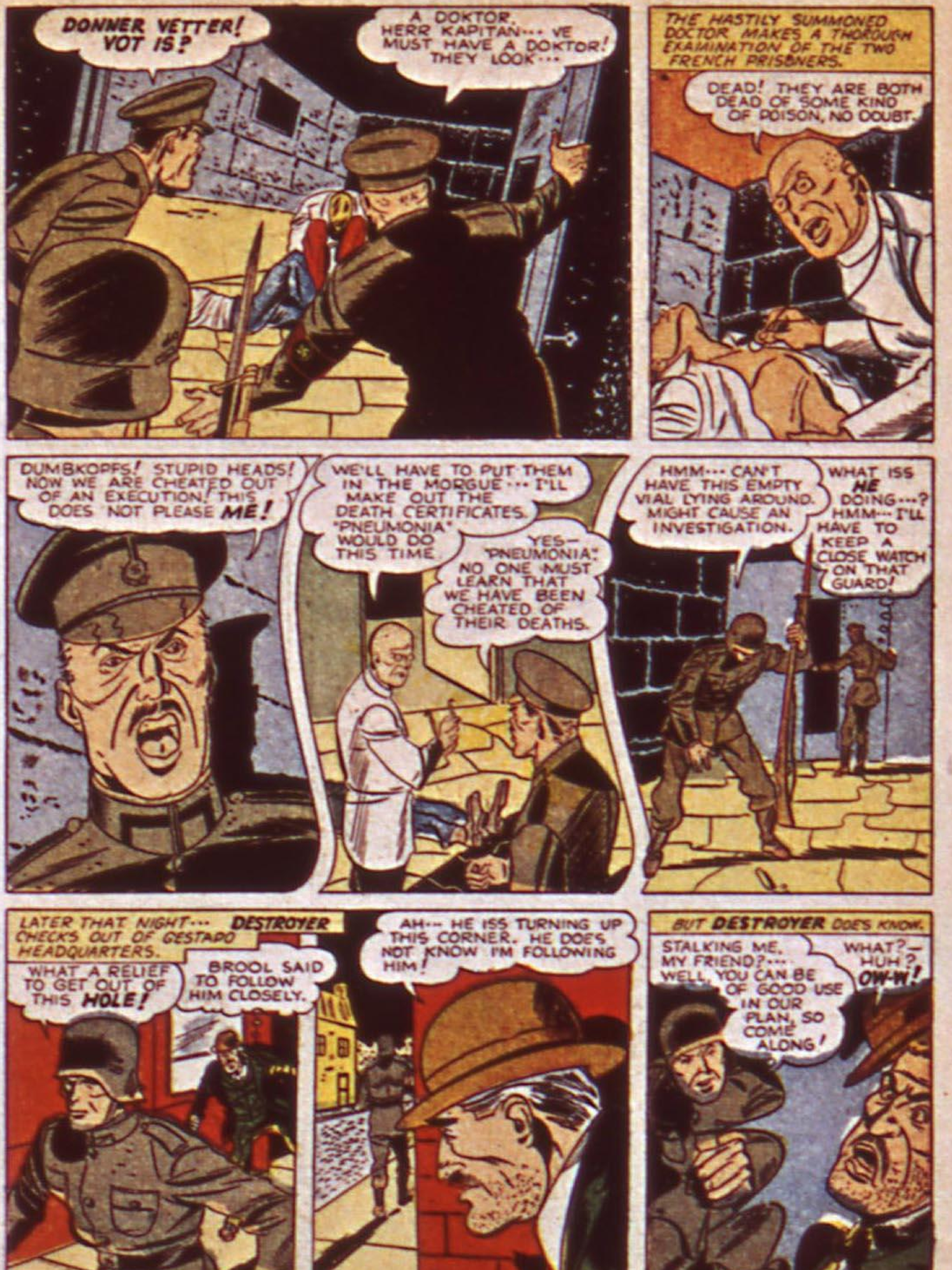

THERE THEY GO, CAP!
HANG ON, BUCKY! I'M GOING TO TRY AND HEAD THEM OFF!
GOOD!
YA--VE'LL RUN THEM DOWN!
TRYING TO HIT THE MOTOR CYCLE, THE SECOND TRUCK TURNS TOO SHARPLY, AND---
AAGHHHH!
WE GOT ONE OF THE TRUCKS WITH TROOPS IN IT, NOW FOR ANOTHER ONE!
LOOK, THEY'RE STOPPING!
CAP! THEY'RE SETTING UP A MACHINE-GUN!
SHOOT DEM DOWN!
HANG ON, BUCKY! HERE WE GO AGAIN!

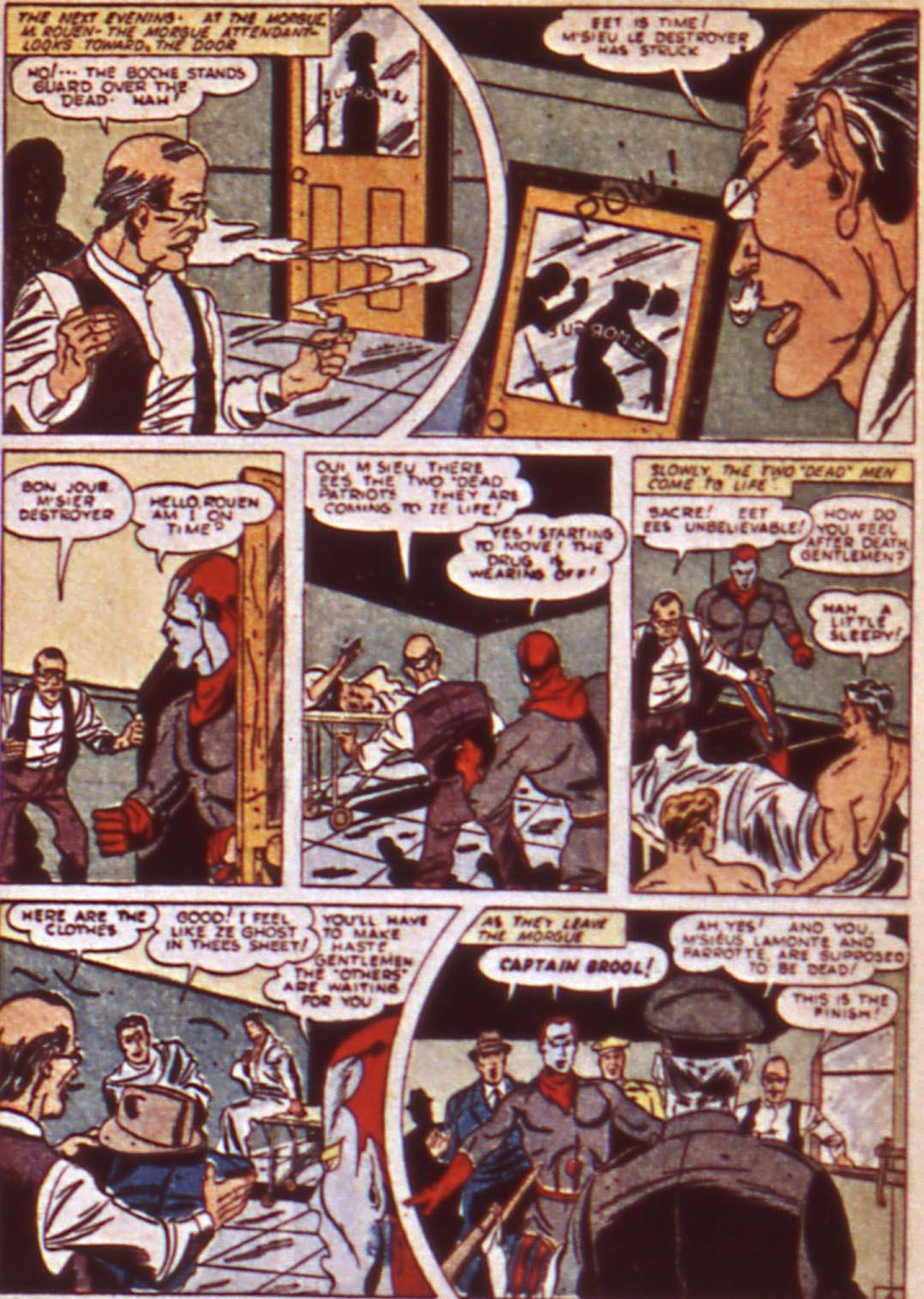

THIS IS FOR PEARL HARBOR!
HEY, CAP! SAVE SOME FOR ME!
BUT WHILE **CAPTAIN AMERICA** IS BUSY, THE THIRD NAZI CLIMBS INTO THE TRUCK....
CAP, **LOOK!** ONE OF THEM IS GETTING AWAY!
I BLOW UP THE DAM MYSELF! OUR MISSION **MUST** BE SUCCESSFUL!

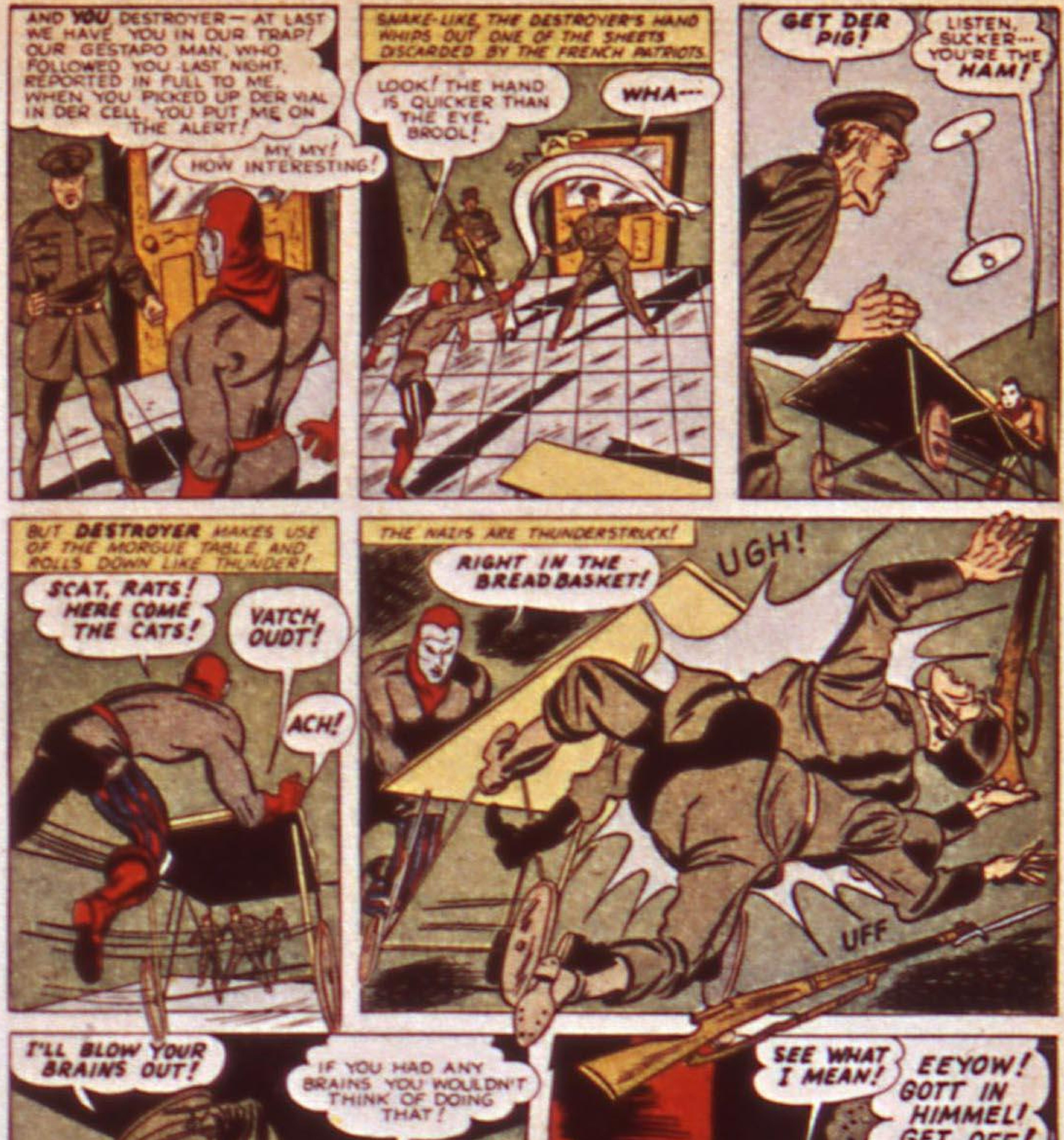

HE WON'T GET FAR!
TAKING A GRENADE FROM ONE OF THE GERMANS, CAPTAIN AMERICA THROWS IT WITH UNERRING AIM....
RUN BUCKY! THINGS ARE GONNA BE BLOWN SKY-HIGH AROUND HERE IN A MINUTE!
THE EXPLOSIVE-LADEN TRUCK EXPLODES WITH A TERRIFIC ROAR!
LATER.... TWO FIGURES SPEEDILY MAKE THEIR WAY BACK TO CAMP LEHIGH, FOR THEIR MISSION IS DONE, AND ANOTHER MENACE TO AMERICA HAS BEEN WIPED OUT!
GOOD NIGHT, STEVE!
GOOD NIGHT, BUCKY!
AND IN THE GUARD-HOUSE SITS THE SOLE SURVIVOR OF THE ILL-FATED ATTEMPT TO CRIPPLE THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES!
IF IT HAD NOT BEEN FOR THAT ACCURSED CAPTAIN AMERICA, WE WOULD HAVE SUCCEEDED!
THE END

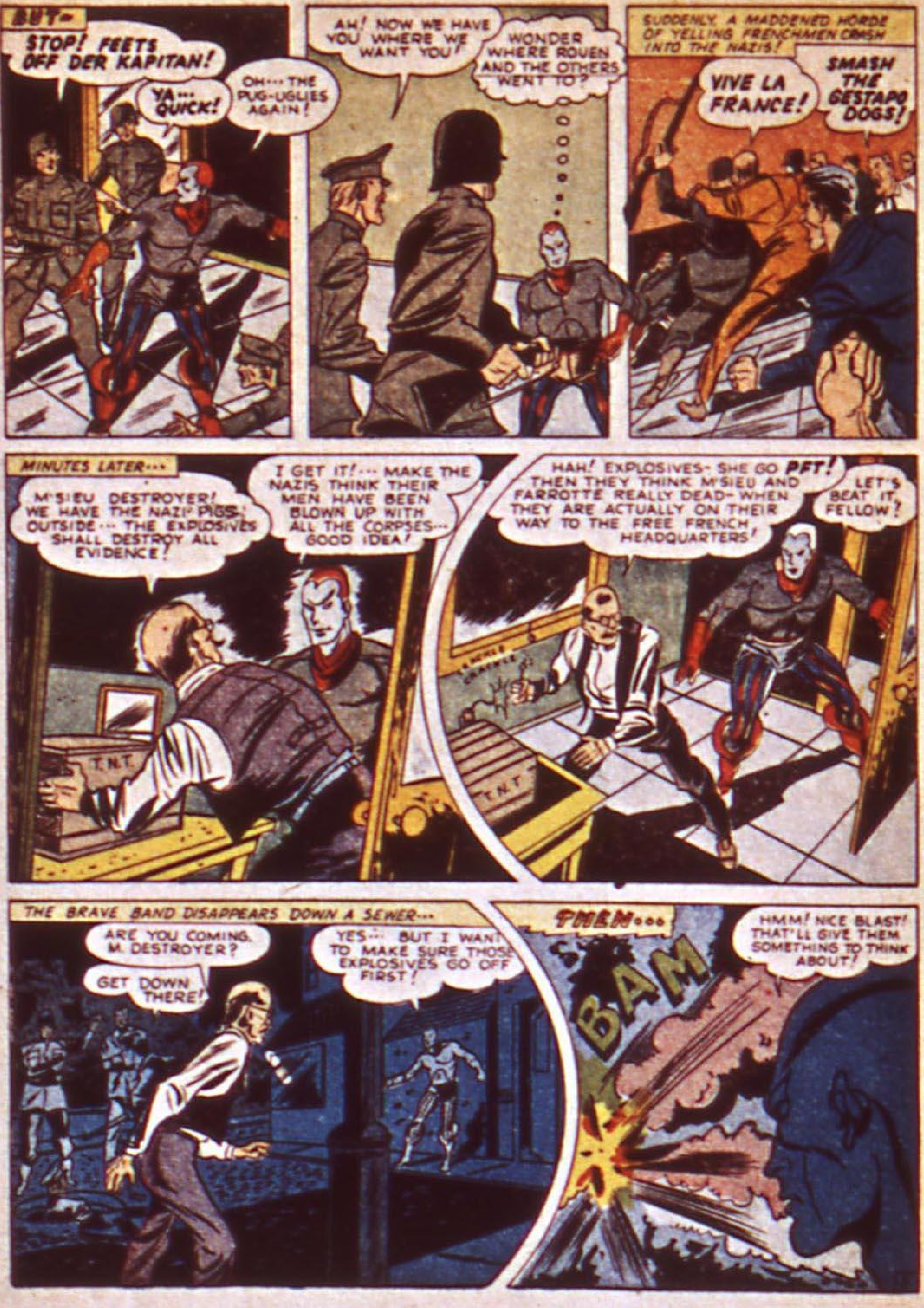

THE DESTROYER
DEATH STRIKES BACK
WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU WERE WALKING THROUGH A GRAVEYARD AND THE DEAD CAME TO LIFE? THEY DO IN THIS TALE AND THE **DESTROYER** LEADS THEM ON TO GIVE THE GESTAPO A DOSE OF MURDER THEY WELL DESERVE, AS *DEATH STRIKES BACK!*
SOMEWHERE IN OCCUPIED FRANCE...
DESTROYER, WE BELIEVE YOU ARE THE ONLY ONE CAPABLE OF CARRYING OUT OUR PLOT... IT MEANS DEATH IF YOU FAIL!
I HAVEN'T FAILED YET
THE LIQUID IN THAT VIAL WILL SIMULATE DEATH FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS. IT'S OUR ONLY HOPE OF RELEASING OUR COMPATRIOTS, M'SIEURS LAMONTE AND FARROTTE FROM THE GESTAPO-- DEATH AWAITS THEM OTHERWISE
I HAVE MY INSTRUCTIONS. I SHALL LEAVE NOW.

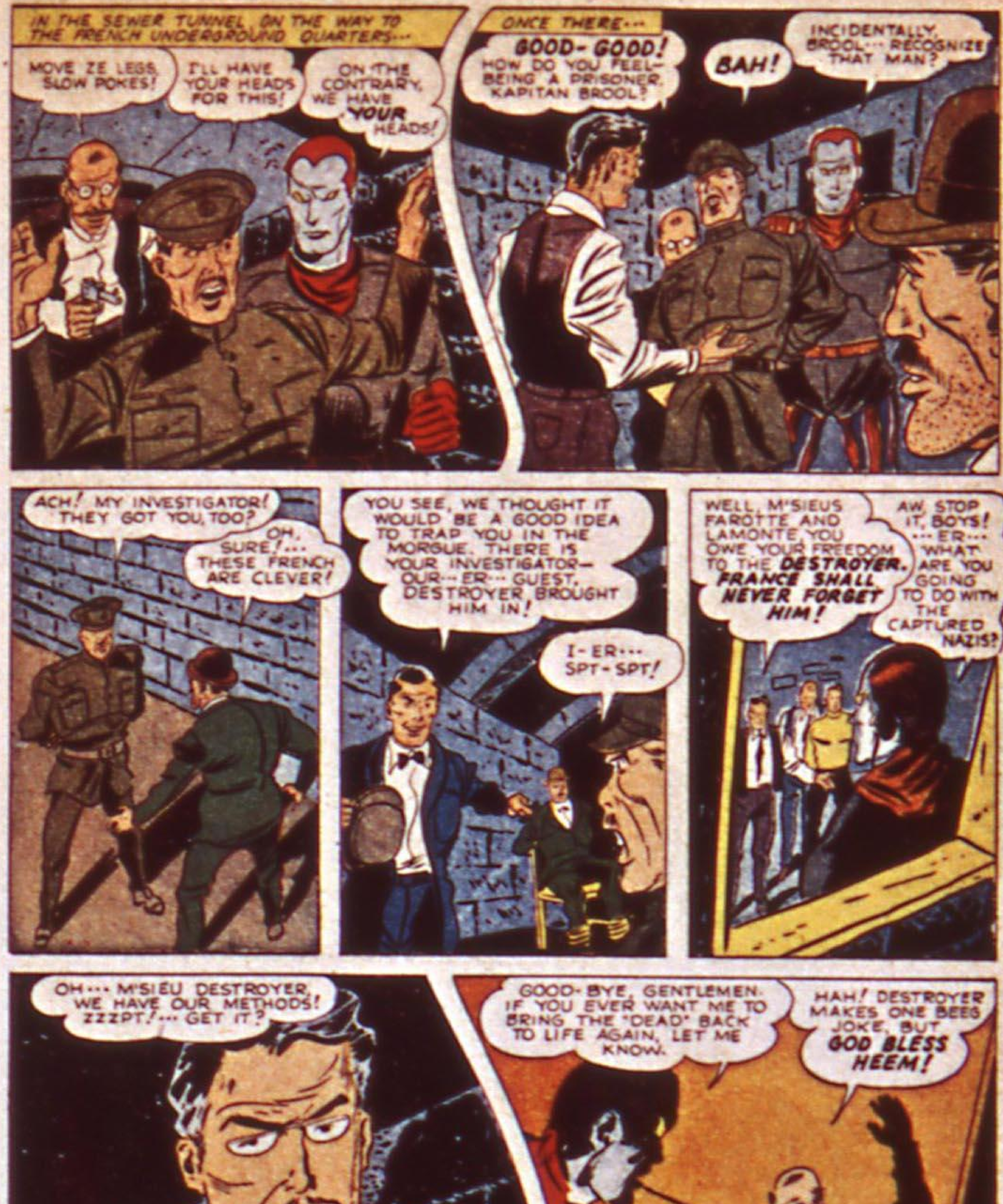

MINUTES LATER, THE DESTROYER IS STALKING A NAZI GUARD ON HIS WAY TO GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS.
HMM... HE'S THE ONE.
STEEL-LIKE ARMS ENCIRCLE THE NAZI'S THROAT. HIS CRY IS MUFFLED
SILENCE, YOU HITLER LOVER!
UGH! MMF!
THERE! IT SHOULDN'T BE TOO HARD TO PASS FOR HIM! HE'LL BE OUT OF THE WAY FOR A LONG TIME.
LATER... THE BLACK DUNGEON, WHERE TWO FRENCH PATRIOTS AWAIT VIOLENT EXECUTION... THE GUARD IS BEING CHANGED...
ACH! HERE COMES MY RELIEF!
HAH! I FEEL LIKE A VETERAN GESTAPO KILLER!
I HOPE YOU ENJOY YOUR WATCH— I DIDN'T! HEIL HITLER!
DON'T VORRY, MEIN FRIEND— I VILL... I VILL!
THE WAY IS CLEAR. NOW FOR THE PASSWORD.
FREE FRANCE AND THE ALLIES FOREVER!
IT- IT'S THE PASSWORD! VIVE LA FRANCE!
QUICK, M'SIEU... THE VIAL!
HERE IT IS! ACT QUICKLY— I HEAR FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING.
ONE SIDE! HERR KAPITAN BROOL WISHES TO SPEAK TO THE PRISONERS BEFORE THE EXECUTION!
MAKE IT SNAPPY!

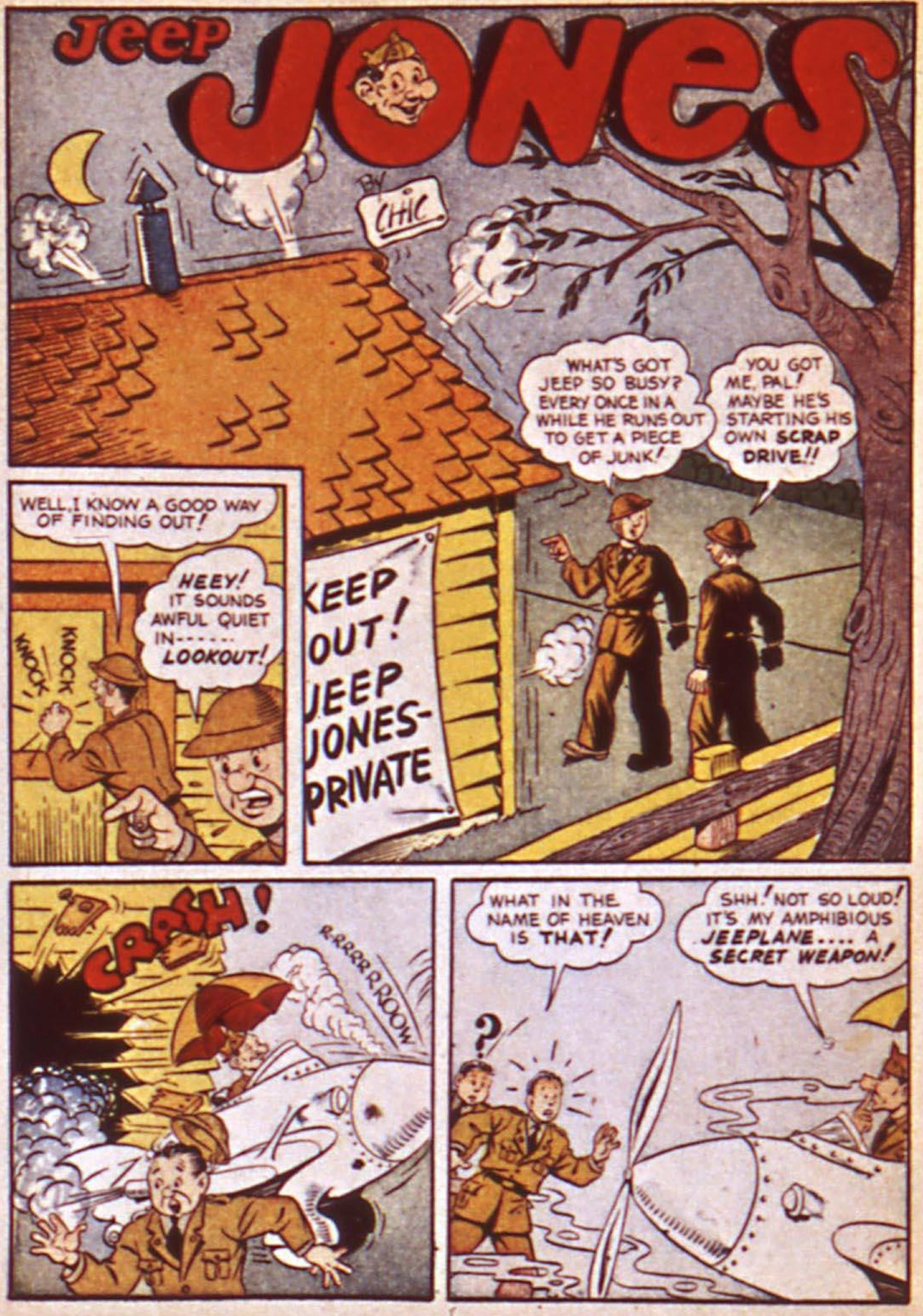

DONNER VETTER! VOT IS?
A DOKTOR, HERR KAPITAN... VE MUST HAVE A DOKTOR! THEY LOOK...
THE HASTILY SUMMONED DOCTOR MAKES A THOROUGH EXAMINATION OF THE TWO FRENCH PRISBNERS.
DEAD! THEY ARE BOTH DEAD OF SOME KIND OF POISON, NO DOUBT.
DUMBKOPFS! STUPID HEADS! NOW WE ARE CHEATED OUT OF AN EXECUTION! THIS DOES NOT PLEASE **ME!**
WE'LL HAVE TO PUT THEM IN THE MORGUE... I'LL MAKE OUT THE DEATH CERTIFICATES. "PNEUMONIA" WOULD DO THIS TIME.
YES— "PNEUMONIA". NO ONE MUST LEARN THAT WE HAVE BEEN CHEATED OF THEIR DEATHS.
HMM... CAN'T HAVE THIS EMPTY VIAL LYING AROUND. MIGHT CAUSE AN INVESTIGATION.
WHAT ISS **HE** DOING...? HMM... I'LL HAVE TO KEEP A CLOSE WATCH ON THAT GUARD!
LATER THAT NIGHT... **DESTROYER** CHECKS OUT OF GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS.
WHAT A RELIEF TO GET OUT OF THIS **HOLE!**
BROOL SAID TO FOLLOW HIM CLOSELY.
AH-- HE ISS TURNING UP THIS CORNER. HE DOES NOT KNOW I'M FOLLOWING HIM!
BUT **DESTROYER** DOES KNOW.
STALKING ME, MY FRIEND?... WELL, YOU CAN BE OF GOOD USE IN OUR PLAN, SO COME ALONG!
WHAT?— HUH? **OW-W!**

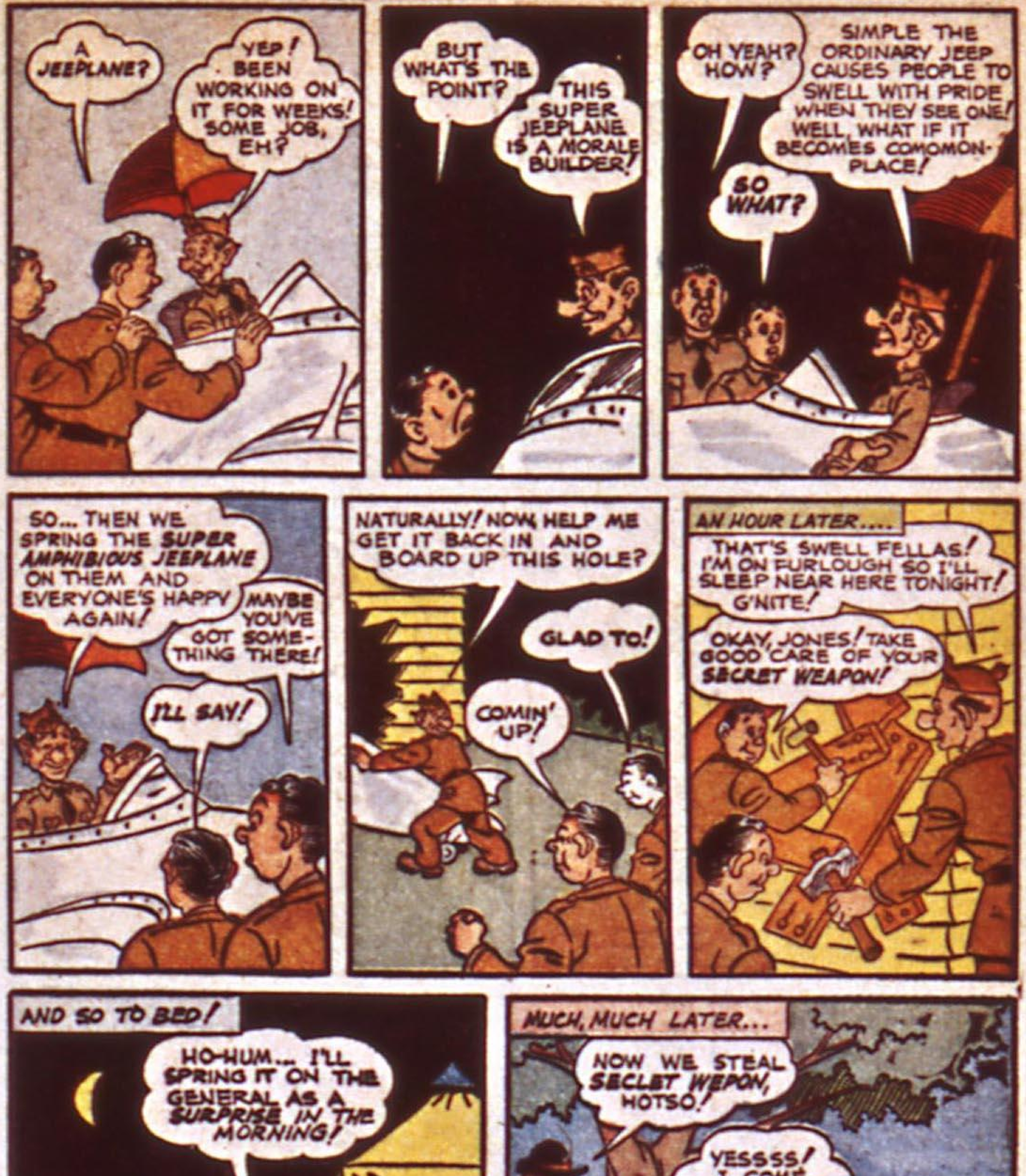

THE NEXT EVENING. AT THE MORGUE M. ROUEN- THE MORGUE ATTENDANT- LOOKS TOWARD THE DOOR
HO!... THE BOCHE STANDS GUARD OVER THE DEAD. HAH!
EET IS TIME! M'SIEU LE DESTROYER HAS STRUCK!
POW!
LE MORGUE
BON JOUR M'SIER DESTROYER
HELLO, ROUEN AM I ON TIME?
OUI M'SIEU THERE EES THE TWO 'DEAD' PATRIOTS THEY ARE COMING TO ZE LIFE!
YES! STARTING TO MOVE! THE DRUG IS WEARING OFF!
SLOWLY THE TWO "DEAD" MEN COME TO LIFE.
SACRE! EET EES UNBELIEVABLE!
HOW DO YOU FEEL AFTER DEATH, GENTLEMEN?
HAH A LITTLE SLEEPY!
HERE ARE THE CLOTHES
GOOD! I FEEL LIKE ZE GHOST IN THEES SHEET!
YOU'LL HAVE TO MAKE HASTE GENTLEMEN THE "OTHERS" ARE WAITING FOR YOU
AS THEY LEAVE THE MORGUE
CAPTAIN BROOL!
AH YES! AND YOU, M'SIEUS LAMONTE AND PARROTTE, ARE SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD!
THIS IS THE FINISH!

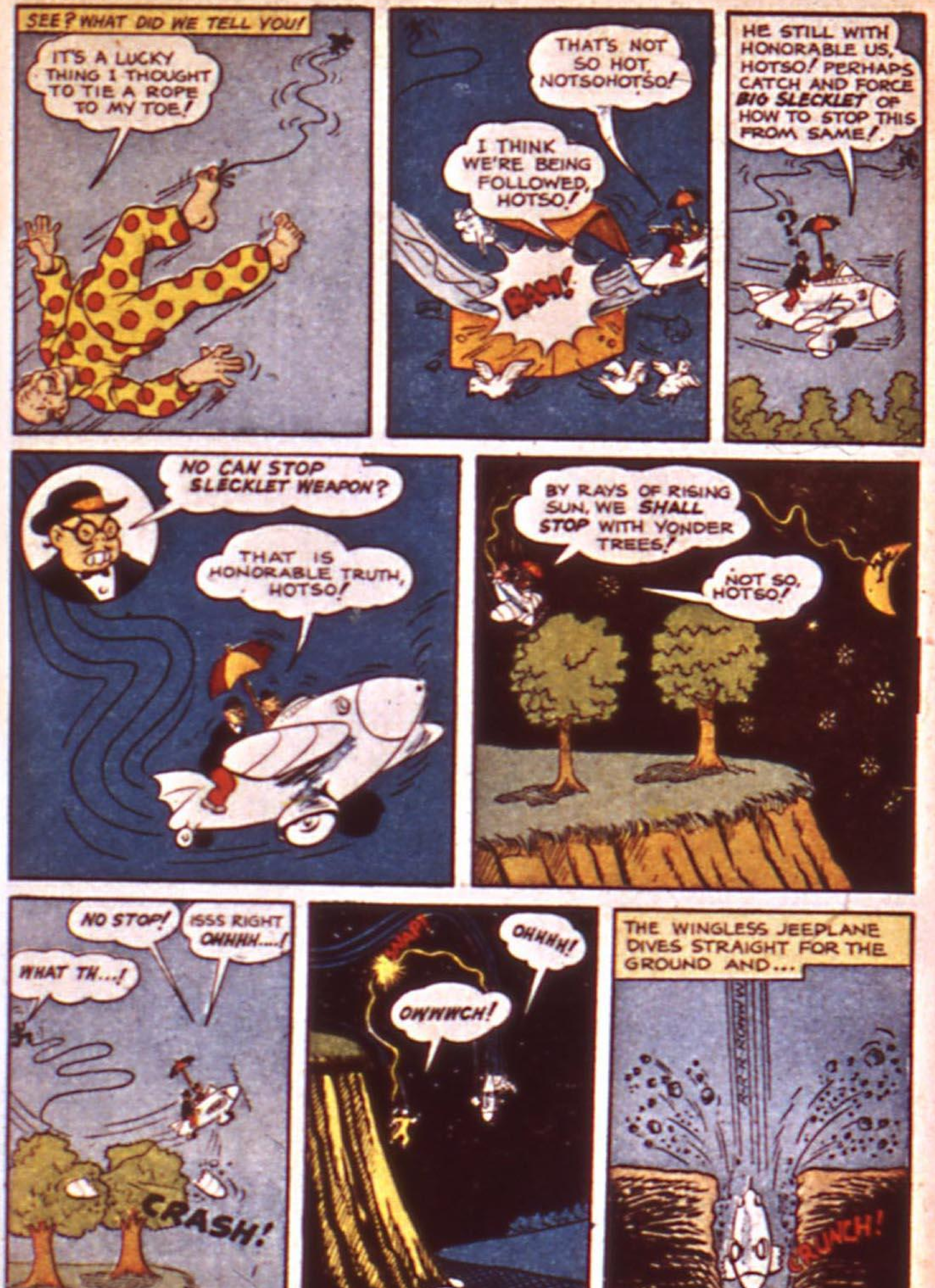

AND YOU, DESTROYER— AT LAST WE HAVE YOU IN OUR TRAP! OUR GESTAPO MAN, WHO FOLLOWED YOU LAST NIGHT, REPORTED IN FULL TO ME. WHEN YOU PICKED UP DER VIAL IN DER CELL, YOU PUT ME ON THE ALERT!
MY MY! HOW INTERESTING!
SNAKE-LIKE, THE DESTROYER'S HAND WHIPS OUT ONE OF THE SHEETS DISCARDED BY THE FRENCH PATRIOTS.
LOOK! THE HAND IS QUICKER THAN THE EYE, BROOL!
WHA---
SNAP
GET DER PIG!
LISTEN, SUCKER--- YOU'RE THE HAM!
BUT DESTROYER MAKES USE OF THE MORGUE TABLE, AND ROLLS DOWN LIKE THUNDER!
SCAT, RATS! HERE COME THE CATS!
VATCH, OUDT!
ACH!
THE NAZIS ARE THUNDERSTRUCK!
RIGHT IN THE BREAD BASKET!
UGH!
UFF
I'LL BLOW YOUR BRAINS OUT!
IF YOU HAD ANY BRAINS YOU WOULDN'T THINK OF DOING THAT!
SEE WHAT I MEAN!
EEYOW! GOTT IN HIMMEL! GET OFF!

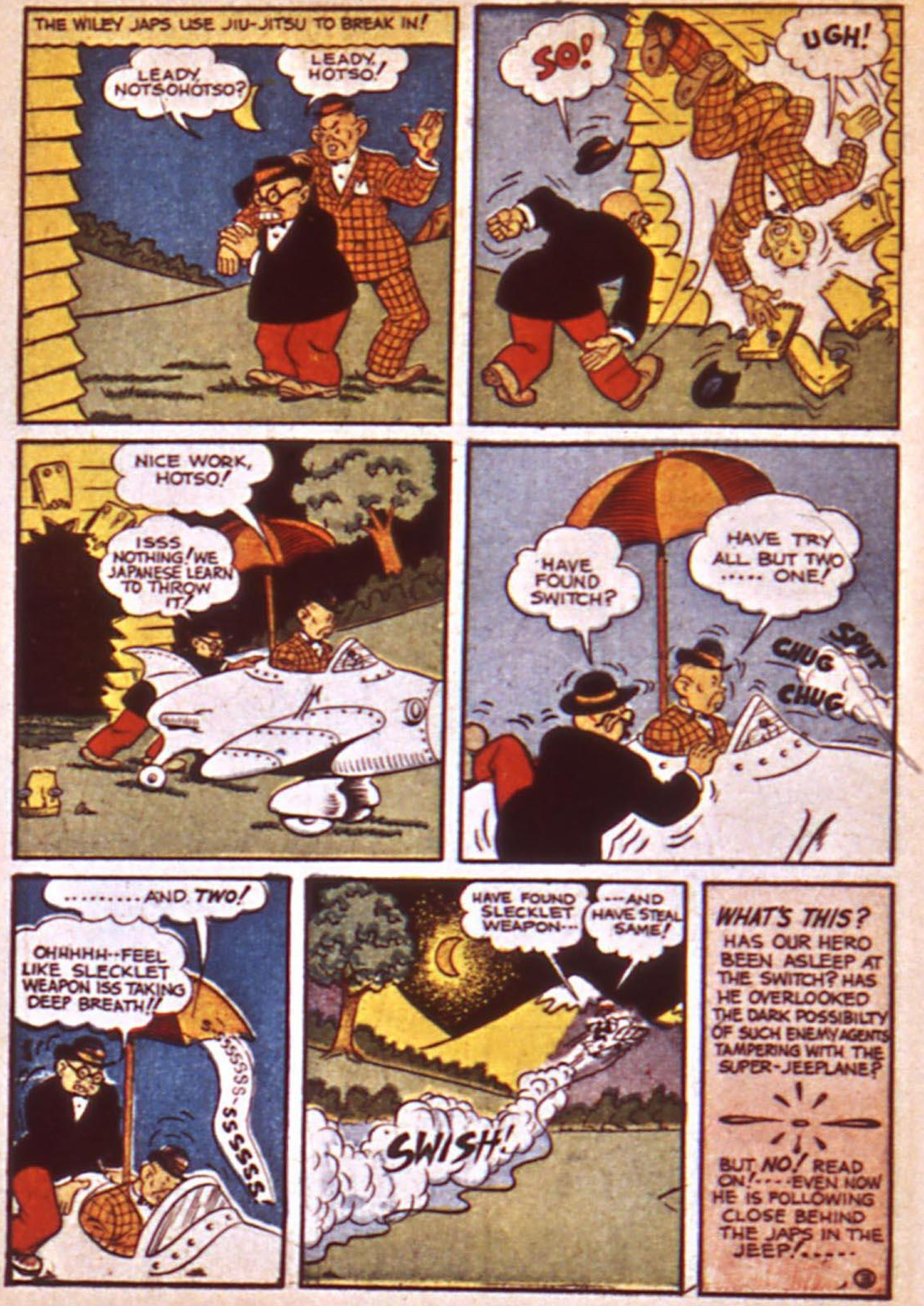

BUT—
STOP! FEETS OFF DER KAPITAN!
YA... QUICK!
OH... THE PUG-UGLIES AGAIN!
AH! NOW WE HAVE YOU WHERE WE WANT YOU!
WONDER WHERE ROUEN AND THE OTHERS WENT TO?
SUDDENLY, A MADDENED HORDE OF YELLING FRENCHMEN CRASH INTO THE NAZIS!
VIVE LA FRANCE!
SMASH THE GESTAPO DOGS!
MINUTES LATER...
M'SIEU DESTROYER! WE HAVE THE NAZI PIGS OUTSIDE... THE EXPLOSIVES SHALL DESTROY ALL EVIDENCE!
I GET IT!... MAKE THE NAZIS THINK THEIR MEN HAVE BEEN BLOWN UP WITH ALL THE CORPSES... GOOD IDEA!
T.N.T.
HAH! EXPLOSIVES- SHE GO PFT! THEN THEY THINK M'SIEU AND FARROTTE REALLY DEAD- WHEN THEY ARE ACTUALLY ON THEIR WAY TO THE FREE FRENCH HEADQUARTERS!
LET'S BEAT IT, FELLOW!
T.N.T
THE BRAVE BAND DISAPPEARS DOWN A SEWER...
ARE YOU COMING, M. DESTROYER?
GET DOWN THERE!
YES... BUT I WANT TO MAKE SURE THOSE EXPLOSIVES GO OFF FIRST!
THEN...
BAM
HMM! NICE BLAST! THAT'LL GIVE THEM SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT!

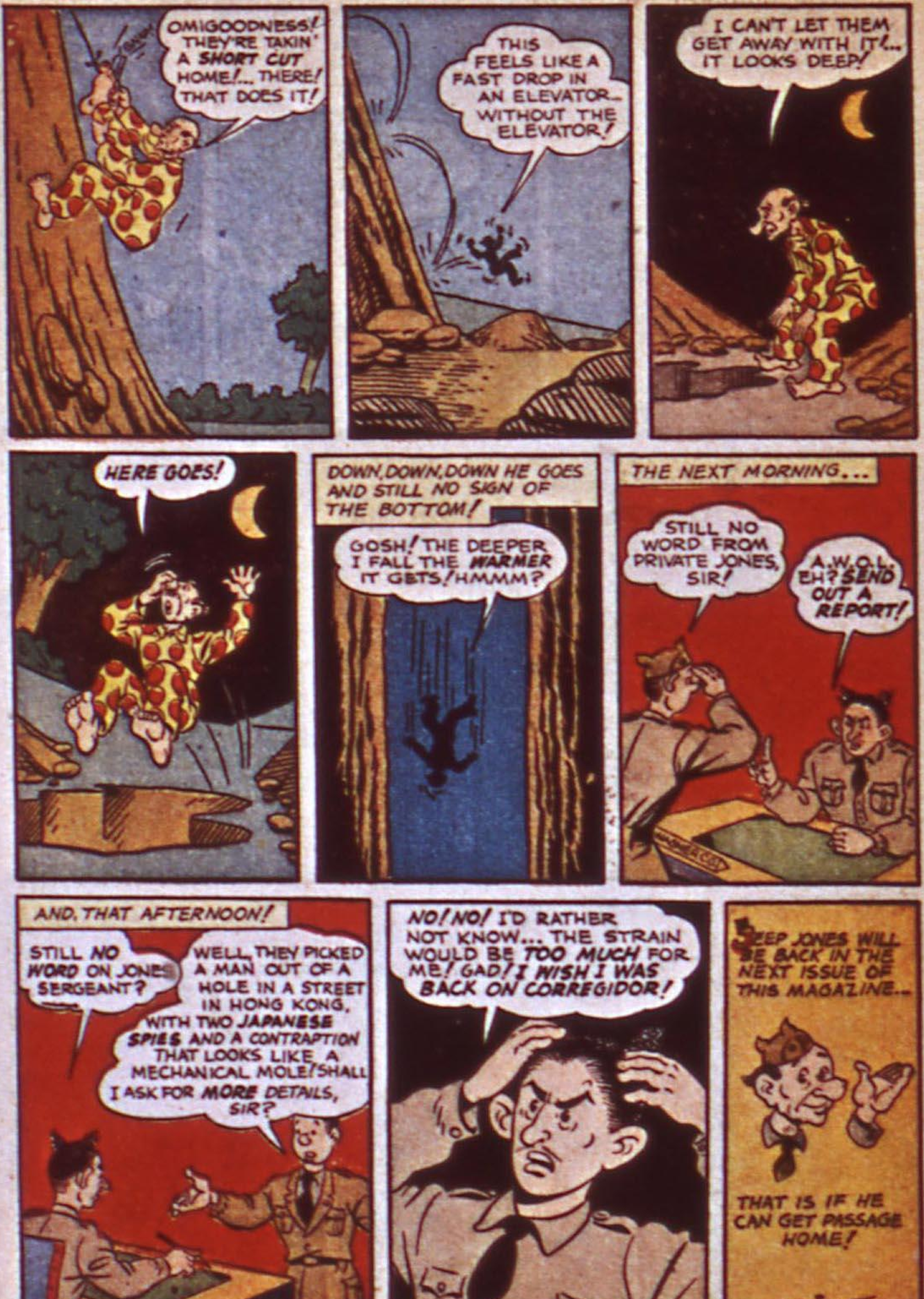

IN THE SEWER TUNNEL, ON THE WAY TO THE FRENCH UNDERGROUND QUARTERS...
MOVE ZE LEGS, SLOW POKES!
I'LL HAVE YOUR HEADS FOR THIS!
ON THE CONTRARY, WE HAVE YOUR HEADS!
ONCE THERE...
GOOD-GOOD! HOW DO YOU FEEL-BEING A PRISONER, KAPITAN BROOL?
BAH!
INCIDENTALLY, BROOL... RECOGNIZE THAT MAN?
ACH! MY INVESTIGATOR! THEY GOT YOU, TOO?
OH, SURE!... THESE FRENCH ARE CLEVER!
YOU SEE, WE THOUGHT IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA TO TRAP YOU IN THE MORGUE. THERE IS YOUR INVESTIGATOR-OUR... ER... GUEST. DESTROYER BROUGHT HIM IN!
I-ER... SPT-SPT!
WELL, M'SIEUS FAROTTE AND LAMONTE, YOU OWE YOUR FREEDOM TO THE DESTROYER. FRANCE SHALL NEVER FORGET HIM!
AW, STOP IT, BOYS! ...ER... WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THE CAPTURED NAZIS?
OH... M'SIEU DESTROYER, WE HAVE OUR METHODS! ZZZPT!... GET IT?
GOOD-BYE, GENTLEMEN. IF YOU EVER WANT ME TO BRING THE "DEAD" BACK TO LIFE AGAIN, LET ME KNOW.
HAH! DESTROYER MAKES ONE BEEG JOKE, BUT GOD BLESS HEEM!
THE END


Jeep JONES
BY CHIC
WHAT'S GOT JEEP SO BUSY? EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE HE RUNS OUT TO GET A PIECE OF JUNK!
YOU GOT ME, PAL! MAYBE HE'S STARTING HIS OWN SCRAP DRIVE!!
WELL, I KNOW A GOOD WAY OF FINDING OUT!
KNOCK KNOCK
HEEY! IT SOUNDS AWFUL QUIET IN------ LOOKOUT!
KEEP OUT! JEEP JONES-PRIVATE
CRASH!
R-RRRR R ROOW
WHAT IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN IS THAT!
?
SHH! NOT SO LOUD! IT'S MY AMPHIBIOUS JEEPLANE.... A SECRET WEAPON!

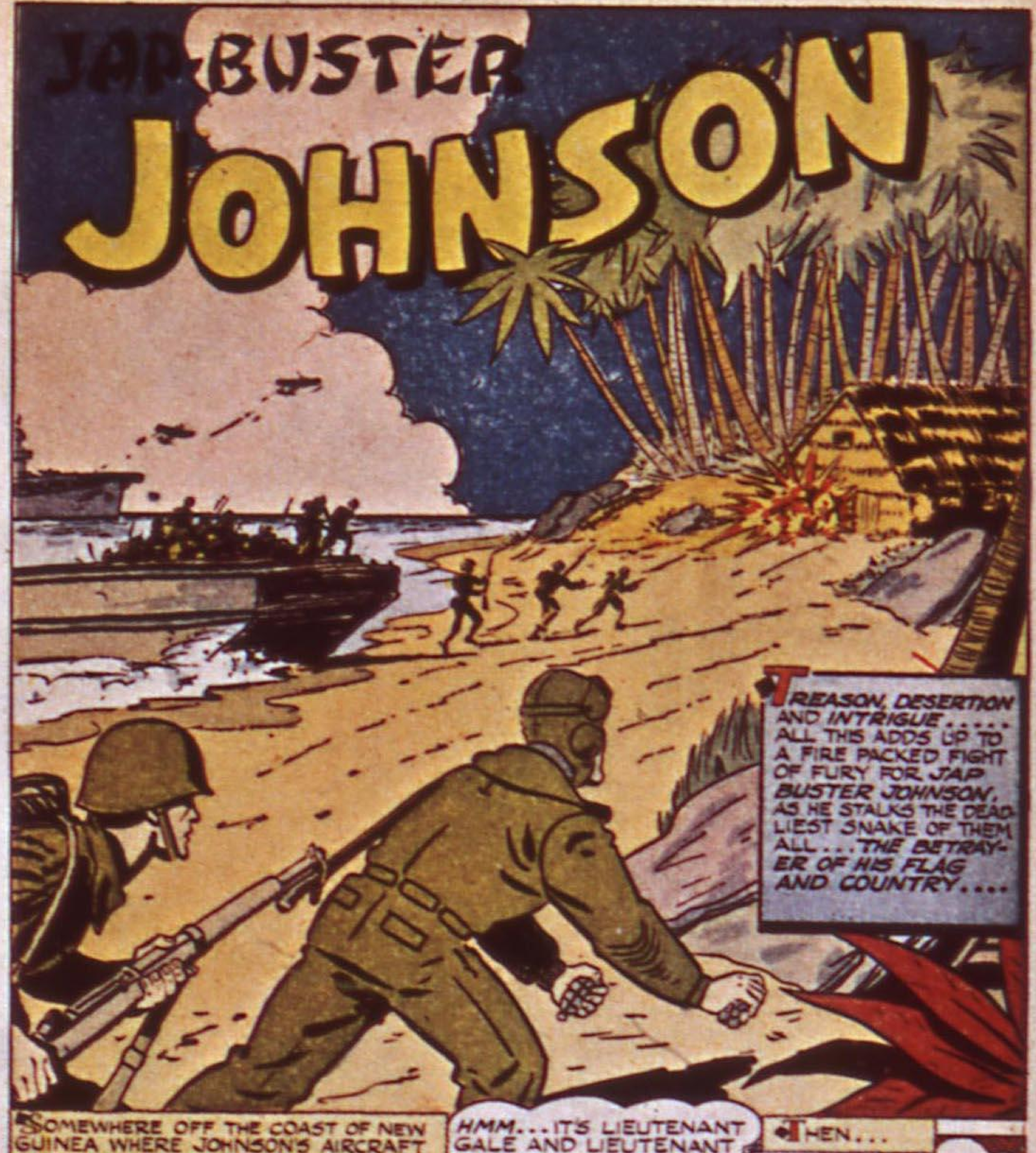

A JEEPLANE?
YEP! BEEN WORKING ON IT FOR WEEKS! SOME JOB, EH?
BUT WHAT'S THE POINT?
THIS SUPER JEEPLANE IS A MORALE BUILDER!
OH YEAH? HOW?
SIMPLE THE ORDINARY JEEP CAUSES PEOPLE TO SWELL WITH PRIDE WHEN THEY SEE ONE! WELL, WHAT IF IT BECOMES COMOMONPLACE!
SO WHAT?
SO... THEN WE SPRING THE SUPER AMPHIBIOUS JEEPLANE ON THEM AND EVERYONE'S HAPPY AGAIN!
MAYBE YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE!
I'LL SAY!
NATURALLY! NOW, HELP ME GET IT BACK IN AND BOARD UP THIS HOLE?
GLAD TO!
COMIN' UP!
AN HOUR LATER....
THAT'S SWELL FELLAS! I'M ON FURLOUGH SO I'LL SLEEP NEAR HERE TONIGHT! G'NITE!
OKAY, JONES! TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOUR SECRET WEAPON!
AND SO TO BED!
HO-HUM... I'LL SPRING IT ON THE GENERAL AS A SURPRISE IN THE MORNING!
MUCH, MUCH LATER...
NOW WE STEAL SECLET WEPON, HOTSO!
YESSSS! I COME, NOTSOHOTSO!
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z

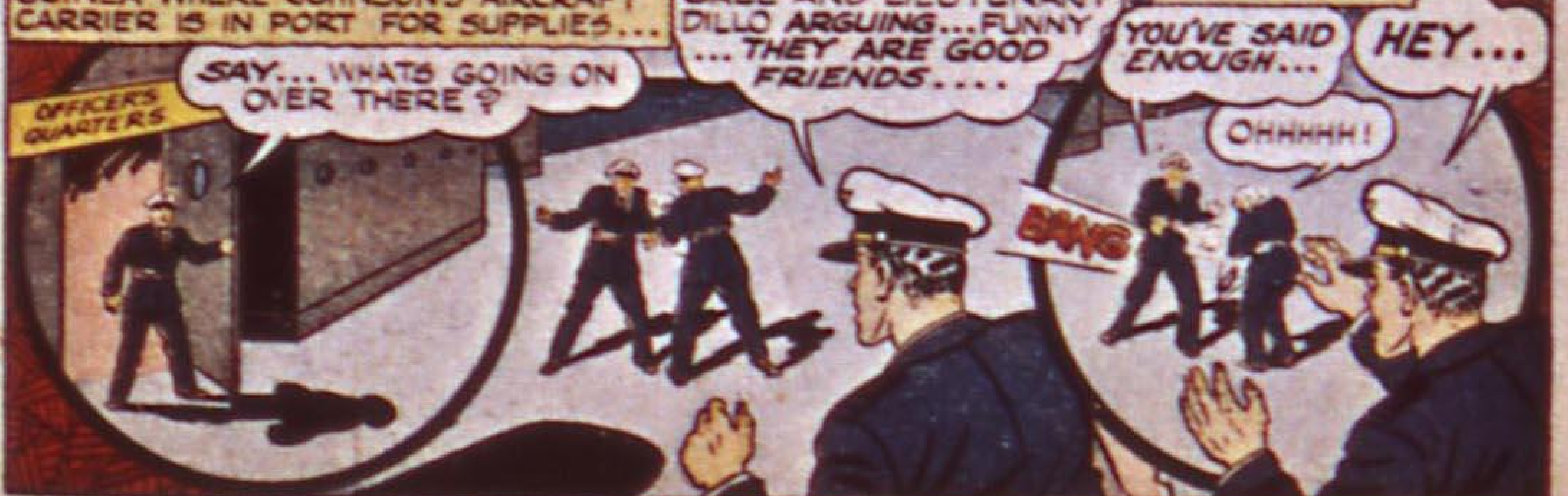

SEE? WHAT DID WE TELL YOU!
IT'S A LUCKY THING I THOUGHT TO TIE A ROPE TO MY TOE!
THAT'S NOT SO HOT, NOTSOHOTSO!
I THINK WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED, HOTSO!
BAM!
HE STILL WITH HONORABLE US, HOTSO! PERHAPS CATCH AND FORCE BIG SLECKLET OF HOW TO STOP THIS FROM SAME!
?
NO CAN STOP SLECKLET WEAPON?
THAT IS HONORABLE TRUTH, HOTSO!
BY RAYS OF RISING SUN, WE SHALL STOP WITH YONDER TREES!
NOT SO, HOTSO!
NO STOP!
ISSS RIGHT OHHHH....!
WHAT TH...!
CRASH!
SNAP!
OHHHH!
OWWWCH!
THE WINGLESS JEEPLANE DIVES STRAIGHT FOR THE GROUND AND...
CRUNCH!
4

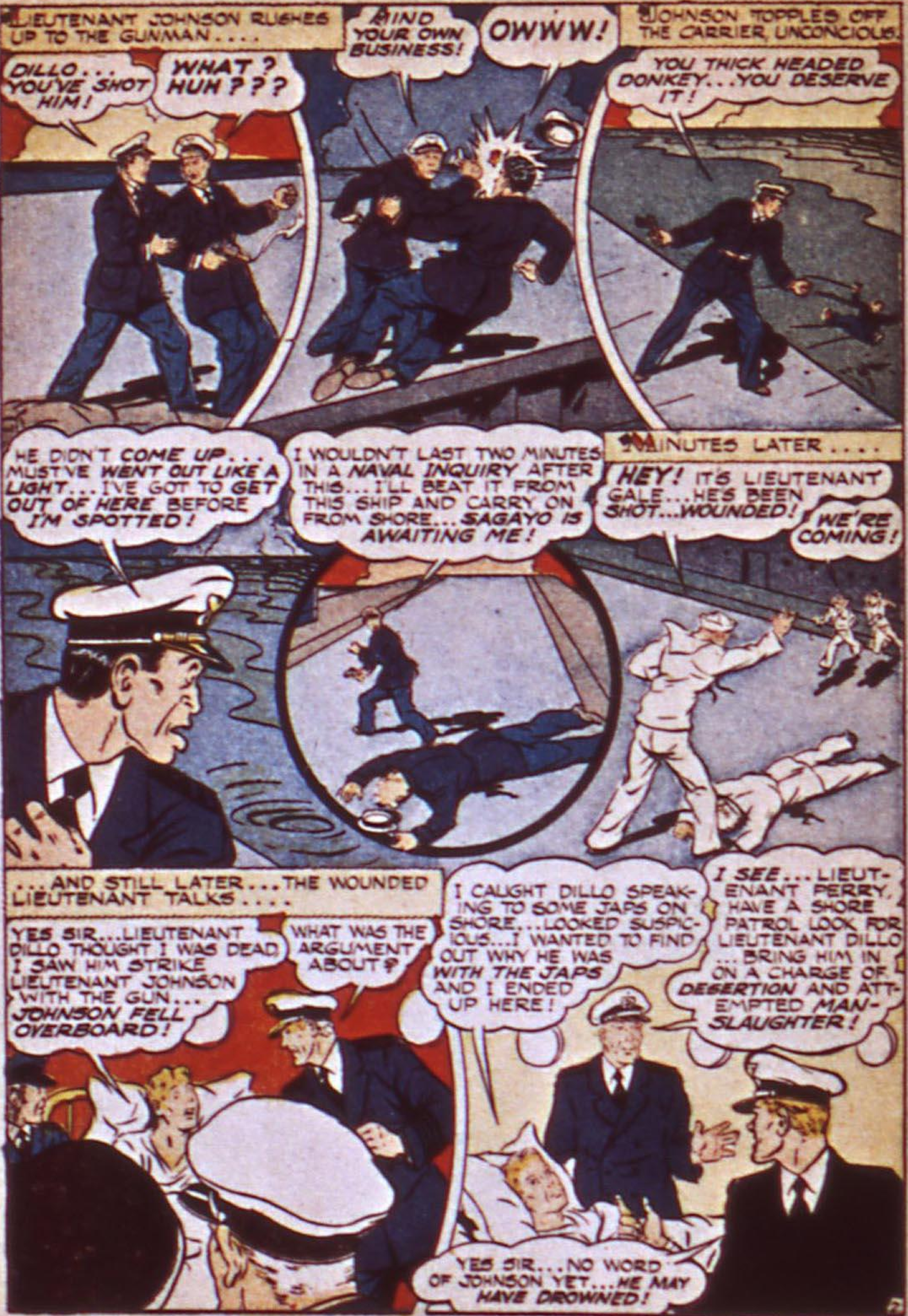

THE WILEY JAPS USE JIU-JITSU TO BREAK IN!
LEADY, NOTSOHOTSO?
LEADY, HOTSO!
SO!
UGH!
NICE WORK, HOTSO!
ISSS NOTHING! WE JAPANESE LEARN TO THROW IT!
HAVE FOUND SWITCH?
HAVE TRY ALL BUT TWO ..... ONE!
CHUG
SPUT
CHUG
.... AND TWO!
OHHHHH--FEEL LIKE SLECKLET WEAPON ISS TAKING DEEP BREATH!!
SSSSSS-SSSSSS-SSSSSS
HAVE FOUND SLECKLET WEAPON---
---AND HAVE STEAL SAME!
SWISH!
WHAT'S THIS? HAS OUR HERO BEEN ASLEEP AT THE SWITCH? HAS HE OVERLOOKED THE DARK POSSIBILTY OF SUCH ENEMY AGENTS TAMPERING WITH THE SUPER-JEEPLANE?
BUT, NO! READ ON!----EVEN NOW HE IS FOLLOWING CLOSE BEHIND THE JAPS IN THE JEEP!.....

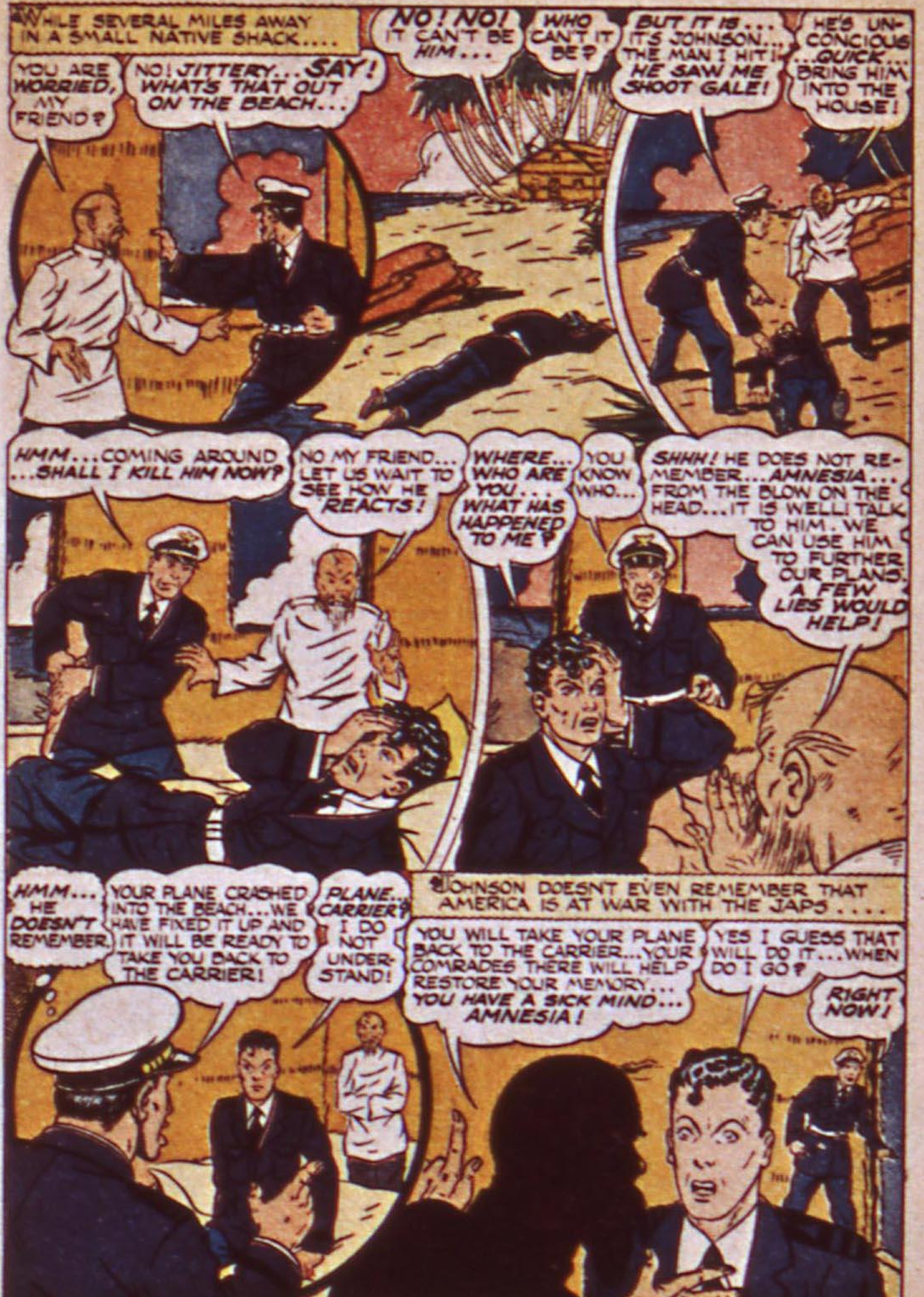

OMIGOODNESS! THEY'RE TAKIN' A **SHORT CUT** HOME!... THERE! THAT DOES IT!
THIS FEELS LIKE A FAST DROP IN AN ELEVATOR... WITHOUT THE ELEVATOR!
I CAN'T LET THEM GET AWAY WITH IT!... IT LOOKS DEEP!
HERE GOES!
DOWN, DOWN, DOWN HE GOES AND STILL NO SIGN OF THE BOTTOM!
GOSH! THE DEEPER I FALL THE **WARMER** IT GETS! HMMM?
THE NEXT MORNING...
STILL NO WORD FROM PRIVATE JONES, SIR!
A.W.O.L. EH? **SEND OUT A REPORT!**
AND, THAT AFTERNOON!
STILL **NO WORD** ON JONES SERGEANT?
WELL, THEY PICKED A MAN OUT OF A HOLE IN A STREET IN HONG KONG, WITH TWO **JAPANESE SPIES** AND A CONTRAPTION THAT LOOKS LIKE A MECHANICAL MOLE! SHALL I ASK FOR **MORE** DETAILS, SIR?
NO! NO! I'D RATHER NOT KNOW... THE STRAIN WOULD BE **TOO MUCH** FOR ME! GAD! **I WISH I WAS BACK ON CORREGIDOR!**
JEEP JONES WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE...
THAT IS IF HE CAN GET PASSAGE HOME!
CHIC STONE

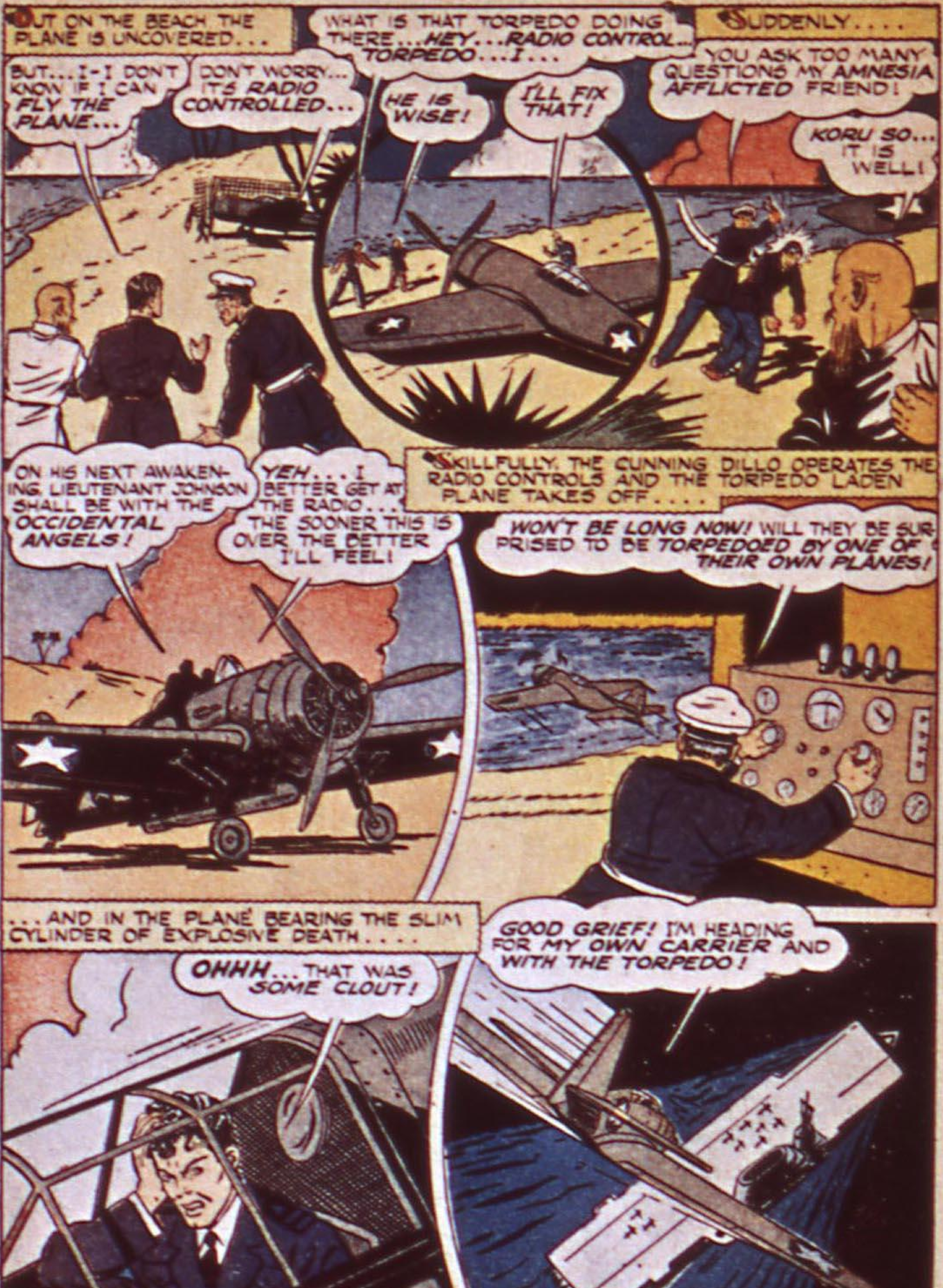
JAP BUSTER JOHNSON

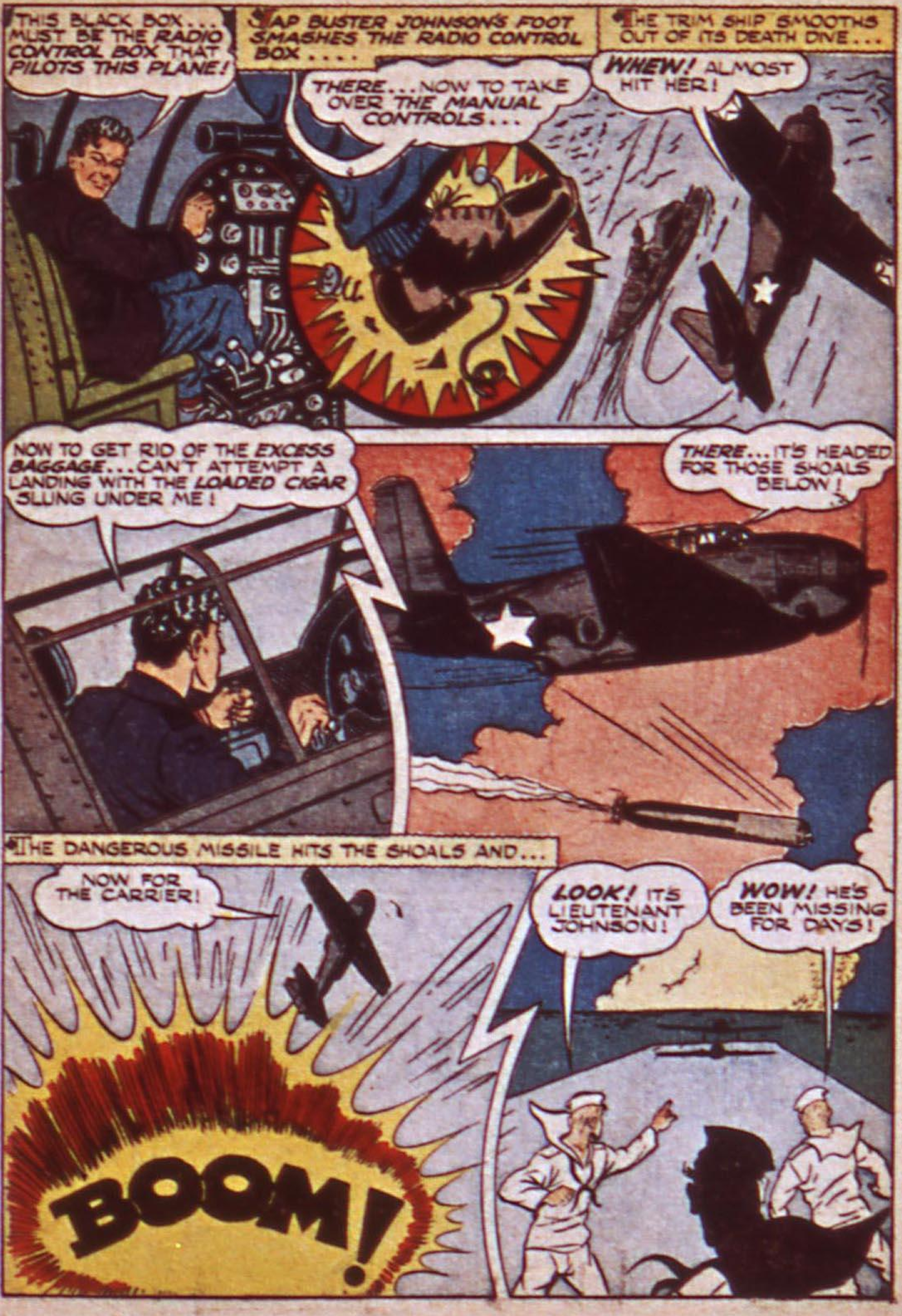

TREASON, DESERTION AND INTRIGUE..... ALL THIS ADDS UP TO A FIRE PACKED FIGHT OF FURY FOR JAP BUSTER JOHNSON, AS HE STALKS THE DEADLIEST SNAKE OF THEM ALL... THE BETRAYER OF HIS FLAG AND COUNTRY....

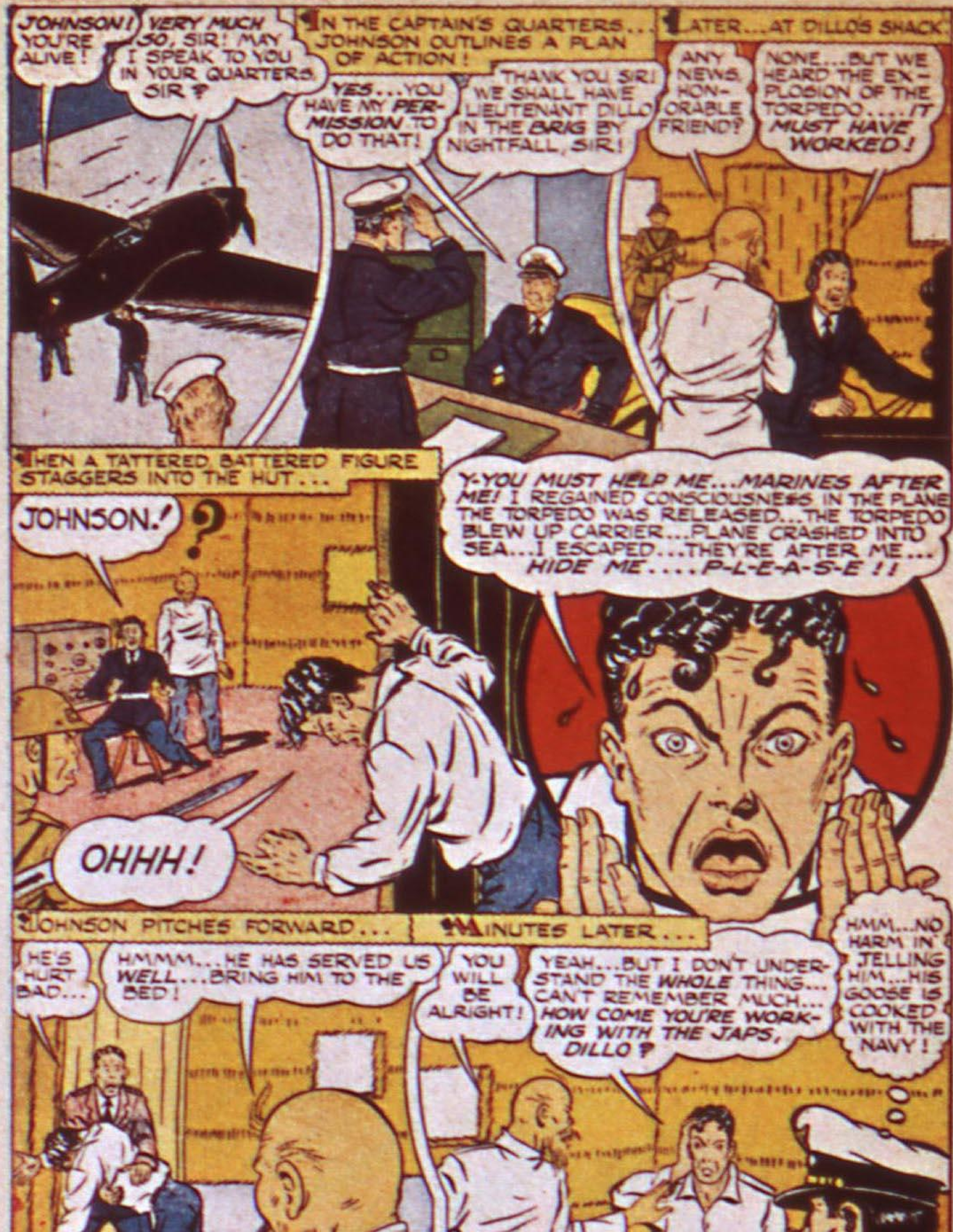

SOMEWHERE OFF THE COAST OF NEW GUINEA WHERE JOHNSON'S AIRCRAFT CARRIER IS IN PORT FOR SUPPLIES...
OFFICERS QUARTERS
SAY... WHATS GOING ON OVER THERE?
HMM...IT'S LIEUTENANT GALE AND LIEUTENANT DILLO ARGUING...FUNNY ...THEY ARE GOOD FRIENDS....
THEN...
YOU'VE SAID ENOUGH...
HEY...
OHHHHH!
BANG

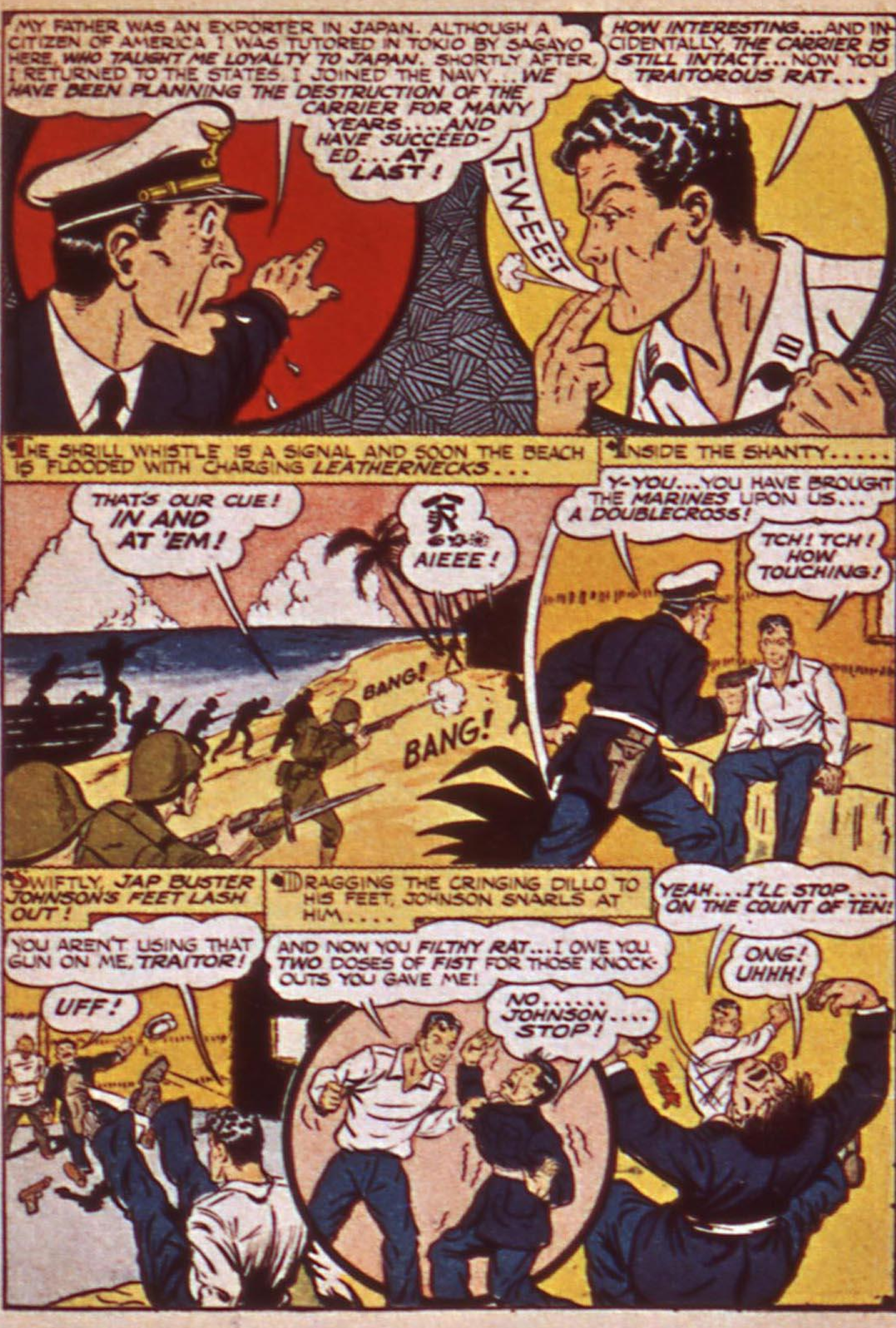

LIEUTENANT JOHNSON RUSHES UP TO THE GUNMAN....
DILLO... YOU'VE SHOT HIM!
WHAT? HUH???
MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS!
OWWW!
JOHNSON TOPPLES OFF THE CARRIER, UNCONCIOUS.
YOU THICK HEADED DONKEY... YOU DESERVE IT!
HE DIDN'T COME UP... MUST'VE WENT OUT LIKE A LIGHT... I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE I'M SPOTTED!
I WOULDN'T LAST TWO MINUTES IN A NAVAL INQUIRY AFTER THIS... I'LL BEAT IT FROM THIS SHIP AND CARRY ON FROM SHORE... SAGAYO IS AWAITING ME!
MINUTES LATER....
HEY! IT'S LIEUTENANT GALE... HE'S BEEN SHOT... WOUNDED!
WE'RE COMING!
...AND STILL LATER... THE WOUNDED LIEUTENANT TALKS....
YES SIR... LIEUTENANT DILLO THOUGHT I WAS DEAD. I SAW HIM STRIKE LIEUTENANT JOHNSON WITH THE GUN... JOHNSON FELL OVERBOARD!
WHAT WAS THE ARGUMENT ABOUT?
I CAUGHT DILLO SPEAKING TO SOME JAPS ON SHORE... LOOKED SUSPICIOUS... I WANTED TO FIND OUT WHY HE WAS WITH THE JAPS AND I ENDED UP HERE!
I SEE... LIEUTENANT PERRY, HAVE A SHORE PATROL LOOK FOR LIEUTENANT DILLO ... BRING HIM IN ON A CHARGE OF DESERTION AND ATTEMPTED MANSLAUGHTER!
YES SIR... NO WORD OF JOHNSON YET... HE MAY HAVE DROWNED!

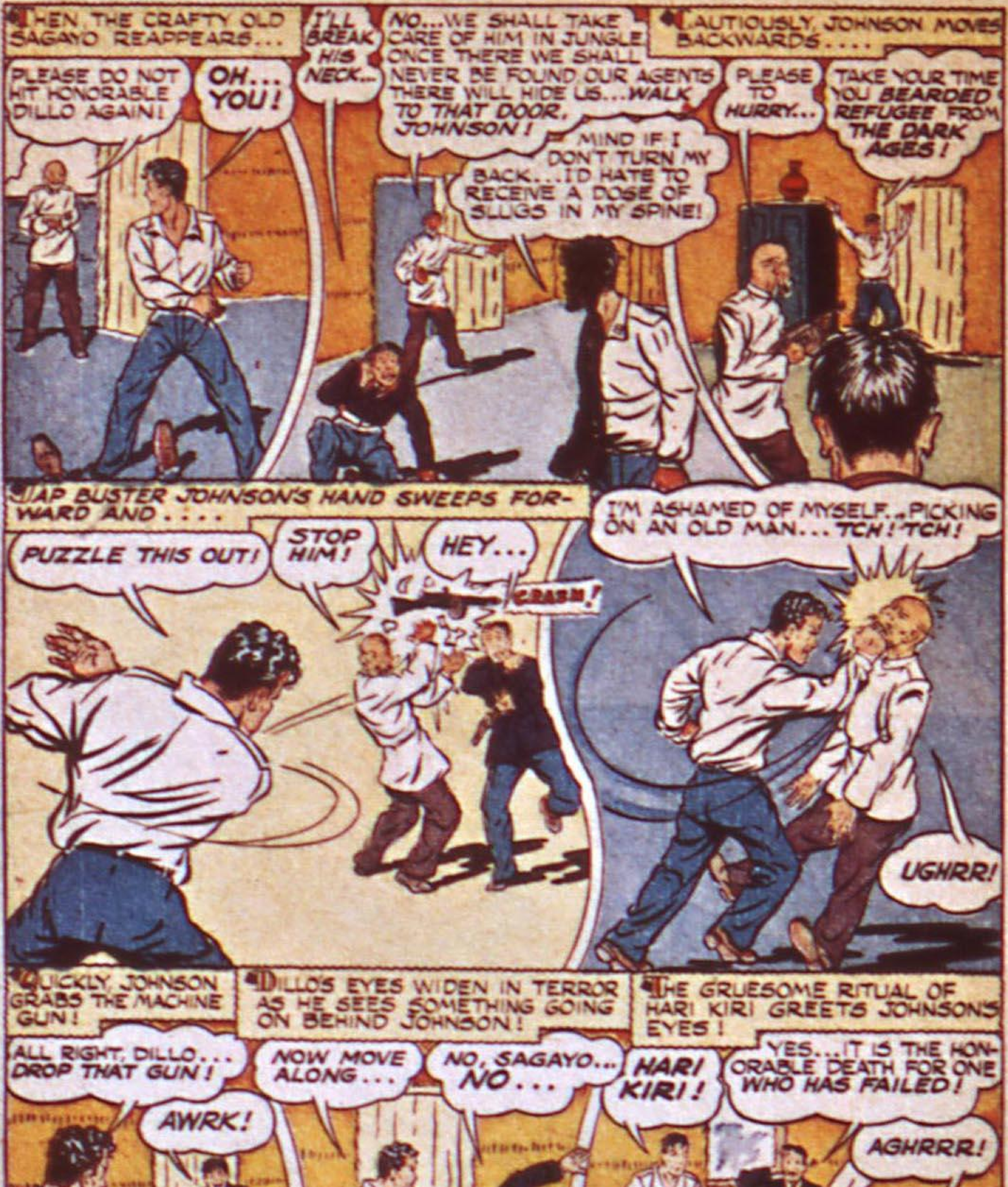

WHILE SEVERAL MILES AWAY IN A SMALL NATIVE SHACK....
YOU ARE WORRIED, MY FRIEND?
NO! JITTERY... SAY! WHAT'S THAT OUT ON THE BEACH...
NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE HIM...
WHO CAN'T IT BE?
BUT IT IS... IT'S JOHNSON... THE MAN I HIT!... HE SAW ME SHOOT GALE!
HE'S UNCONCIOUS ...QUICK... BRING HIM INTO THE HOUSE!
HMM... COMING AROUND ...SHALL I KILL HIM NOW?
NO MY FRIEND... LET US WAIT TO SEE HOW HE REACTS!
WHERE... WHO ARE YOU... WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO ME?
YOU KNOW WHO...
SHHH! HE DOES NOT REMEMBER...AMNESIA... FROM THE BLOW ON THE HEAD...IT IS WELL! TALK TO HIM. WE CAN USE HIM TO FURTHER OUR PLANS, A FEW LIES WOULD HELP!
HMM... HE DOESN'T REMEMBER.
YOUR PLANE CRASHED INTO THE BEACH...WE HAVE FIXED IT UP AND IT WILL BE READY TO TAKE YOU BACK TO THE CARRIER!
PLANE... CARRIER? I DO NOT UNDERSTAND!
JOHNSON DOESN'T EVEN REMEMBER THAT AMERICA IS AT WAR WITH THE JAPS....
YOU WILL TAKE YOUR PLANE BACK TO THE CARRIER...YOUR COMRADES THERE WILL HELP RESTORE YOUR MEMORY... YOU HAVE A SICK MIND... AMNESIA!
YES I GUESS THAT WILL DO IT....WHEN DO I GO?
RIGHT NOW!

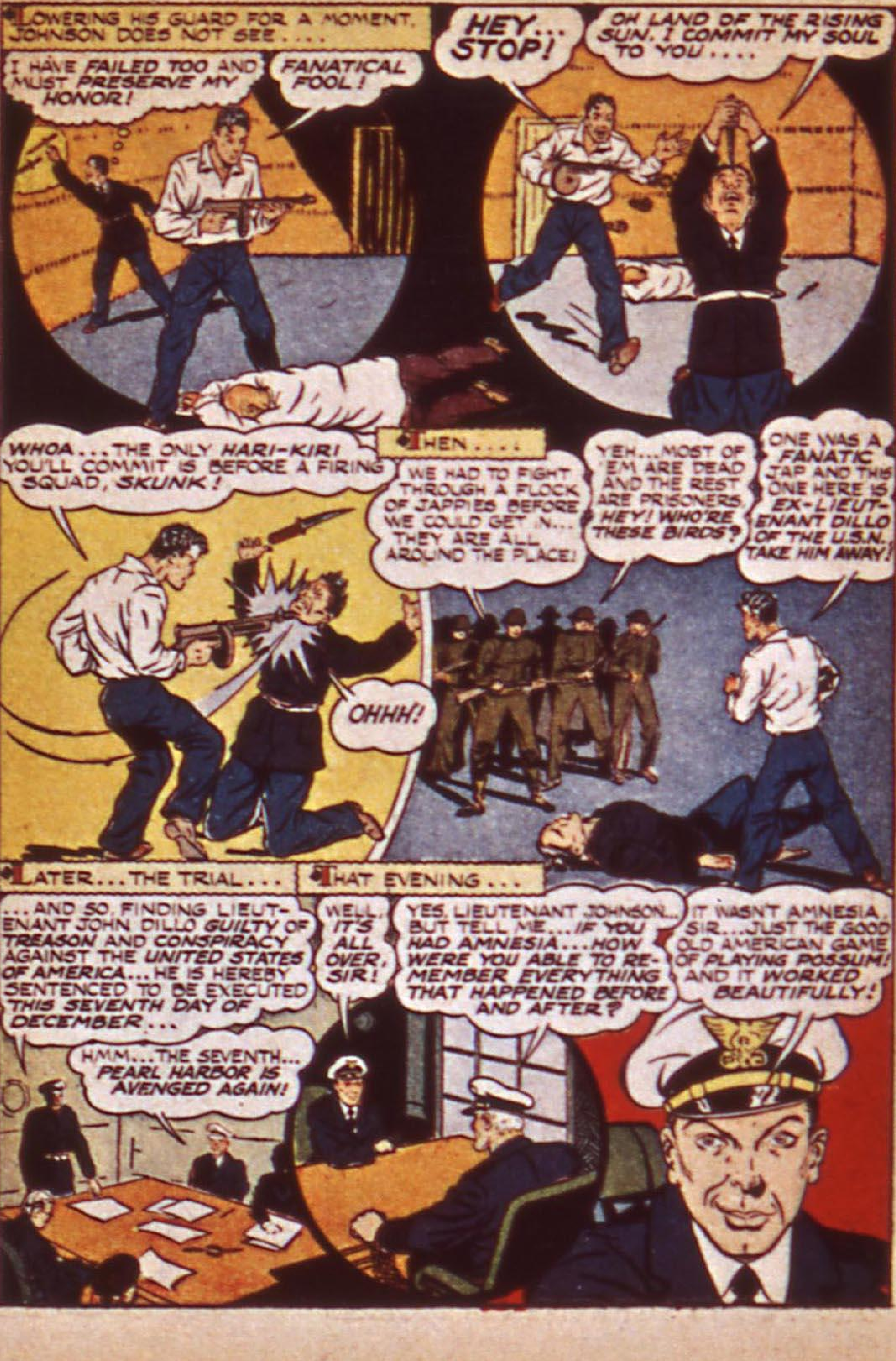

OUT ON THE BEACH THE PLANE IS UNCOVERED...
BUT...I-I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN FLY THE PLANE...
DON'T WORRY... IT'S RADIO CONTROLLED...
WHAT IS THAT TORPEDO DOING THERE...HEY...RADIO CONTROL... TORPEDO...I...
HE IS WISE!
I'LL FIX THAT!
SUDDENLY....
YOU ASK TOO MANY QUESTIONS MY AMNESIA AFFLICTED FRIEND!
KORU SO... IT IS WELL!
ON HIS NEXT AWAKENING, LIEUTENANT JOHNSON SHALL BE WITH THE OCCIDENTAL ANGELS!
YEH...I BETTER GET AT THE RADIO... THE SOONER THIS IS OVER THE BETTER I'LL FEEL!
SKILLFULLY, THE CUNNING DILLO OPERATES THE RADIO CONTROLS AND THE TORPEDO LADEN PLANE TAKES OFF....
WON'T BE LONG NOW! WILL THEY BE SURPRISED TO BE TORPEDOED BY ONE OF THEIR OWN PLANES!
...AND IN THE PLANE BEARING THE SLIM CYLINDER OF EXPLOSIVE DEATH....
OHHH...THAT WAS SOME CLOUT!
GOOD GRIEF! I'M HEADING FOR MY OWN CARRIER AND WITH THE TORPEDO!


THIS BLACK BOX... MUST BE THE *RADIO CONTROL BOX* THAT *PILOTS THIS PLANE!*
SAP BUSTER JOHNSON'S FOOT SMASHES THE RADIO CONTROL BOX....
THERE...NOW TO TAKE OVER *THE MANUAL* CONTROLS...
THE TRIM SHIP SMOOTHS OUT OF ITS DEATH DIVE...
WHEW! ALMOST HIT HER!
NOW TO GET RID OF THE *EXCESS BAGGAGE*...CAN'T ATTEMPT A LANDING WITH THE *LOADED CIGAR* SLUNG UNDER ME!
THERE...IT'S HEADED FOR THOSE SHOALS BELOW!
THE DANGEROUS MISSILE HITS THE SHOALS AND...
NOW FOR THE CARRIER!
BOOM!
LOOK! IT'S LIEUTENANT JOHNSON!
WOW! HE'S BEEN MISSING FOR DAYS!


JOHNSON! YOU'RE ALIVE!
VERY MUCH SO, SIR! MAY I SPEAK TO YOU IN YOUR QUARTERS, SIR?
IN THE CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS... JOHNSON OUTLINES A PLAN OF ACTION!
YES... YOU HAVE MY PERMISSION TO DO THAT!
THANK YOU SIR! WE SHALL HAVE LIEUTENANT DILLO IN THE BRIG BY NIGHTFALL, SIR!
LATER... AT DILLO'S SHACK
ANY NEWS, HONORABLE FRIEND?
NONE... BUT WE HEARD THE EXPLOSION OF THE TORPEDO.... IT MUST HAVE WORKED!
THEN A TATTERED BATTERED FIGURE STAGGERS INTO THE HUT...
JOHNSON!
?
OHHH!
Y-YOU MUST HELP ME... MARINES AFTER ME! I REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS IN THE PLANE THE TORPEDO WAS RELEASED... THE TORPEDO BLEW UP CARRIER... PLANE CRASHED INTO SEA... I ESCAPED... THEY'RE AFTER ME... HIDE ME.... P-L-E-A-S-E!!
JOHNSON PITCHES FORWARD...
HE'S HURT BAD...
HMMM... HE HAS SERVED US WELL... BRING HIM TO THE BED!
MINUTES LATER...
YOU WILL BE ALRIGHT!
YEAH... BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND THE WHOLE THING... CAN'T REMEMBER MUCH... HOW COME YOU'RE WORKING WITH THE JAPS, DILLO?
HMM... NO HARM IN TELLING HIM... HIS GOOSE IS COOKED WITH THE NAVY!

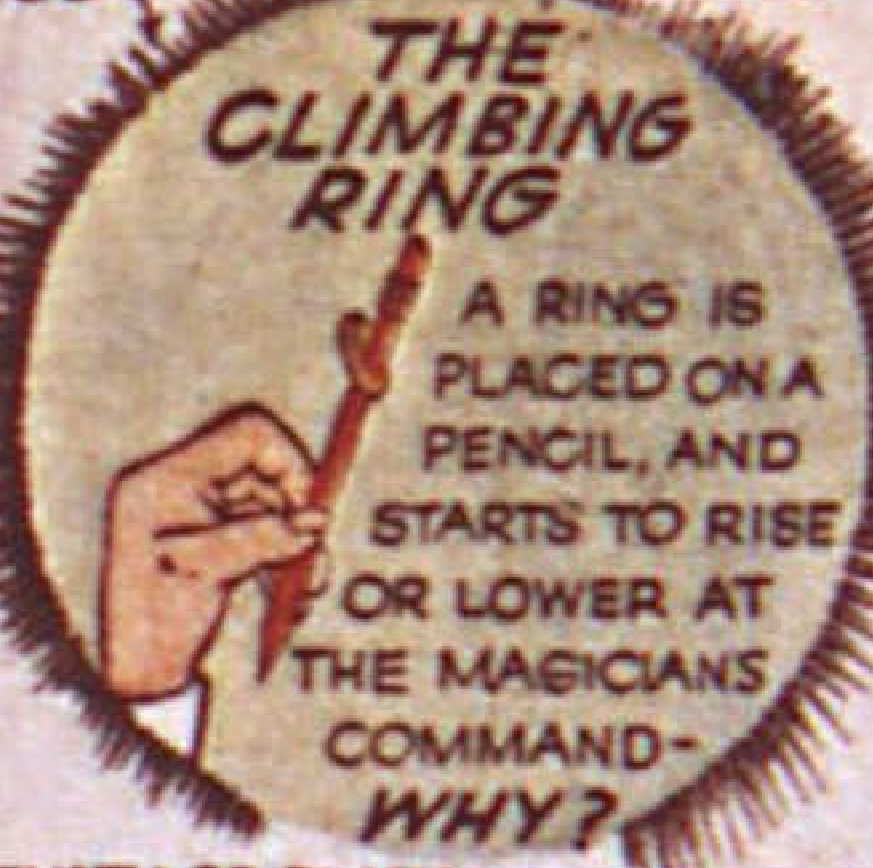

MY FATHER WAS AN EXPORTER IN JAPAN. ALTHOUGH A CITIZEN OF AMERICA I WAS TUTORED IN TOKIO BY SAGAYO HERE, WHO TAUGHT ME LOYALTY TO JAPAN. SHORTLY AFTER, I RETURNED TO THE STATES. I JOINED THE NAVY... WE HAVE BEEN PLANNING THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CARRIER FOR MANY YEARS....AND HAVE SUCCEEDED... AT LAST!
HOW INTERESTING...AND INCIDENTALLY, THE CARRIER IS STILL INTACT...NOW YOU TRAITOROUS RAT...
T-W-E-E-T
THE SHRILL WHISTLE IS A SIGNAL AND SOON THE BEACH IS FLOODED WITH CHARGING LEATHERNECKS...
THAT'S OUR CUE! IN AND AT 'EM!
AIEEE!
BANG!
BANG!
INSIDE THE SHANTY.....
Y-YOU...YOU HAVE BROUGHT THE MARINES UPON US... A DOUBLECROSS!
TCH! TCH! HOW TOUCHING!
SWIFTLY, JAP BUSTER JOHNSON'S FEET LASH OUT!
YOU AREN'T USING THAT GUN ON ME, TRAITOR!
UFF!
DRAGGING THE CRINGING DILLO TO HIS FEET, JOHNSON SNARLS AT HIM.....
AND NOW YOU FILTHY RAT...I OWE YOU TWO DOSES OF FIST FOR THOSE KNOCK-OUTS YOU GAVE ME!
NO...... JOHNSON.... STOP!
YEAH...I'LL STOP.... ON THE COUNT OF TEN!
ONG! UHHH!


THEN, THE CRAFTY OLD SAGAYO REAPPEARS...
PLEASE DO NOT HIT HONORABLE DILLO AGAIN!
OH... YOU!
I'LL BREAK HIS NECK...
NO...WE SHALL TAKE CARE OF HIM IN JUNGLE! ONCE THERE WE SHALL NEVER BE FOUND! OUR AGENTS THERE WILL HIDE US...WALK TO THAT DOOR, JOHNSON!
MIND IF I DON'T TURN MY BACK...I'D HATE TO RECEIVE A DOSE OF SLUGS IN MY SPINE!
CAUTIOUSLY, JOHNSON MOVES BACKWARDS....
PLEASE TO HURRY...
TAKE YOUR TIME YOU BEARDED REFUGEE FROM THE DARK AGES!
JAP BUSTER JOHNSON'S HAND SWEEPS FORWARD AND.....
PUZZLE THIS OUT!
STOP HIM!
HEY...
CRASH!
I'M ASHAMED OF MYSELF...PICKING ON AN OLD MAN...TCH! TCH!
UGHRR!
QUICKLY, JOHNSON GRABS THE MACHINE GUN!
ALL RIGHT, DILLO... DROP THAT GUN!
AWRK!
DILLO'S EYES WIDEN IN TERROR AS HE SEES SOMETHING GOING ON BEHIND JOHNSON!
NOW MOVE ALONG...
NO, SAGAYO... NO...
THE GRUESOME RITUAL OF HARI KIRI GREETS JOHNSON'S EYES!
HARI KIRI!
YES...IT IS THE HONORABLE DEATH FOR ONE WHO HAS FAILED!
AGHRRR!


LOWERING HIS GUARD FOR A MOMENT, JOHNSON DOES NOT SEE....
I HAVE FAILED TOO AND MUST PRESERVE MY HONOR!
FANATICAL FOOL!
HEY... STOP!
OH LAND OF THE RISING SUN, I COMMIT MY SOUL TO YOU....
WHOA...THE ONLY HARI-KIRI YOU'LL COMMIT IS BEFORE A FIRING SQUAD, SKUNK!
OHHH!
THEN....
WE HAD TO FIGHT THROUGH A FLOCK OF JAPPIES BEFORE WE COULD GET IN... THEY ARE ALL AROUND THE PLACE!
YEH...MOST OF 'EM ARE DEAD AND THE REST ARE PRISONERS. HEY! WHO'RE THESE BIRDS?
ONE WAS A FANATIC JAP AND THIS ONE HERE IS EX-LIEUTENANT DILLO OF THE U.S.N. TAKE HIM AWAY!
LATER... THE TRIAL...
...AND SO, FINDING LIEUTENANT JOHN DILLO GUILTY OF TREASON AND CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA... HE IS HEREBY SENTENCED TO BE EXECUTED THIS SEVENTH DAY OF DECEMBER...
HMM...THE SEVENTH... PEARL HARBOR IS AVENGED AGAIN!
THAT EVENING...
WELL, IT'S ALL OVER, SIR!
YES, LIEUTENANT JOHNSON... BUT TELL ME... IF YOU HAD AMNESIA... HOW WERE YOU ABLE TO REMEMBER EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED BEFORE AND AFTER?
IT WASN'T AMNESIA, SIR...JUST THE GOOD OLD AMERICAN GAME OF PLAYING POSSUM! AND IT WORKED BEAUTIFULLY!

THE U.S.A. PUZZLE CORNER

HERE'S A NEAT LITTLE MAGIC TRICK TO AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS.

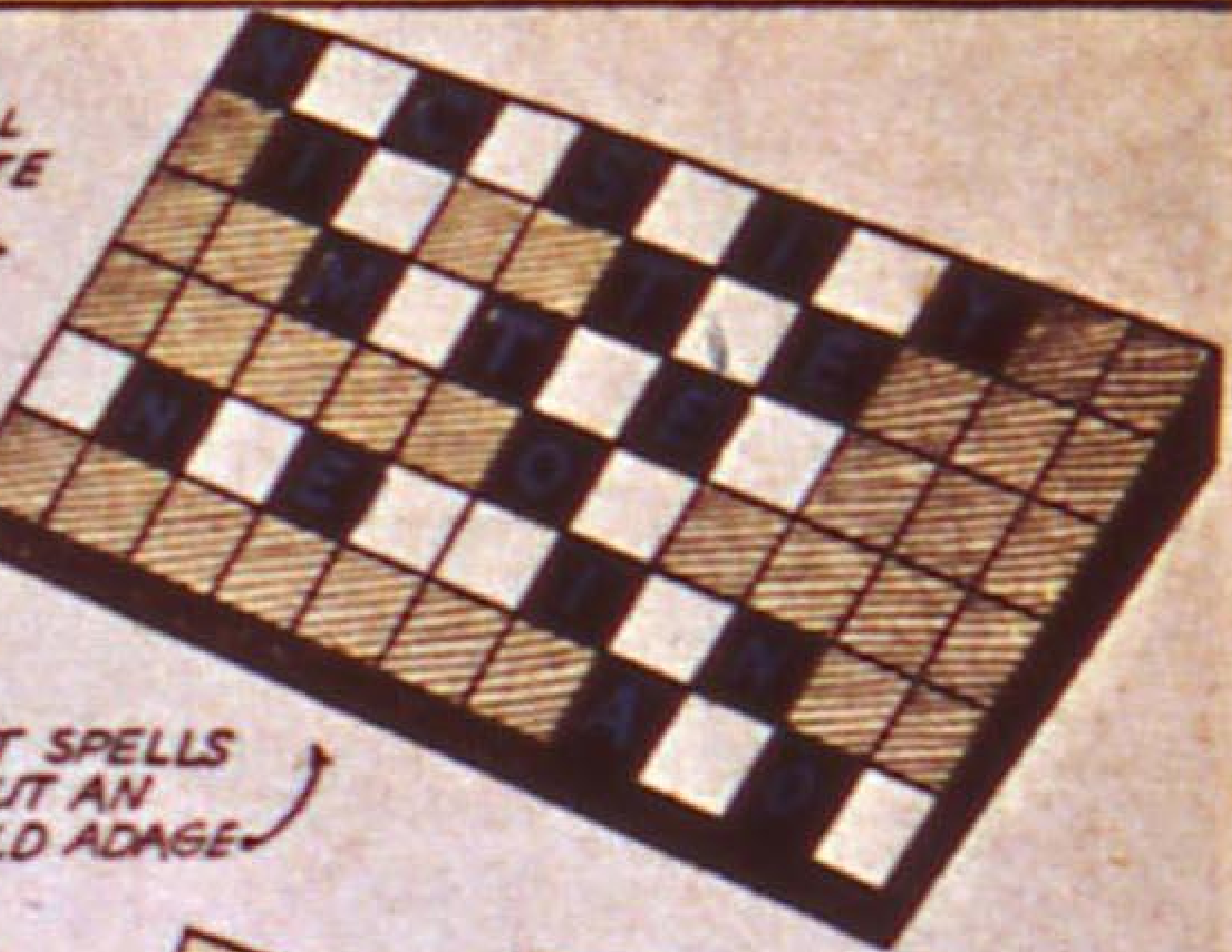


THE CLIMBING RING

A RING IS PLACED ON A PENCIL, AND STARTS TO RISE OR LOWER AT THE MAGICIANS COMMAND-

WHY?

CAN YOU FILL IN THE WHITE SPACES

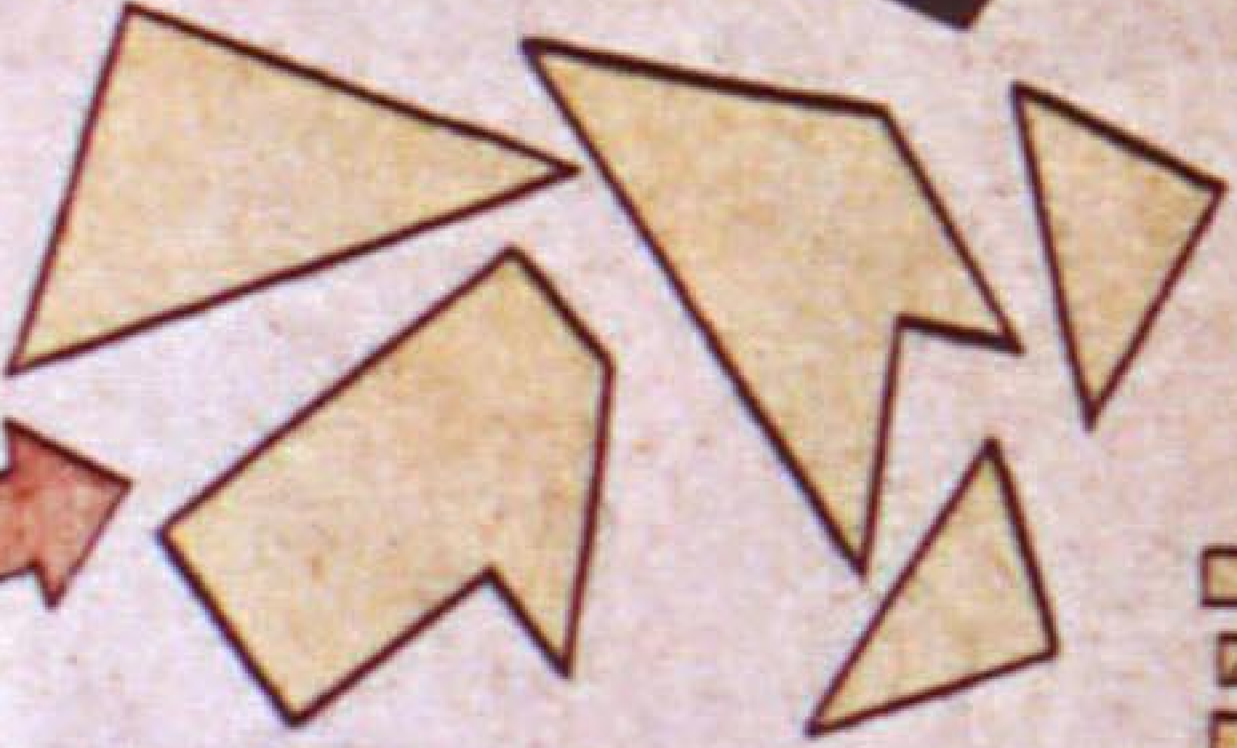


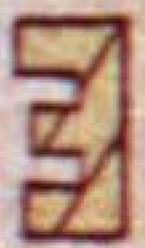
IT SPELLS OUT AN OLD ADAGE-

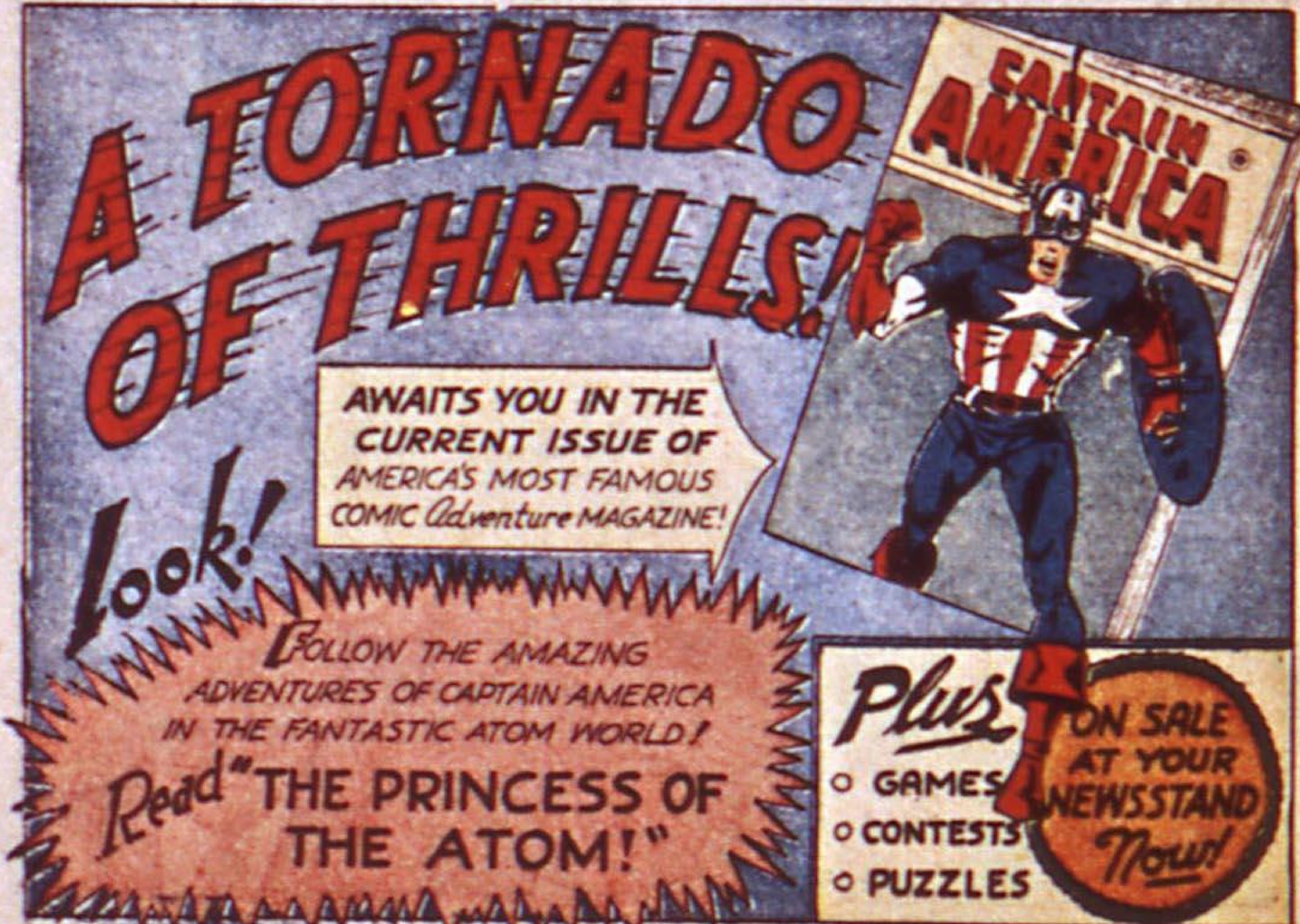
TAKE A LENGTH OF BLACK THREAD. FASTEN IT TO A BUTTON ON YOUR COAT. AND THE OTHER END TO THE PENCIL. PLACE THE RING ON THE PENCIL **NOW**. AND BY SIMPLY PULLING OR PUSHING THE PENCIL AWAY FROM YOU, THE RING RISES OR FALLS BECAUSE OF THE THREAD TIGHTENING OR LOOSENING!

THIS IS GOOD

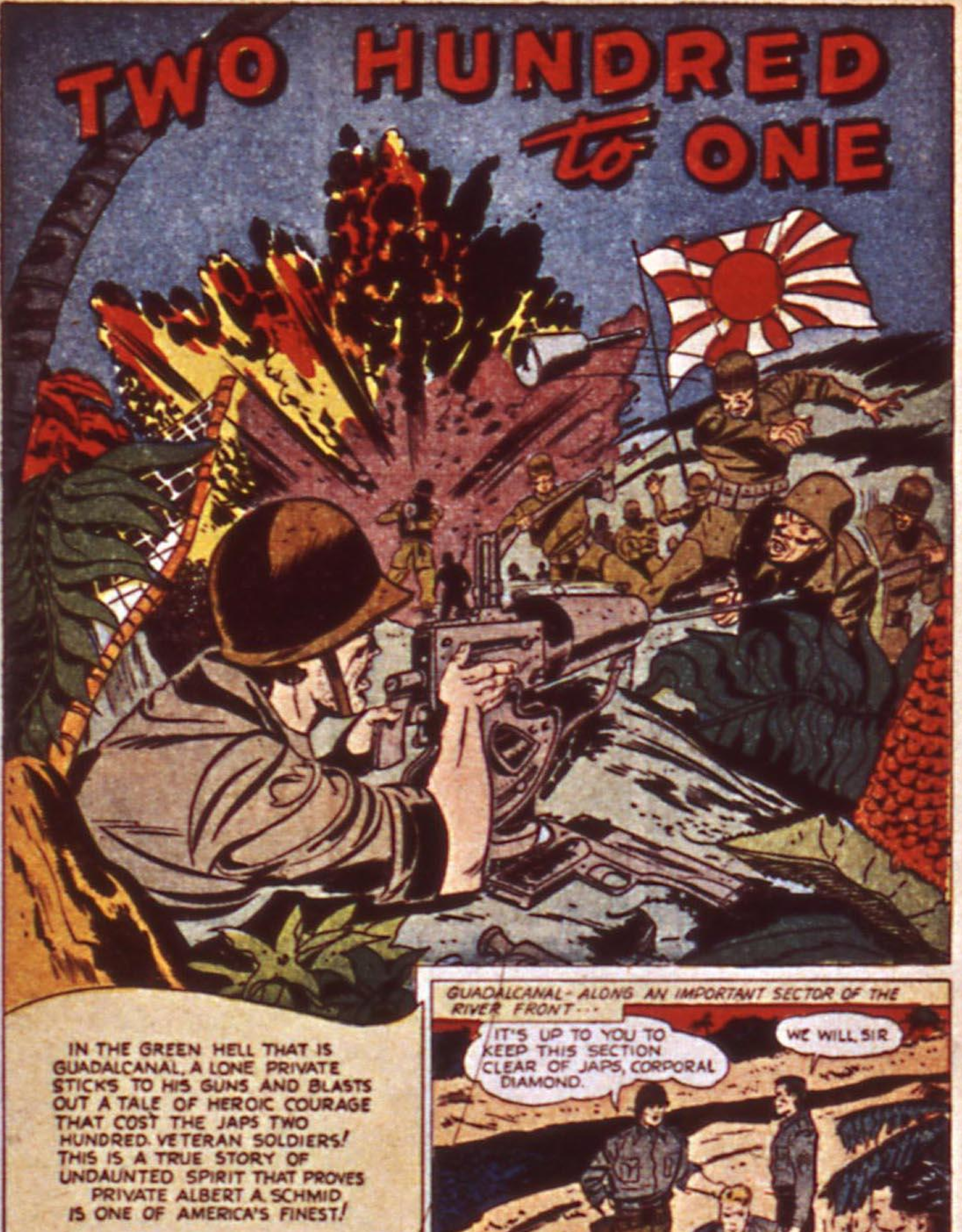
THIS PUZZLE HAS FASCINATED PEOPLE FOR YEARS.. CUT OUT THE PIECES OUTLINED AND FORM THEM INTO THE LETTER **E**... THE SOLUTION IS ON THE RIGHT-

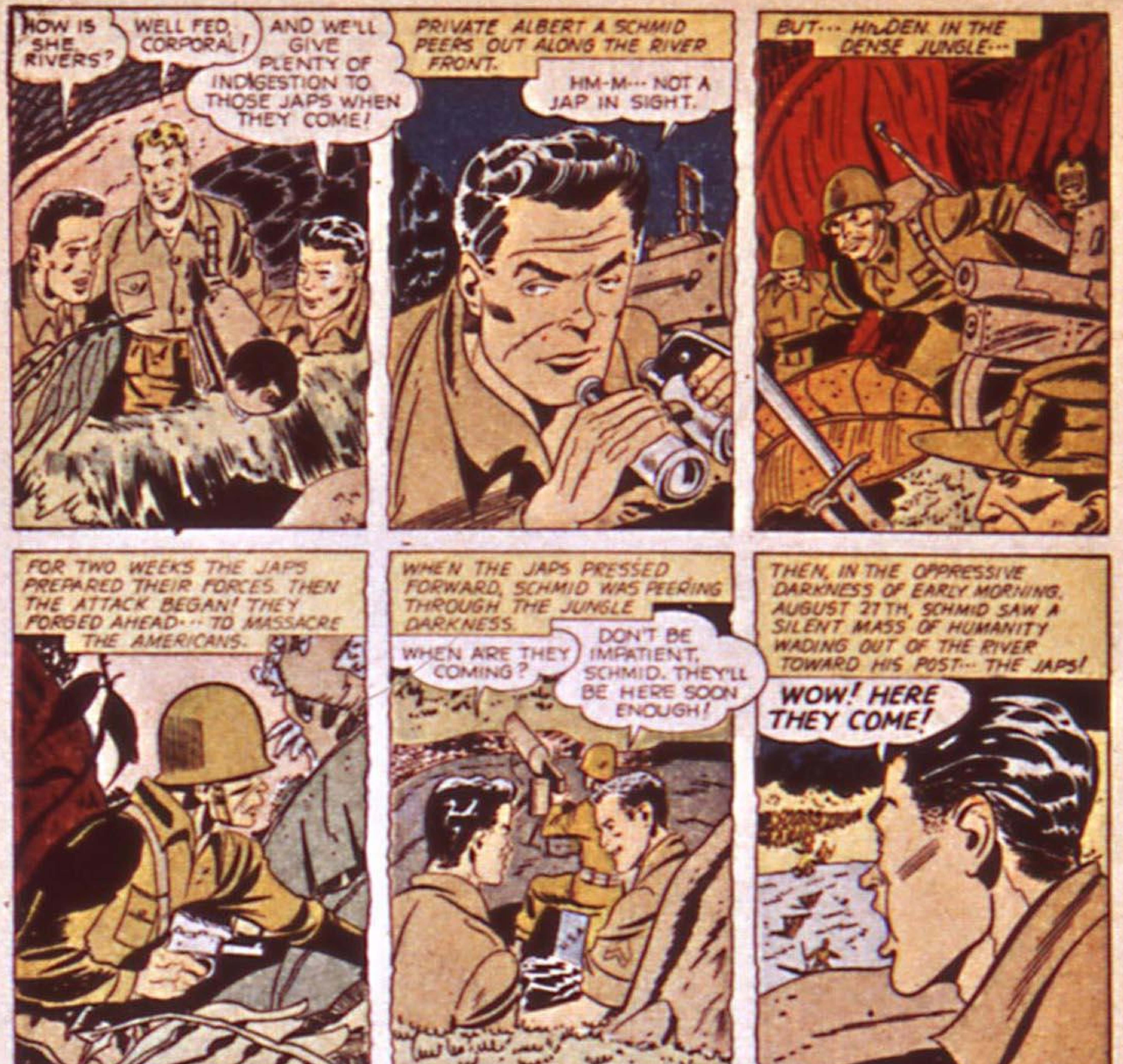


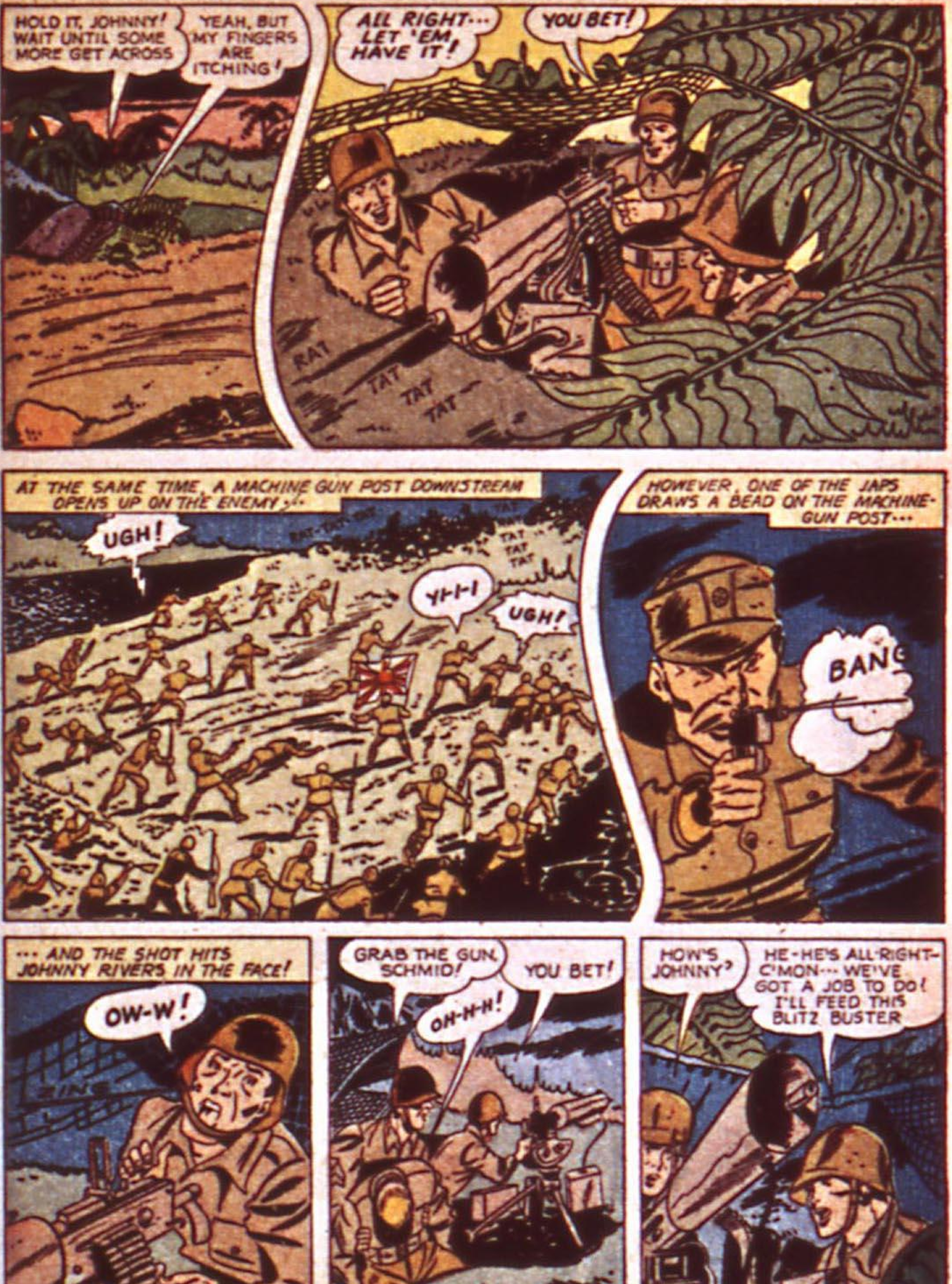


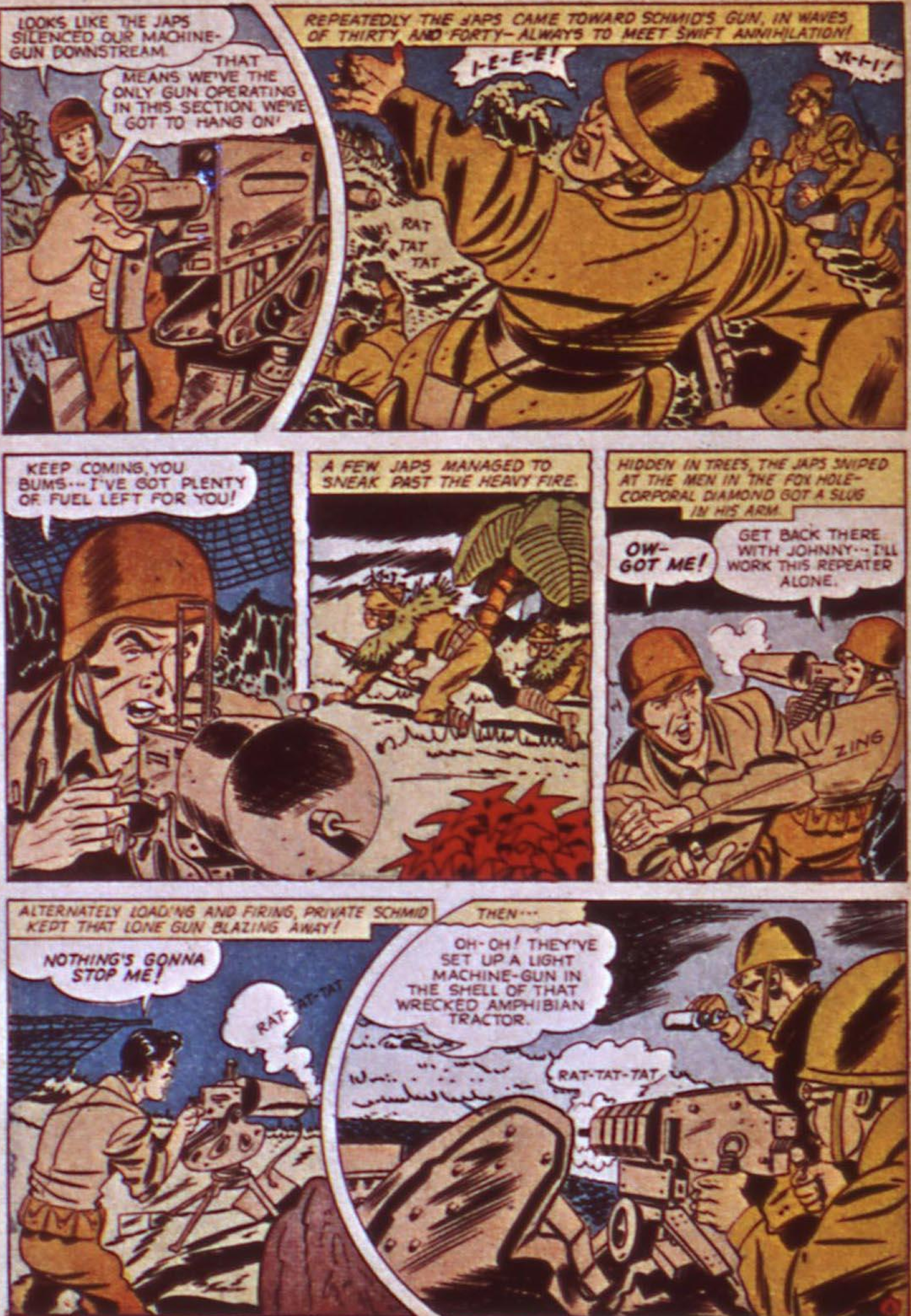

A TORNADO OF THRILLS!
AWAITS YOU IN THE CURRENT ISSUE OF AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS COMIC Adventure MAGAZINE!
CAPTAIN AMERICA
Look!
FOLLOW THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN AMERICA IN THE FANTASTIC ATOM WORLD!
Read "THE PRINCESS OF THE ATOM!"
Plus
○ GAMES
○ CONTESTS
○ PUZZLES
ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND Now!

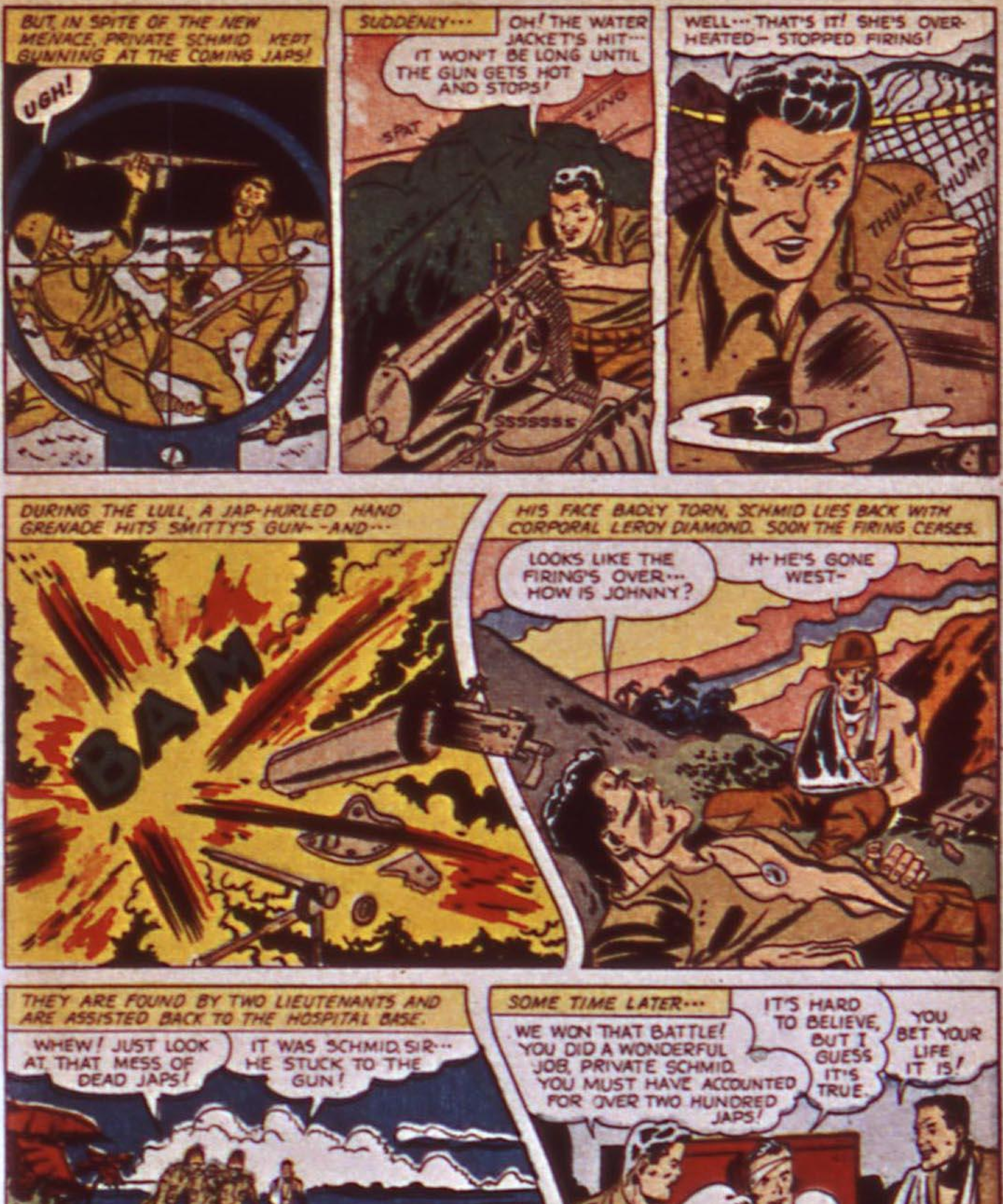
TWO HUNDRED to ONE


IN THE GREEN HELL THAT IS GUADALCANAL, A LONE PRIVATE STICKS TO HIS GUNS AND BLASTS OUT A TALE OF HEROIC COURAGE THAT COST THE JAPS TWO HUNDRED VETERAN SOLDIERS! THIS IS A TRUE STORY OF UNDAUNTED SPIRIT THAT PROVES PRIVATE ALBERT A. SCHMID IS ONE OF AMERICA'S FINEST!
GUADALCANAL - ALONG AN IMPORTANT SECTOR OF THE RIVER FRONT...
IT'S UP TO YOU TO KEEP THIS SECTION CLEAR OF JAPS, CORPORAL DIAMOND.
WE WILL, SIR


HOW IS SHE, RIVERS?
WELL FED, CORPORAL!
AND WE'LL GIVE PLENTY OF INDIGESTION TO THOSE JAPS WHEN THEY COME!
PRIVATE ALBERT A SCHMID PEERS OUT ALONG THE RIVER FRONT.
HM-M... NOT A JAP IN SIGHT.
BUT... HIDDEN IN THE DENSE JUNGLE...
FOR TWO WEEKS THE JAPS PREPARED THEIR FORCES. THEN THE ATTACK BEGAN! THEY FORGED AHEAD... TO MASSACRE THE AMERICANS.
WHEN THE JAPS PRESSED FORWARD, SCHMID WAS PEERING THROUGH THE JUNGLE DARKNESS.
WHEN ARE THEY COMING?
DON'T BE IMPATIENT, SCHMID. THEY'LL BE HERE SOON ENOUGH!
THEN, IN THE OPPRESSIVE DARKNESS OF EARLY MORNING, AUGUST 21TH, SCHMID SAW A SILENT MASS OF HUMANITY WADING OUT OF THE RIVER TOWARD HIS POST... THE JAPS!
WOW! HERE THEY COME!
THE JAPS OPENED UP WITH A FEW SCATTERED SHOTS—
BANG
RAT
TAT
TAT


HOLD IT, JOHNNY! WAIT UNTIL SOME MORE GET ACROSS
YEAH, BUT MY FINGERS ARE ITCHING!
ALL RIGHT... LET 'EM HAVE IT!
YOU BET!
RAT TAT TAT TAT
AT THE SAME TIME, A MACHINE GUN POST DOWNSTREAM OPENS UP ON THE ENEMY...
UGH!
RAT-TAT-TAT
TAT TAT TAT TAT
YI-I-I
UGH!
HOWEVER, ONE OF THE JAPS DRAWS A BEAD ON THE MACHINE-GUN POST...
BANG
... AND THE SHOT HITS JOHNNY RIVERS IN THE FACE!
OW-W!
GRAB THE GUN, SCHMID!
YOU BET!
OH-H-H!
HOW'S JOHNNY?
HE-HE'S ALL RIGHT-C'MON... WE'VE GOT A JOB TO DO! I'LL FEED THIS BLITZ BUSTER


LOOKS LIKE THE JAPS SILENCED OUR MACHINE-GUN DOWNSTREAM.
THAT MEANS WE'VE THE ONLY GUN OPERATING IN THIS SECTION. WE'VE GOT TO HANG ON!
REPEATEDLY THE JAPS CAME TOWARD SCHMID'S GUN, IN WAVES OF THIRTY AND FORTY—ALWAYS TO MEET SWIFT ANNIHILATION!
I-E-E-E!
YI-I-I!
RAT TAT TAT
KEEP COMING, YOU BUMS--- I'VE GOT PLENTY OF FUEL LEFT FOR YOU!
A FEW JAPS MANAGED TO SNEAK PAST THE HEAVY FIRE.
HIDDEN IN TREES, THE JAPS SNIPED AT THE MEN IN THE FOX HOLE—CORPORAL DIAMOND GOT A SLUG IN HIS ARM.
OW—GOT ME!
GET BACK THERE WITH JOHNNY--- I'LL WORK THIS REPEATER ALONE.
ZING
ALTERNATELY LOADING AND FIRING, PRIVATE SCHMID KEPT THAT LONE GUN BLAZING AWAY!
NOTHING'S GONNA STOP ME!
RAT-TAT-TAT
THEN---
OH-OH! THEY'VE SET UP A LIGHT MACHINE-GUN IN THE SHELL OF THAT WRECKED AMPHIBIAN TRACTOR.
RAT-TAT-TAT


BUT, IN SPITE OF THE NEW MENACE, PRIVATE SCHMID KEPT GUNNING AT THE COMING JAPS!
UGH!
SUDDENLY···
OH! THE WATER JACKET'S HIT··· IT WON'T BE LONG UNTIL THE GUN GETS HOT AND STOPS!
SPAT
ZING
SSSSSSS
WELL···THAT'S IT! SHE'S OVER-HEATED— STOPPED FIRING!
THUMP
THUMP
DURING THE LULL, A JAP-HURLED HAND GRENADE HITS SMITTY'S GUN--AND···
BAM
HIS FACE BADLY TORN, SCHMID LIES BACK WITH CORPORAL LEROY DIAMOND. SOON THE FIRING CEASES.
LOOKS LIKE THE FIRING'S OVER··· HOW IS JOHNNY?
H-HE'S GONE WEST-
THEY ARE FOUND BY TWO LIEUTENANTS AND ARE ASSISTED BACK TO THE HOSPITAL BASE.
WHEW! JUST LOOK AT THAT MESS OF DEAD JAPS!
IT WAS SCHMID, SIR··· HE STUCK TO THE GUN!
SOME TIME LATER···
WE WON THAT BATTLE! YOU DID A WONDERFUL JOB, PRIVATE SCHMID. YOU MUST HAVE ACCOUNTED FOR OVER TWO HUNDRED JAPS!
IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE, BUT I GUESS IT'S TRUE.
YOU BET YOUR LIFE IT IS!
THE END

Shot IN THE BACK

BENT OVER DOUBLE, the three Marines slithered their way through the trackless jungle of Guadalcanal. Eyes ever alert, ears tensed, to spot any suspicious sounds, they followed close behind one another as the salty sweat poured like raindrops from their heated bodies.

The bushes whipped into them, cutting and scratching their bearded faces—but none seemed to mind. The parching sun beat down mercilessly, as if daring them to go on.

But the three men paid no heed. They were stalking prey. . . . Like jungle cats, Young and Jenkins followed the stealthy steps of Jim Drum, their leader.

"There's a clearing ahead!" hissed Drum. His voice seemed far off as it came back through the green maze. "There's something on the ground, something small! Keep low—I'll take a look! Can't take any chances."

Young and Jenkins obeyed implicitly and immediately. They dropped full-length on the ground and waited. Then, Jim signalled them to advance, having satisfied himself that there was no immediate danger lurking ready to strike. Crawling snake-like, the men cautiously entered the clearing. There were a number of Japanese ammunition cases on the ground, not too far away from the first sign of a path they'd seen in the last hour.

"They musta come this way, Jim," ventured Joe Young, raising his head cautiously to study the ground. "Can't hear 'em, but the tracks are pretty clear." He pointed off to one side, where muddy footprints, leading to the path, were clearly visible. Mike Jenkins reached toward one of the ammunition cases on the ground. "Wonder why the yellow—"

Jim Drum's hoarse voice hissed out:

"Don't touch 'em! THEY'RE BOOBY TRAPS!"

Mike pulled his hand away fast as Jim pointed to a pair of Jap torpedoes on the other side of the trail. "A neat little trick! . . . Just lean over and pick up the ammunition cases and before you know it, you're playing hide 'n' seek with a torpedo!"

"THEY GOT A THOUSAND different ways to work their "knife-in-the-back" technique. A guy needs fifty pairs of eyes to be safe."

Jim had seen enough of Japanese tactics to know that in low grass or high gophered-fields of battle or flat terrain—even in houses, any place that the Japanese had ever been, Americans could be certain of an ever-present leering threat of Death, masked in the guileless veil of innocence!

Too many fine young Americans like Joe Young and Mike Jenkins had been caught by "booby traps". Trusting, curious or unknowing, they were stabbed in the back—and relatives and friends back home had read their names on the lists of those killed in action!

With deft fingers, Jim lifted the edge of the torpedoes and disconnected the deadly traps. Then he walked over to the fresh trail and pointed out a piece of wire.

"Can't be too trusting," said Jim. "It's the old knife-in-the-back strategy—so keep your eyes open and your feet and hands to yourself."

He bent over and examined the freshly-trampled brush. "They can't be too far from here, boys. It must have taken them at least fifteen minutes to set up the traps!"

"That's time they lost and we gained, eh, Jim?" Mike Jenkins always liked to agree with Jim Drum. Funny how Jim was just about right all the time.

Here were the three of them roasting in the jungle heat, spitting out flies and insects; dragging weary feet through vines and roots that keep on grabbing and tripping you like living things; dodging in and out of the tall grass; scanning every step for possible Japanese treachery; flirting with death every time they emerged from the jungle into a clearing. With ten eyes, fifteen arms and twenty-five legs, each knew it would be the miracle of miracles if they all got through in one piece.

But, they knew, too, that it was for Lou. Two hours ago there had been four of them: Jim Drum, Mike, Joe and Lou. Four heart-to-heart, shoulder-to-shoulder buddies. They'd been fighting together since they met at training camp and found that a kind Fate had thrown them into the same company. And when the Marines had charged after the Jap menace in the Pacific, these four leathernecks had been in the thick of the thickest, fiercest fighting.

ONLY TWO HOURS—A hundred and twenty minutes—had gone by since they had landed on the fringe of this little jungle island off the mainland of Guadalcanal. They thought they were all alone — everything seemed so quiet and undisturbed. Only the wild bush birds could be heard cawing to one another in the boiling sunlight.

Then, sudden shots had spurted out of the nearby woods; cracking through the quiet in a terrific burst of sound. And the god of war strode hand in hand with death over the little island while treachery led the way. How swiftly they had dropped to the ground—but a bullet got Lou. They were six Jap snipers. Jim pointed them out when they'd rushed Lou to cover. His blood coloring his shirt with a rapidly spreading crimson smear!

"We'll get them for you, Lou," Jim had vowed as he held him and saw the last smile fade from Lou's face. It was a vow to these three, as if they had sworn on the Bible.

Now, at last, they were closing in.

Jim motioned to Joe and Mike. "We'll stay in the brush. No use following the trail. They'll have it covered too well.

The three moved a yard off the path to the left and resumed their silent, intent journey. They did not whimper nor stop to rest, though their backs ached from the bending and weaving, their hands and knees were raw from the constant contact with sharp rocks and rough ground. Soon they came to a stream. Would the water help the six Japs get away? Would they lose the trail while the Nips got to the other side of the island, where they had come from? This was the fear they voiced in harsh whispers, anxious to complete the mission. There was no rejoicing on finding water, though the dust and dirt had clogged their throats, dried their tongues. Cupping his dirty, sweaty hand, Jim Drum scooped up some water and tasted it.

"Good drinking water!" He scanned the banks carefully, looking in every possible direction, questioning every bush and tree; then he beckoned to the others. They slushed into the stream as quietly as possible. "I've got an idea for a typical Jap trick! You guys game enough to join me? Give them a taste of their own medcine?"

He didn't wait for an answer. Two grimly determined faces spoke louder than their vocal chords might shout. Would they join Jim? Why—anything to fix those snaky-eyed runts of the rising sun!

With heads close together, Jim whispered his plan. Then they separated. Each man walked in a different direction, eventually taking a perfectly camouflaged position around the open portion of the stream.

With guns ever ready, eyes trained and ears straining to catch any foreign sound, they covered the opening among the green bushes where the stream cleared.

THE SUN BEAT DOWN relentlessly. How they wanted that water themselves! Their parched throats didn't even give up enough saliva for sandpapery tongues to wet bone-dry lips, while their feet soaked in the damp grass and chilled them to the bone marrow.

But—like statues garnished in green they waited, drawing in each breath with care.

Suddenly the crack of a twig was heard. The Marines, in their different positions, steadied their eyes on their gun sights.

A lone Jap stepped out of the brush with a canteen. Hand on gun, he looked in all directions, fearfully, furtively. Then, finding himself still alive and unharmed, he beckoned to the others.

Jim Drum's jaws tightened as one of them passed close, almost touching his shoulder where he stood in the tall, thick grass.

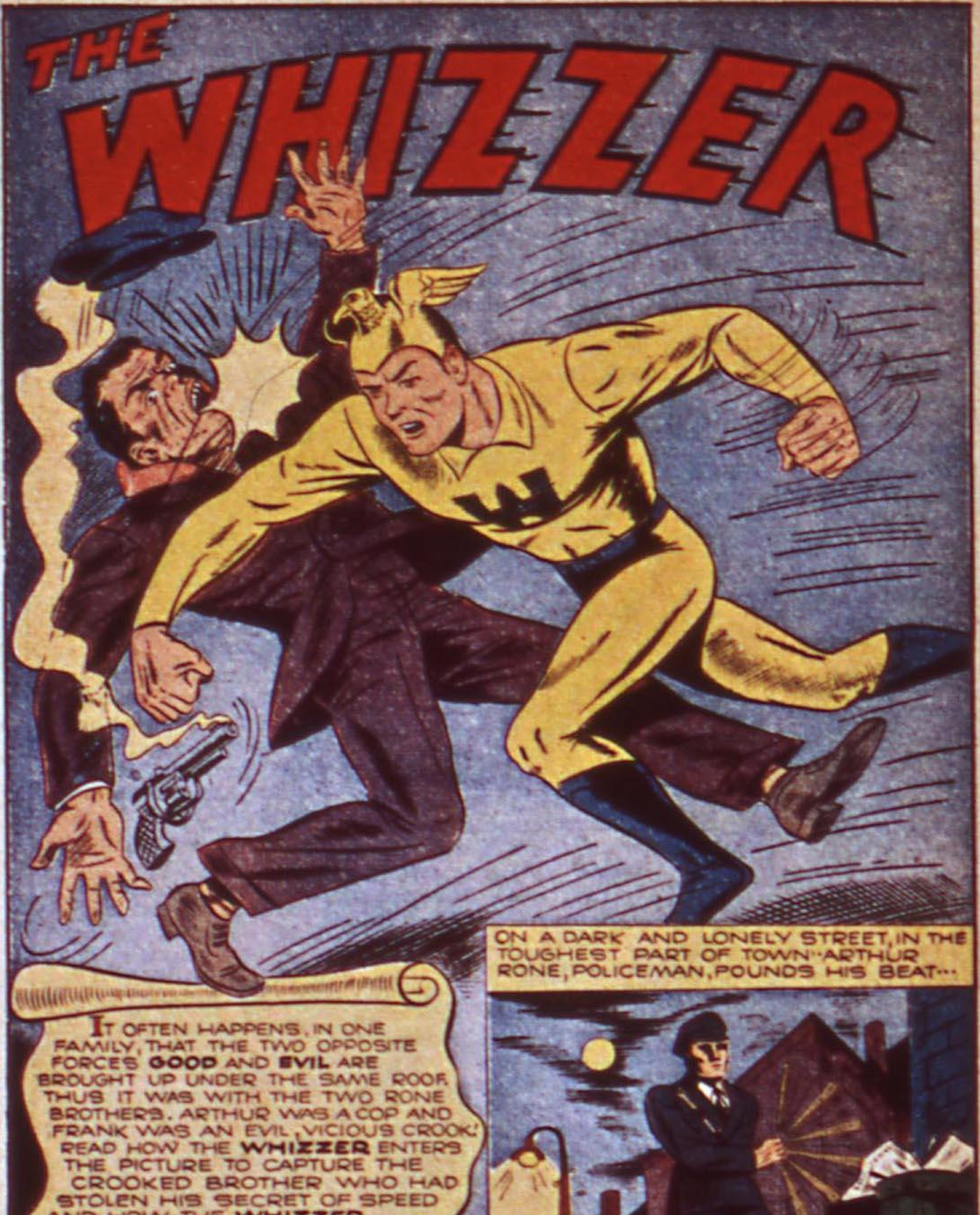
Out of the brush they came —until all six stood at the edge of the stream, uncovering their canteens, about to bend.

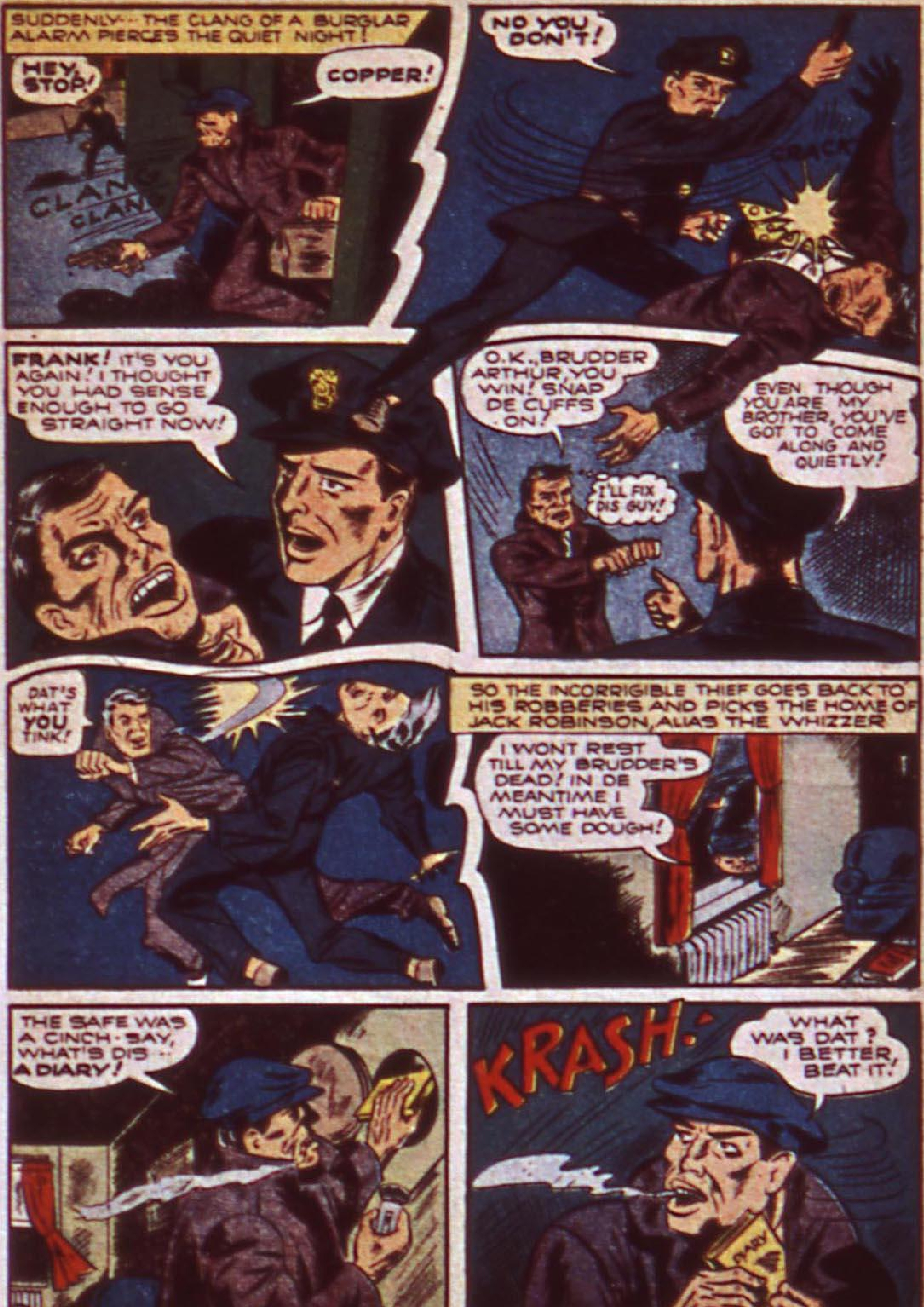
Jim Drum thought of the way Lou had been killed . . . shot in the back! He took careful aim, then pulled the trigger!

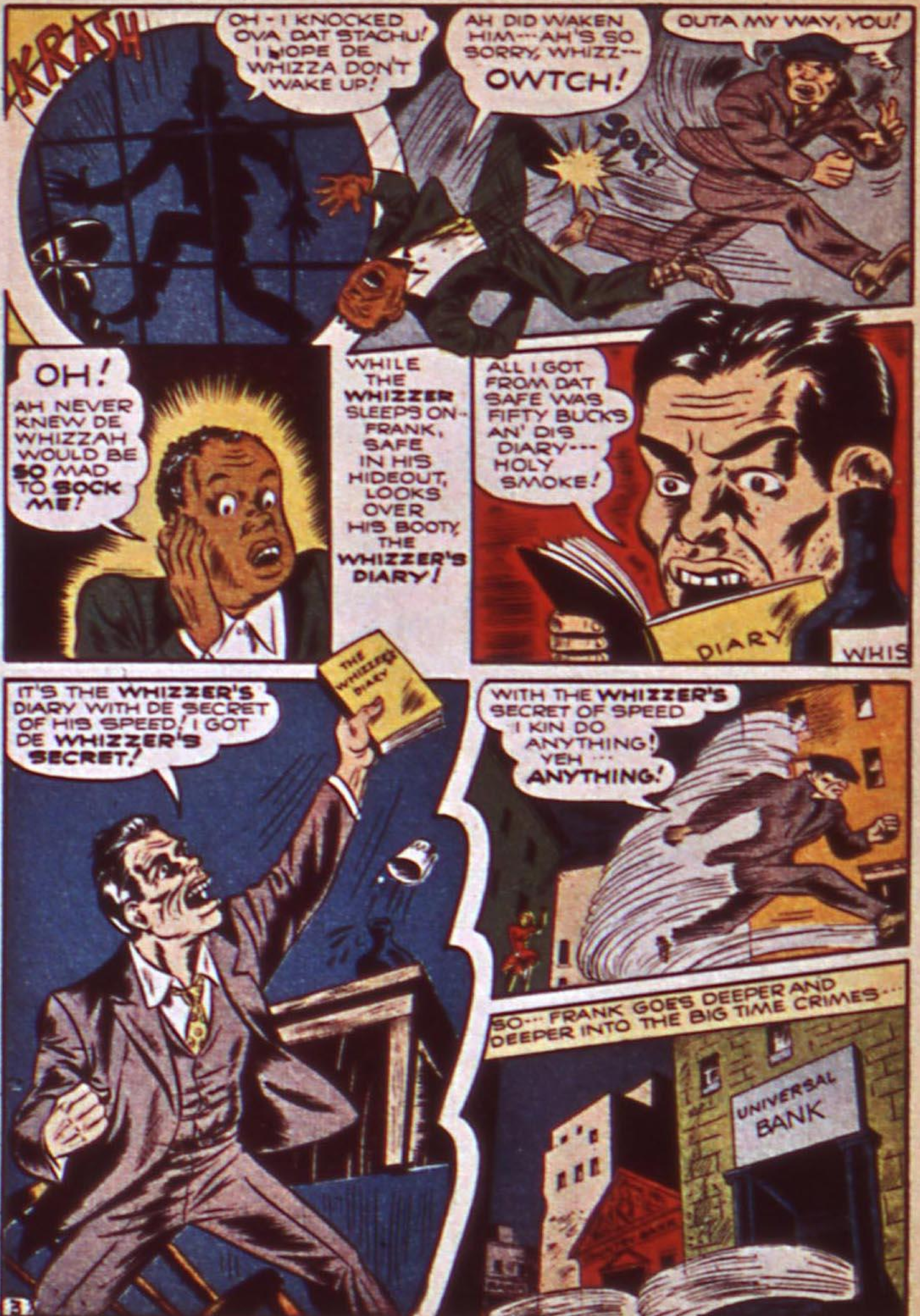
At the signal, Mike's and Joe's guns spouted fire, too. Hardly eight shots were heard in all. The Japs dropped — dead! The first six bullets really did the trick! As they walked back to the other side of the island, Jim chuckled.

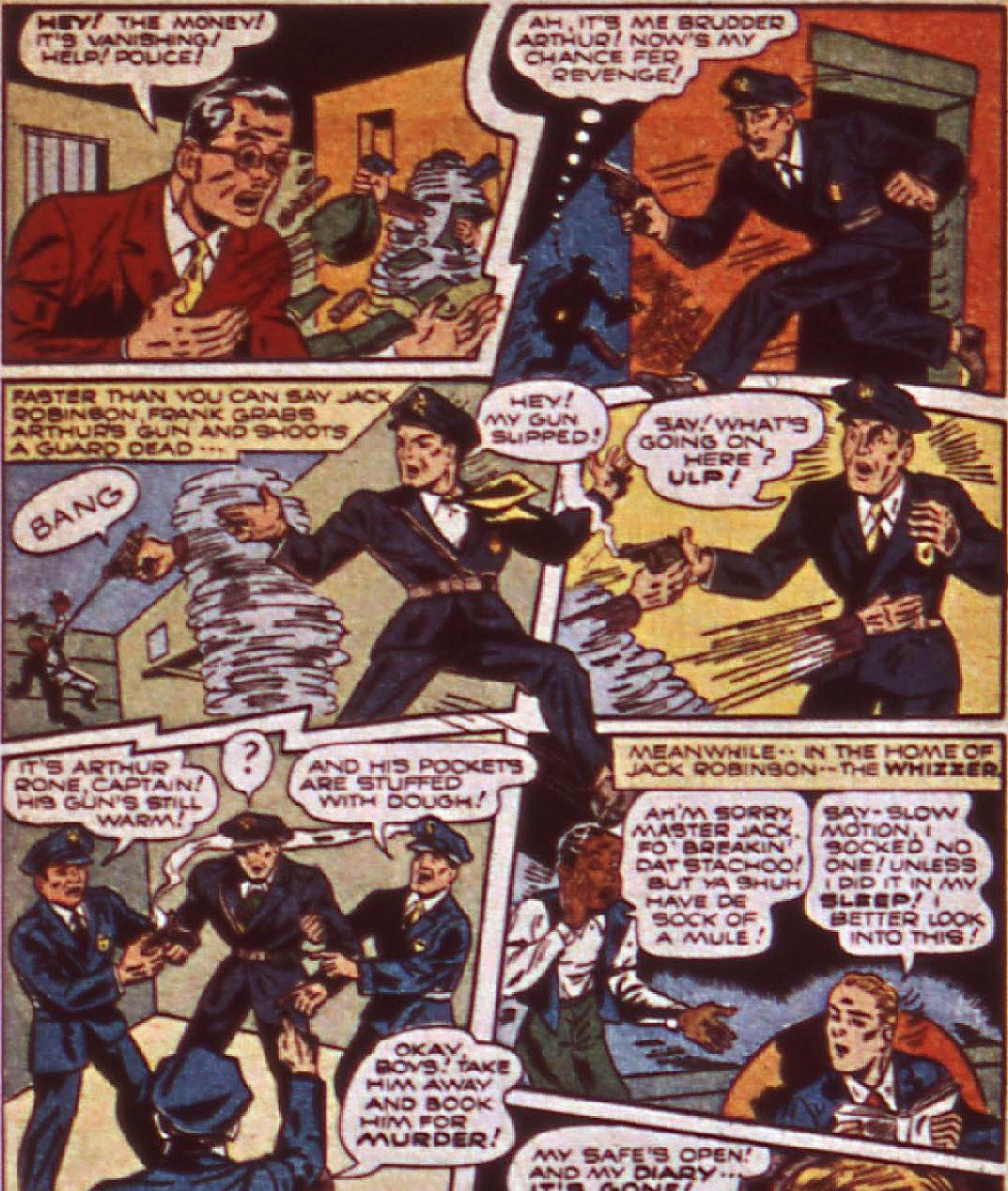
"Boy, did that water taste good! I knew they'd be as thirsty as we were! They didn't hear the booby traps go off, so they figured we weren't coming. Well, we did — and they fell into the trap they had set for us." Jim hesitated, then said solemnly, "That's six for one, Lou! But all six of them aren't worth one of you!"

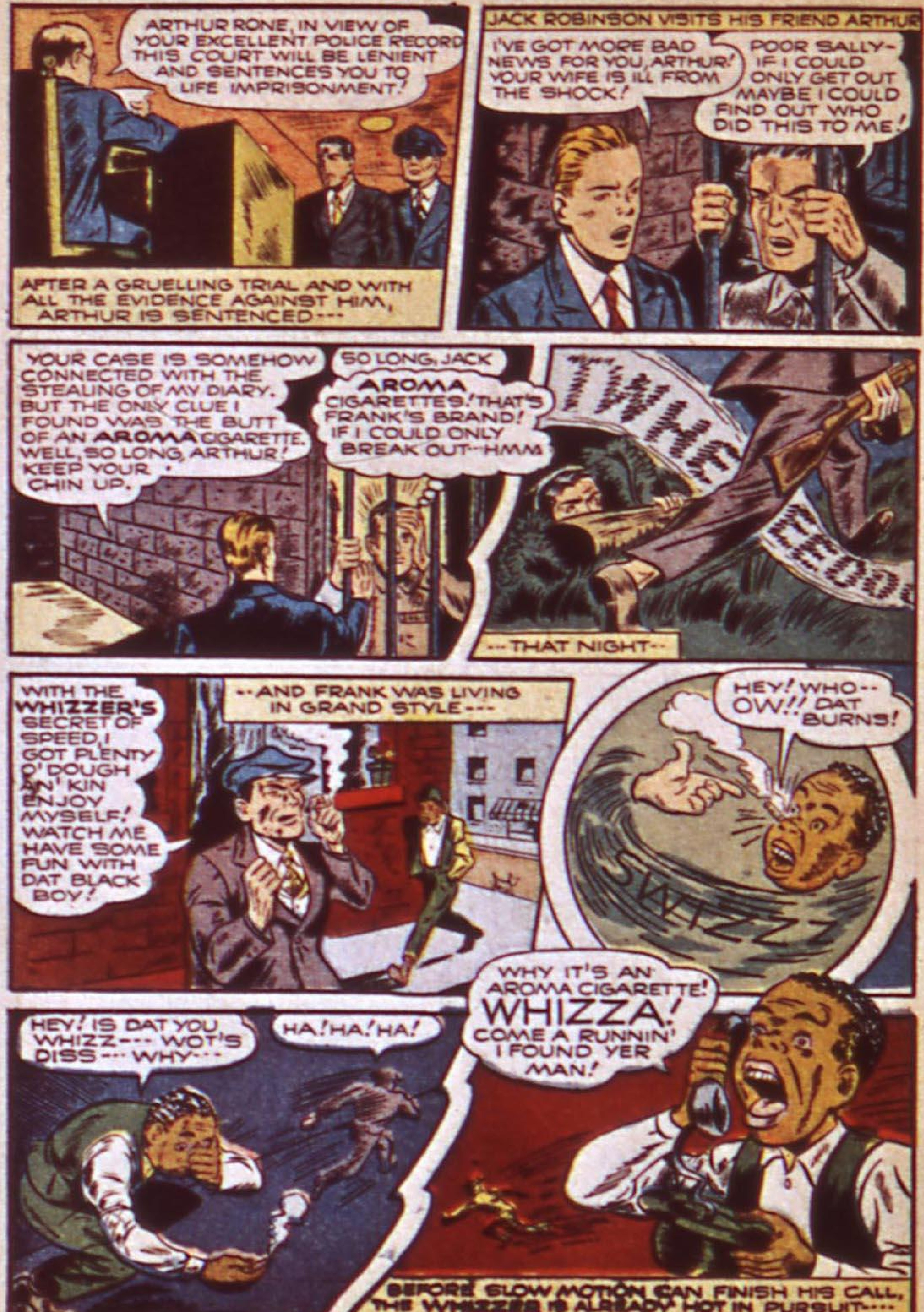
The End.

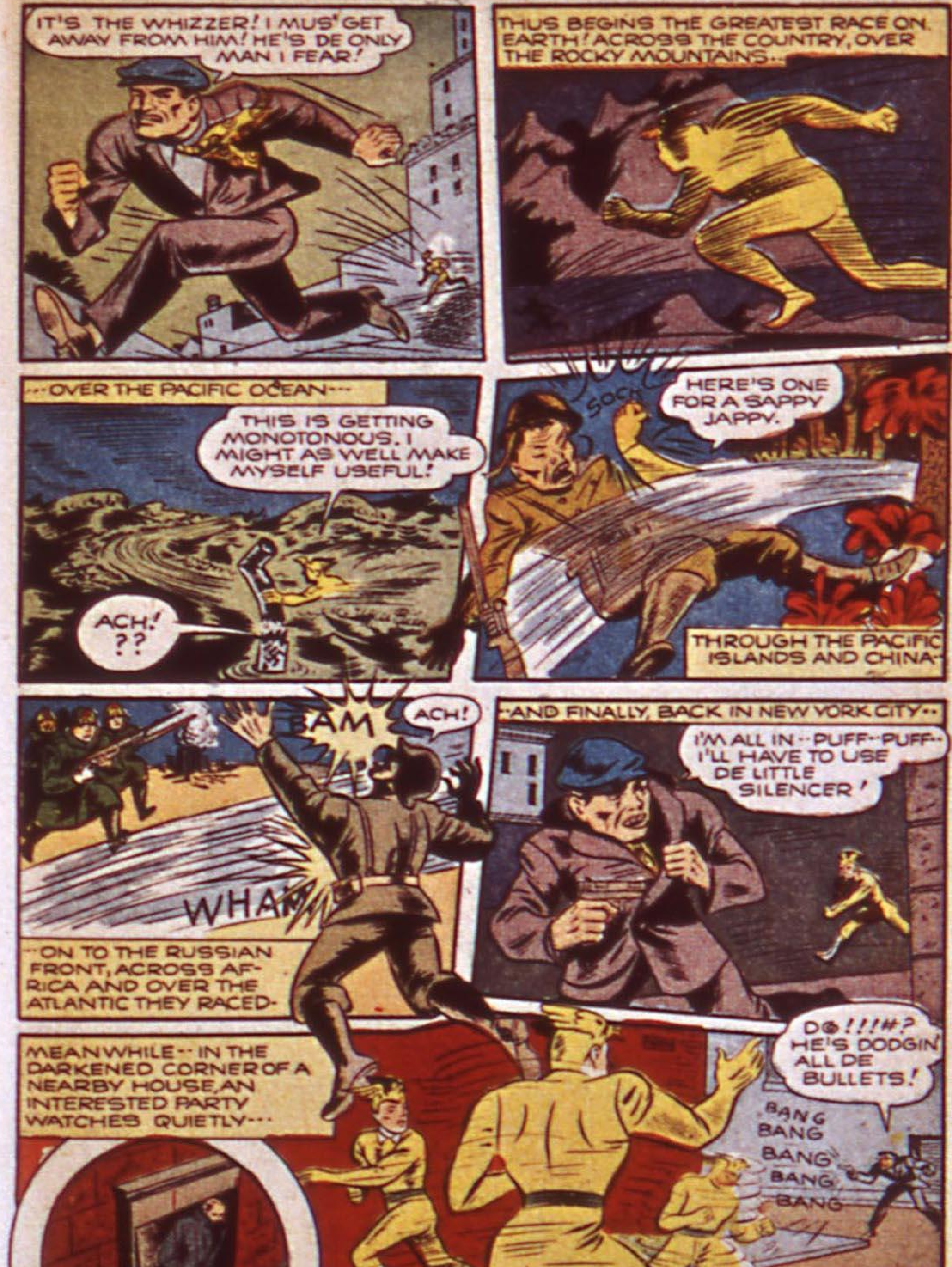

THE WHIZZER
IT OFTEN HAPPENS, IN ONE FAMILY, THAT THE TWO OPPOSITE FORCES **GOOD** AND **EVIL** ARE BROUGHT UP UNDER THE SAME ROOF. THUS IT WAS WITH THE TWO RONE BROTHERS. ARTHUR WAS A COP AND FRANK WAS AN EVIL, VICIOUS CROOK! READ HOW THE **WHIZZER** ENTERS THE PICTURE TO CAPTURE THE CROOKED BROTHER WHO HAD STOLEN HIS SECRET OF SPEED AND HOW THE **WHIZZER** SAVES THE OTHER BROTHER FROM DISGRACE AND DEATH!
ON A DARK AND LONELY STREET, IN THE TOUGHEST PART OF TOWN··ARTHUR RONE, POLICEMAN, POUNDS HIS BEAT...

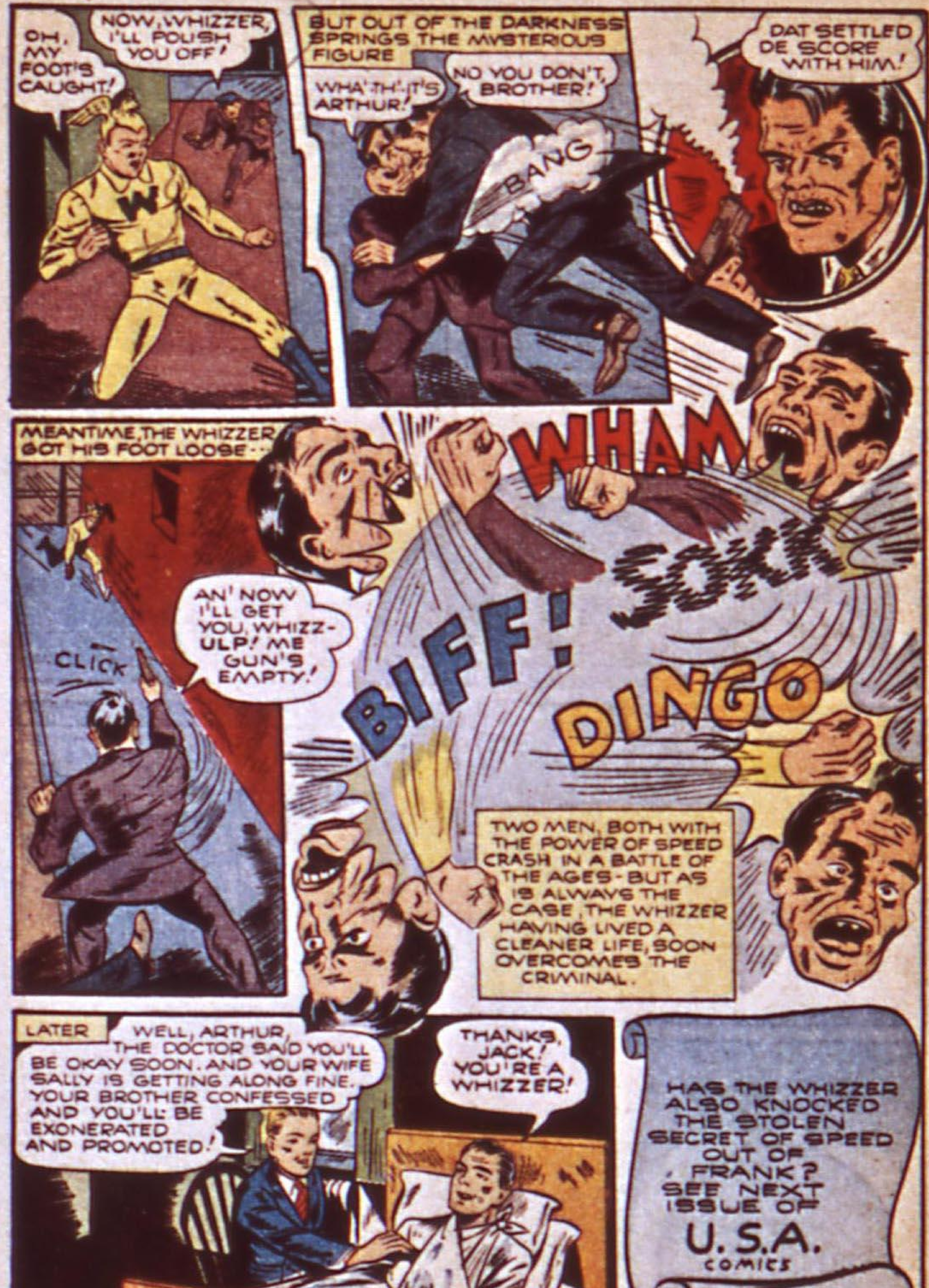

SUDDENLY-- THE CLANG OF A BURGLAR ALARM PIERCES THE QUIET NIGHT!
HEY, STOP!
COPPER!
CLANG CLANG
NO YOU DON'T!
CRACK
FRANK! IT'S YOU AGAIN! I THOUGHT YOU HAD SENSE ENOUGH TO GO STRAIGHT NOW!
O.K., BRUDDER ARTHUR, YOU WIN! SNAP DE CUFFS ON!
I'LL FIX DIS GUY!
EVEN THOUGH YOU ARE MY BROTHER, YOU'VE GOT TO COME ALONG AND QUIETLY!
DAT'S WHAT YOU TINK!
SO THE INCORRIGIBLE THIEF GOES BACK TO HIS ROBBERIES AND PICKS THE HOME OF JACK ROBINSON, ALIAS THE WHIZZER
I WONT REST TILL MY BRUDDER'S DEAD! IN DE MEANTIME I MUST HAVE SOME DOUGH!
THE SAFE WAS A CINCH - SAY, WHAT'S DIS -- A DIARY!
KRASH!
WHAT WAS DAT? I BETTER, BEAT IT!
DIARY

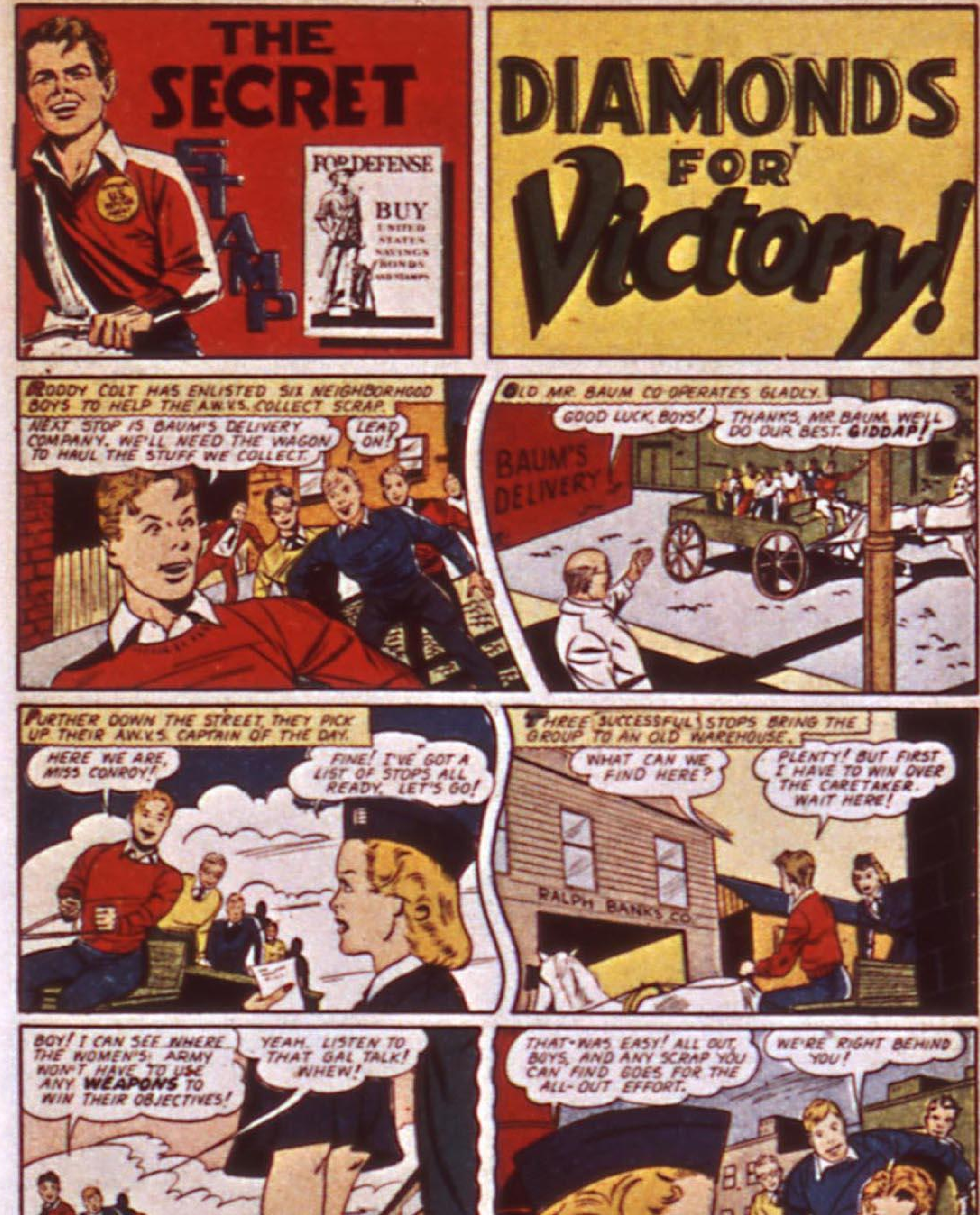

KRASH
OH - I KNOCKED OVA DAT STACHU! I HOPE DE WHIZZA DON'T WAKE UP!
AH DID WAKEN HIM--- AH'S SO SORRY, WHIZZ--- OWTCH!
OUTA MY WAY, YOU!
SOK!
OH! AH NEVER KNEW DE WHIZZAH WOULD BE SO MAD TO SOCK ME!
WHILE THE WHIZZER SLEEPS ON-- FRANK, SAFE IN HIS HIDEOUT, LOOKS OVER HIS BOOTY, THE WHIZZER'S DIARY!
ALL I GOT FROM DAT SAFE WAS FIFTY BUCKS AN' DIS DIARY--- HOLY SMOKE!
DIARY
WHIS
THE WHIZZER'S DIARY
IT'S THE WHIZZER'S DIARY WITH DE SECRET OF HIS SPEED! I GOT DE WHIZZER'S SECRET!
WITH THE WHIZZER'S SECRET OF SPEED I KIN DO ANYTHING! YEH ··· ANYTHING!
SO··· FRANK GOES DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE BIG TIME CRIMES···
UNIVERSAL BANK

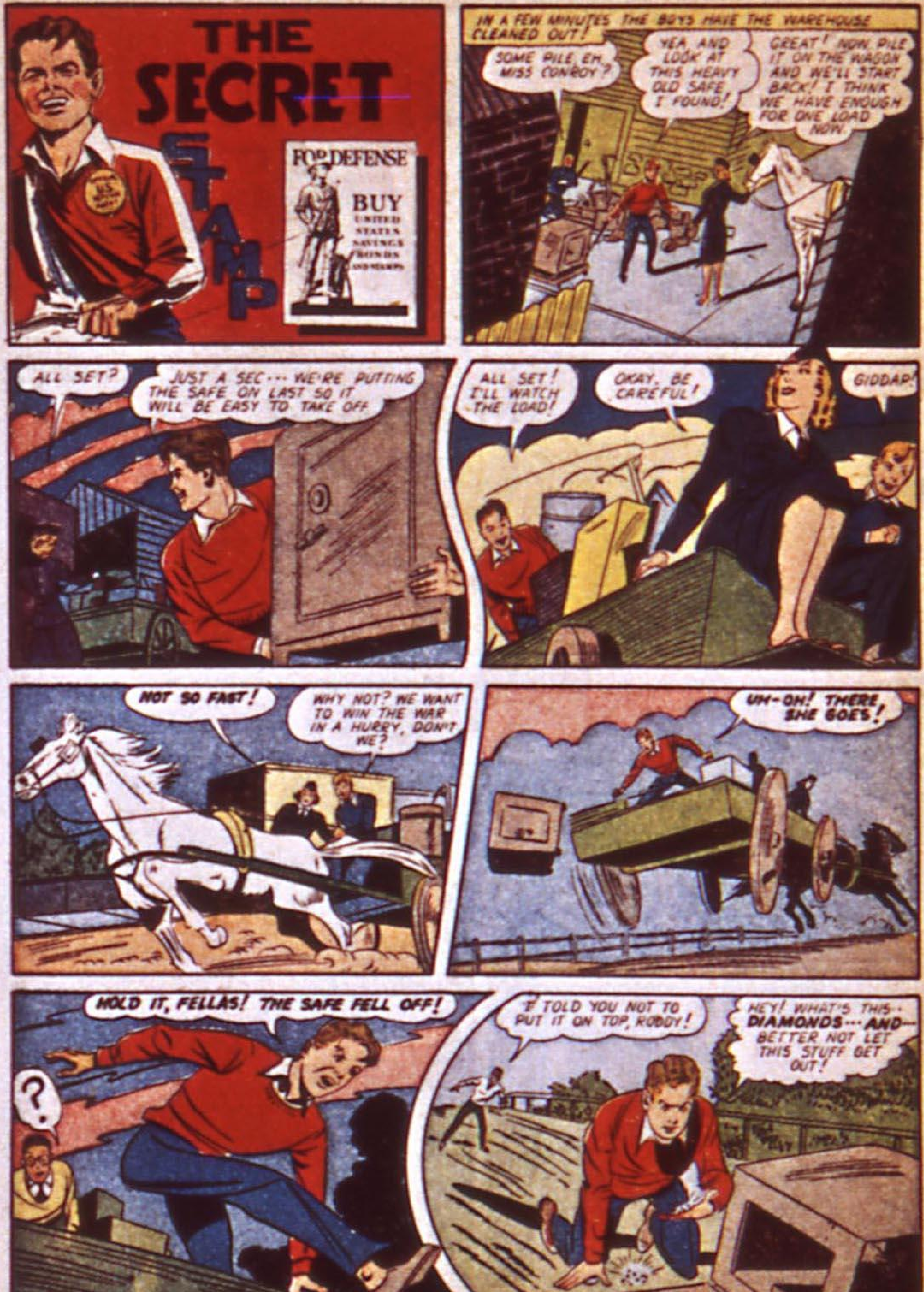

HEY! THE MONEY! IT'S VANISHING! HELP! POLICE!
AH, IT'S ME BRUDDER ARTHUR! NOW'S MY CHANCE FER REVENGE!
FASTER THAN YOU CAN SAY JACK ROBINSON, FRANK GRABS ARTHUR'S GUN AND SHOOTS A GUARD DEAD...
BANG
HEY! MY GUN SLIPPED!
SAY! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? ULP!
IT'S ARTHUR RONE, CAPTAIN! HIS GUN'S STILL WARM!
?
AND HIS POCKETS ARE STUFFED WITH DOUGH!
OKAY, BOYS! TAKE HIM AWAY AND BOOK HIM FOR MURDER!
MEANWHILE-- IN THE HOME OF JACK ROBINSON--THE WHIZZER
AH'M SORRY, MASTER JACK, FO' BREAKIN' DAT STACHOO! BUT YA SHUH HAVE DE SOCK OF A MULE!
SAY- SLOW MOTION, I SOCKED NO ONE! UNLESS I DID IT IN MY SLEEP! I BETTER LOOK INTO THIS!
MY SAFE'S OPEN! AND MY DIARY... IT'S GONE!

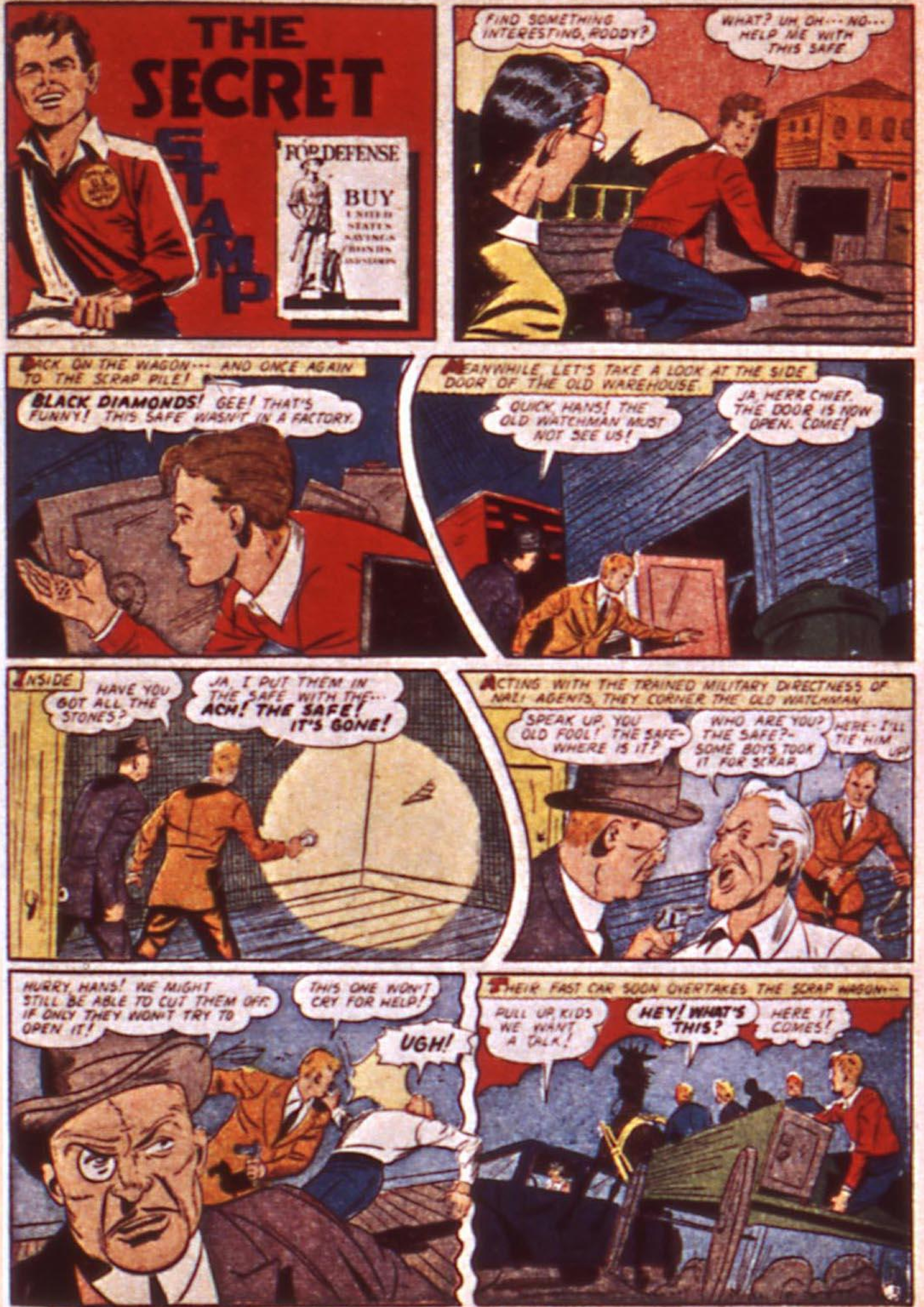

ARTHUR RONE, IN VIEW OF YOUR EXCELLENT POLICE RECORD THIS COURT WILL BE LENIENT AND SENTENCES YOU TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT!
AFTER A GRUELLING TRIAL AND WITH ALL THE EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM, ARTHUR IS SENTENCED---
JACK ROBINSON VISITS HIS FRIEND ARTHUR
I'VE GOT MORE BAD NEWS FOR YOU, ARTHUR! YOUR WIFE IS ILL FROM THE SHOCK!
POOR SALLY- IF I COULD ONLY GET OUT MAYBE I COULD FIND OUT WHO DID THIS TO ME!
YOUR CASE IS SOMEHOW CONNECTED WITH THE STEALING OF MY DIARY. BUT THE ONLY CLUE I FOUND WAS THE BUTT OF AN AROMA CIGARETTE. WELL, SO LONG, ARTHUR! KEEP YOUR CHIN UP.
SO LONG, JACK
AROMA CIGARETTES! THAT'S FRANK'S BRAND! IF I COULD ONLY BREAK OUT--HMM
--THAT NIGHT--
--AND FRANK WAS LIVING IN GRAND STYLE---
WITH THE WHIZZER'S SECRET OF SPEED, I GOT PLENTY O' DOUGH AN' KIN ENJOY MYSELF! WATCH ME HAVE SOME FUN WITH DAT BLACK BOY!
HEY! WHO-- OW!! DAT BURNS!
SWIZZZ
HEY! IS DAT YOU, WHIZZ--- WOT'S DISS --- WHY---
HA! HA! HA!
WHY IT'S AN AROMA CIGARETTE! WHIZZA! COME A RUNNIN' I FOUND YER MAN!
BEFORE SLOW MOTION CAN FINISH HIS CALL, THE WHIZZER IS ALREADY HOT IN PURSUIT---

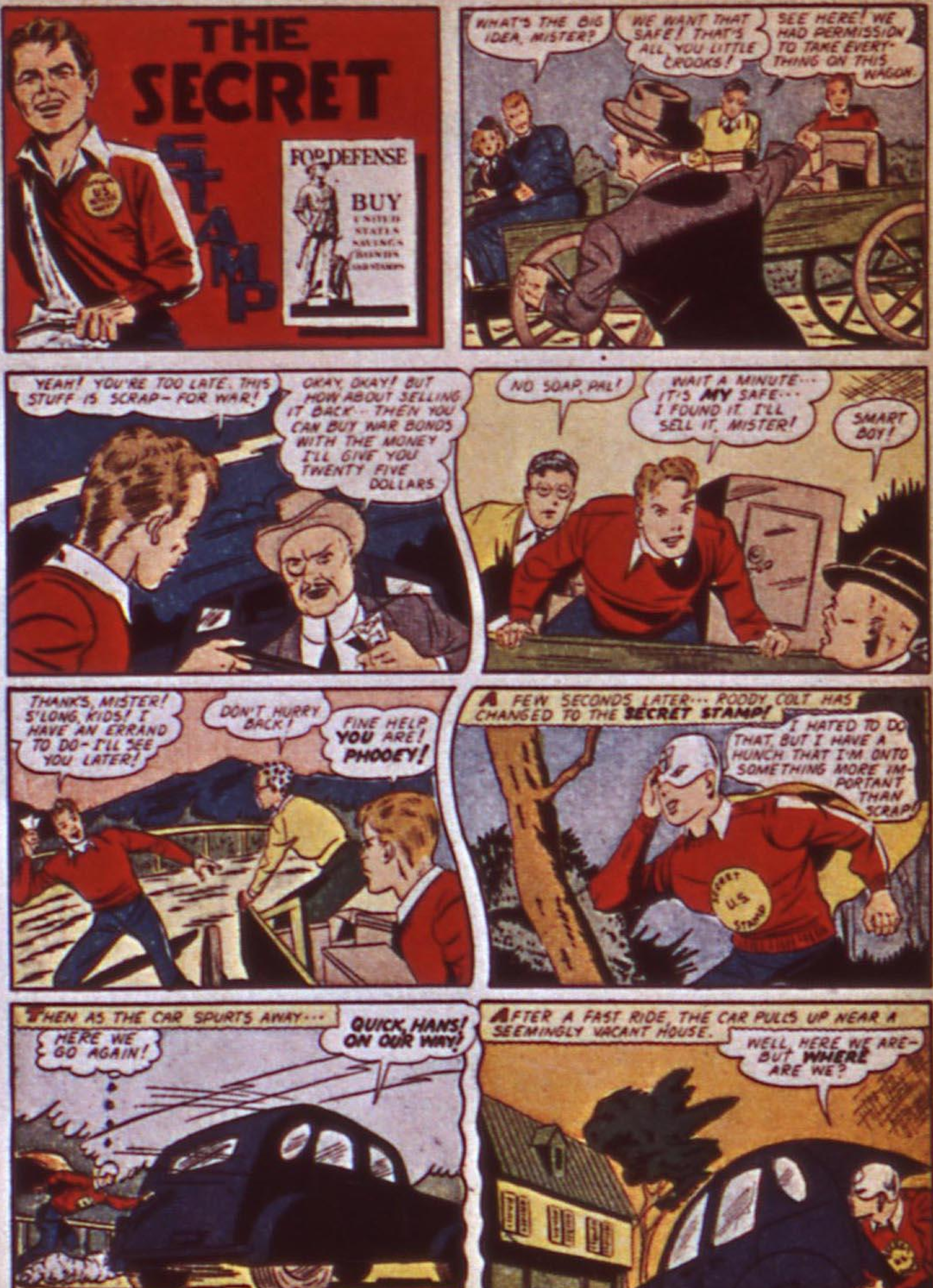

IT'S THE WHIZZER! I MUS' GET AWAY FROM HIM! HE'S DE ONLY MAN I FEAR!
THUS BEGINS THE GREATEST RACE ON EARTH! ACROSS THE COUNTRY, OVER THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS..
--OVER THE PACIFIC OCEAN---
THIS IS GETTING MONOTONOUS. I MIGHT AS WELL MAKE MYSELF USEFUL!
ACH! ??
SOCK
HERE'S ONE FOR A SAPPY JAPPY.
THROUGH THE PACIFIC ISLANDS AND CHINA-
BAM
ACH!
WHAM
--ON TO THE RUSSIAN FRONT, ACROSS AFRICA AND OVER THE ATLANTIC THEY RACED-
--AND FINALLY, BACK IN NEW YORK CITY--
I'M ALL IN--PUFF--PUFF-- I'LL HAVE TO USE DE LITTLE SILENCER!
MEANWHILE-- IN THE DARKENED CORNER OF A NEARBY HOUSE, AN INTERESTED PARTY WATCHES QUIETLY---
DG!!!#? HE'S DODGIN' ALL DE BULLETS!
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG

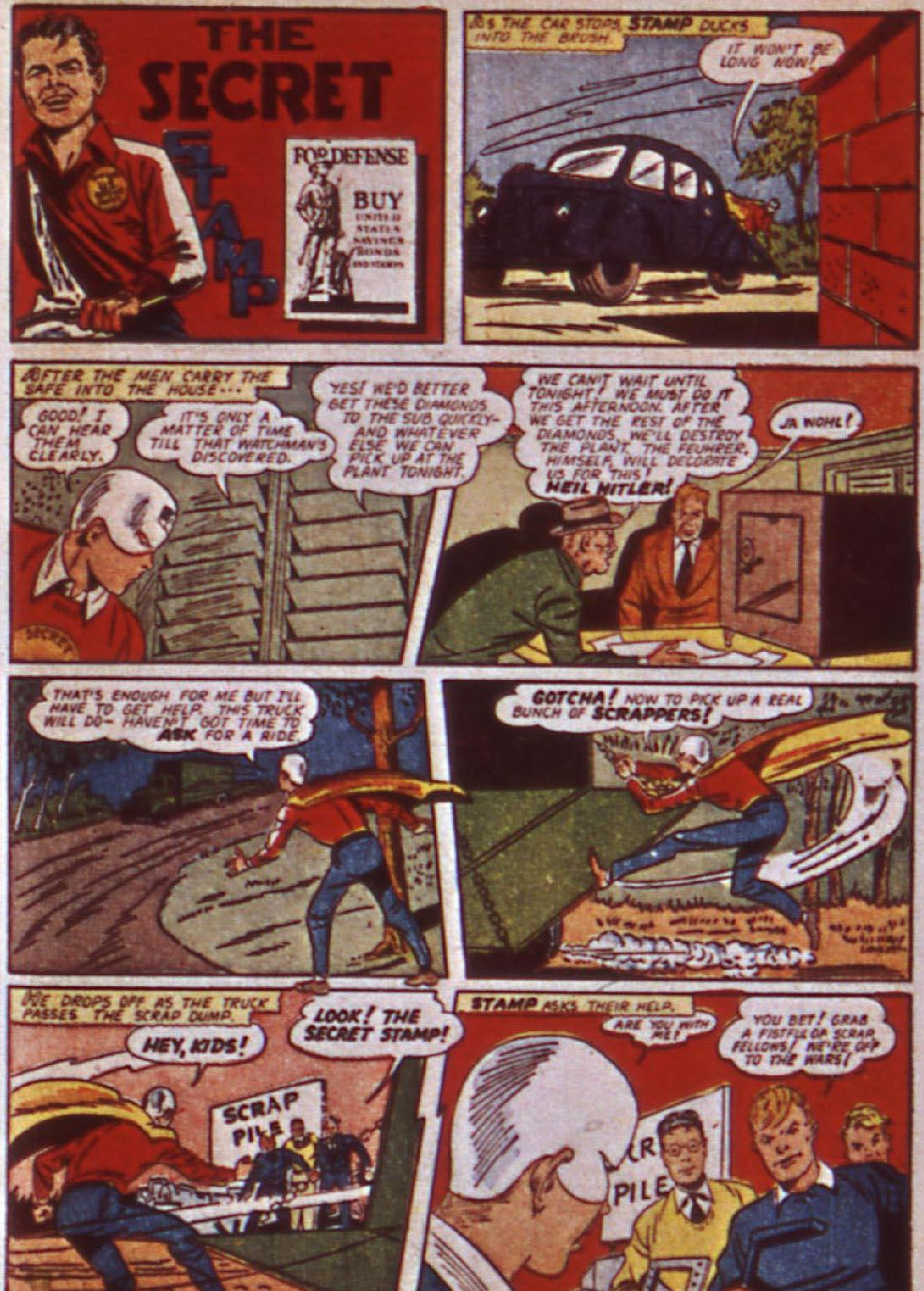

OH, MY FOOT'S CAUGHT!
NOW, WHIZZER, I'LL POLISH YOU OFF!
BUT OUT OF THE DARKNESS SPRINGS THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE
WHA'-TH'-IT'S ARTHUR!
NO YOU DON'T, BROTHER!
BANG
DAT SETTLED DE SCORE WITH HIM!
MEANTIME, THE WHIZZER GOT HIS FOOT LOOSE--
AN' NOW I'LL GET YOU, WHIZZ-ULP! ME GUN'S EMPTY!
CLICK
WHAM
SOKK
BIFF!
DINGO
TWO MEN, BOTH WITH THE POWER OF SPEED CRASH IN A BATTLE OF THE AGES - BUT AS IS ALWAYS THE CASE, THE WHIZZER HAVING LIVED A CLEANER LIFE, SOON OVERCOMES THE CRIMINAL.
LATER
WELL, ARTHUR, THE DOCTOR SAID YOU'LL BE OKAY SOON. AND YOUR WIFE SALLY IS GETTING ALONG FINE. YOUR BROTHER CONFESSED AND YOU'LL BE EXONERATED AND PROMOTED!
THANKS, JACK! YOU'RE A WHIZZER!
HAS THE WHIZZER ALSO KNOCKED THE STOLEN SECRET OF SPEED OUT OF FRANK? SEE NEXT ISSUE OF U.S.A. COMICS

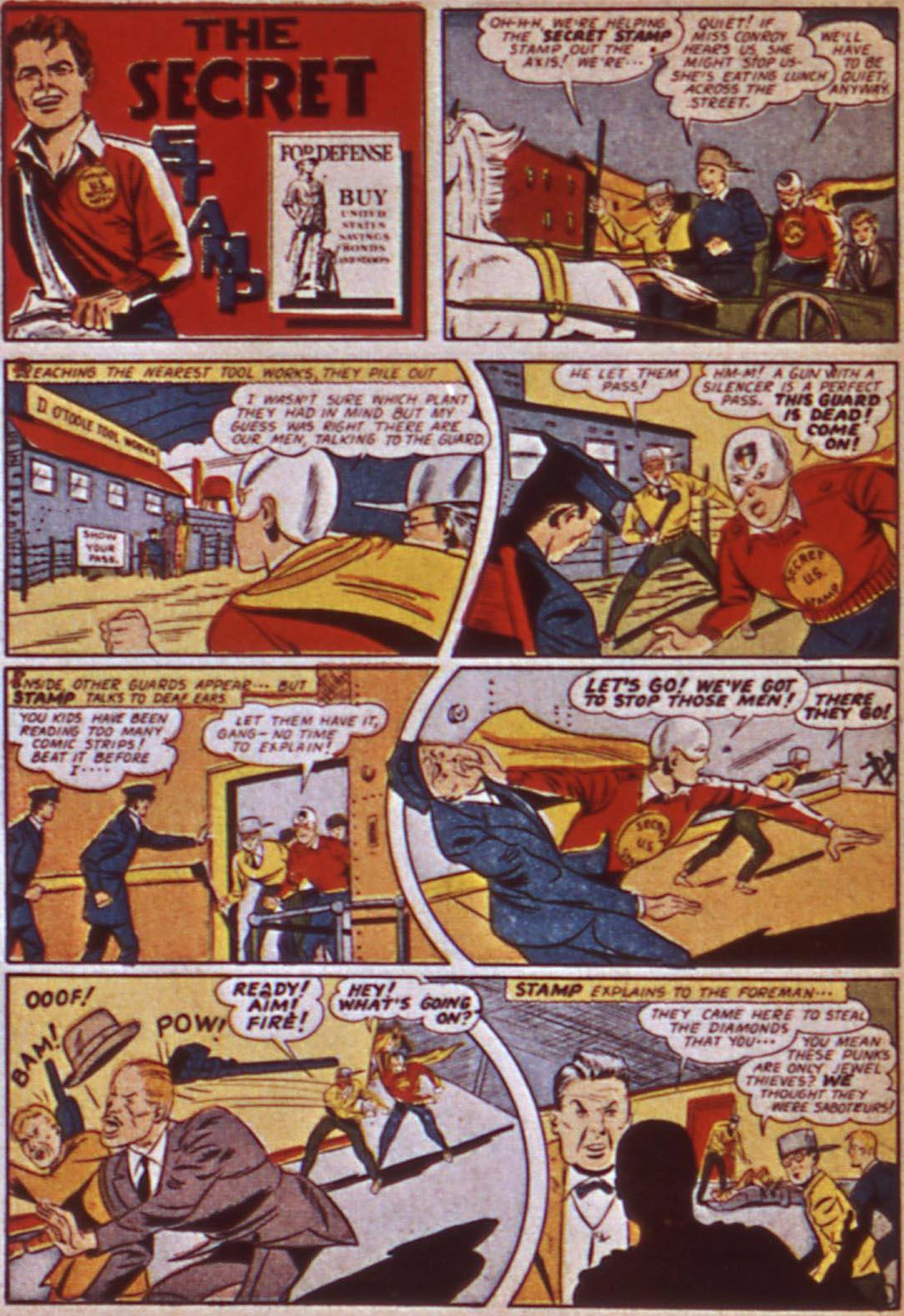

THE SECRET STAMP
FOR DEFENSE
BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS
DIAMONDS FOR Victory!
RODDY COLT HAS ENLISTED SIX NEIGHBORHOOD BOYS TO HELP THE A.W.V.S. COLLECT SCRAP.
NEXT STOP IS BAUM'S DELIVERY COMPANY. WE'LL NEED THE WAGON TO HAUL THE STUFF WE COLLECT.
LEAD ON!
OLD MR. BAUM CO-OPERATES GLADLY.
GOOD LUCK, BOYS!
THANKS, MR. BAUM. WE'LL DO OUR BEST. GIDDAP!
BAUM'S DELIVERY
FURTHER DOWN THE STREET, THEY PICK UP THEIR A.W.V.S. CAPTAIN OF THE DAY.
HERE WE ARE, MISS CONROY!
FINE! I'VE GOT A LIST OF STOPS ALL READY. LET'S GO!
THREE SUCCESSFUL STOPS BRING THE GROUP TO AN OLD WAREHOUSE.
WHAT CAN WE FIND HERE?
PLENTY! BUT FIRST I HAVE TO WIN OVER THE CARETAKER. WAIT HERE!
RALPH BANKS CO.
BOY! I CAN SEE WHERE THE WOMEN'S ARMY WON'T HAVE TO USE ANY WEAPONS TO WIN THEIR OBJECTIVES!
YEAH. LISTEN TO THAT GAL TALK! WHEW!
THAT WAS EASY! ALL OUT, BOYS, AND ANY SCRAP YOU CAN FIND GOES FOR THE ALL-OUT EFFORT.
WE'RE RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

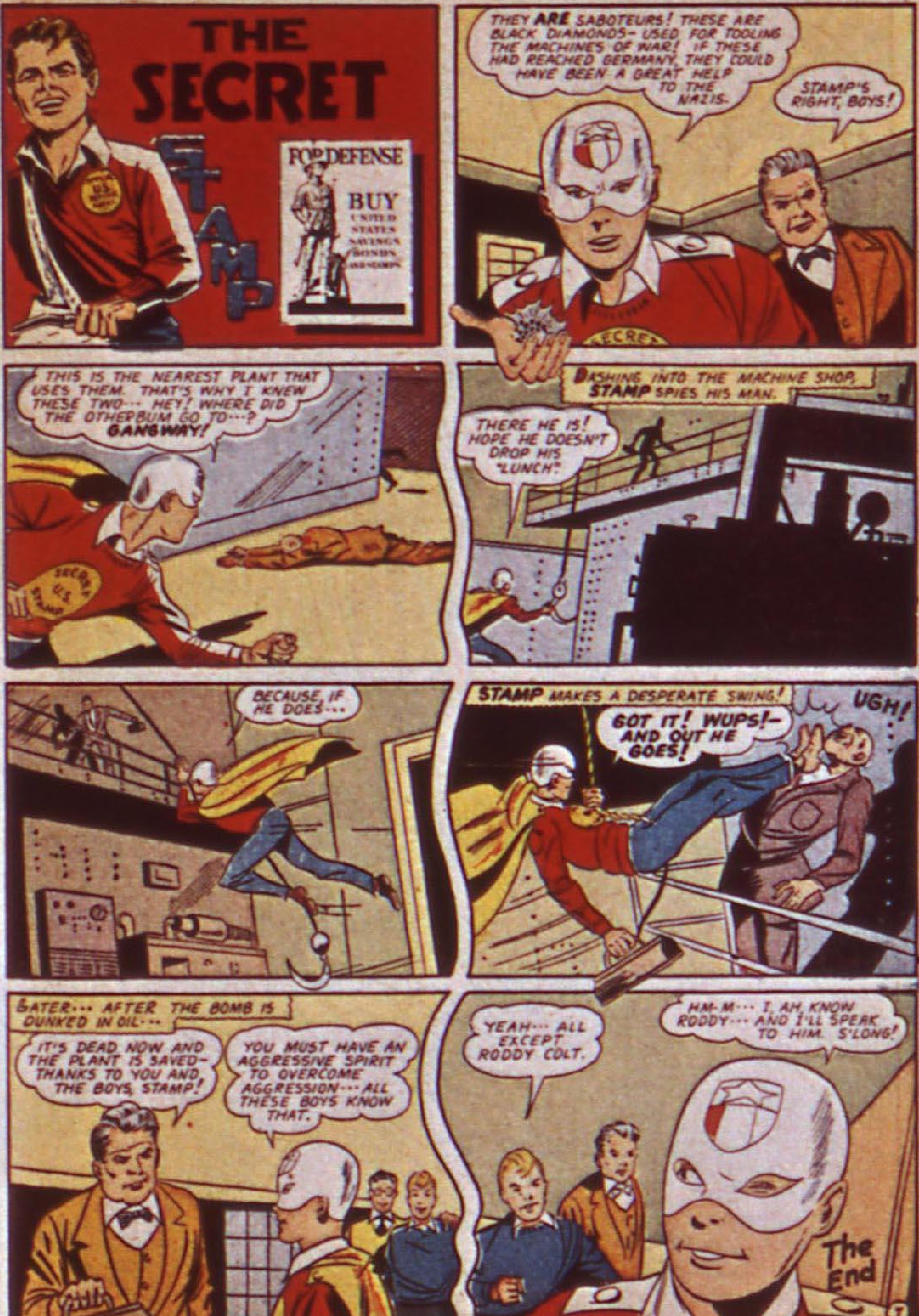

THE SECRET STAMP
FOR DEFENSE
BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS
IN A FEW MINUTES THE BOYS HAVE THE WAREHOUSE CLEANED OUT!
SOME PILE, EH, MISS CONROY?
YEA, AND LOOK AT THIS HEAVY OLD SAFE I FOUND!
GREAT! NOW PILE IT ON THE WAGON AND WE'LL START BACK! I THINK WE HAVE ENOUGH FOR ONE LOAD NOW.
ALL SET?
JUST A SEC --- WE'RE PUTTING THE SAFE ON LAST SO IT WILL BE EASY TO TAKE OFF
ALL SET! I'LL WATCH THE LOAD!
OKAY. BE CAREFUL!
GIDDAP!
NOT SO FAST!
WHY NOT? WE WANT TO WIN THE WAR IN A HURRY, DON'T WE?
UH-OH! THERE SHE GOES!
HOLD IT, FELLAS! THE SAFE FELL OFF!
?
I TOLD YOU NOT TO PUT IT ON TOP, ROBBY!
HEY! WHAT'S THIS -- DIAMONDS --- AND -- BETTER NOT LET THIS STUFF GET OUT!

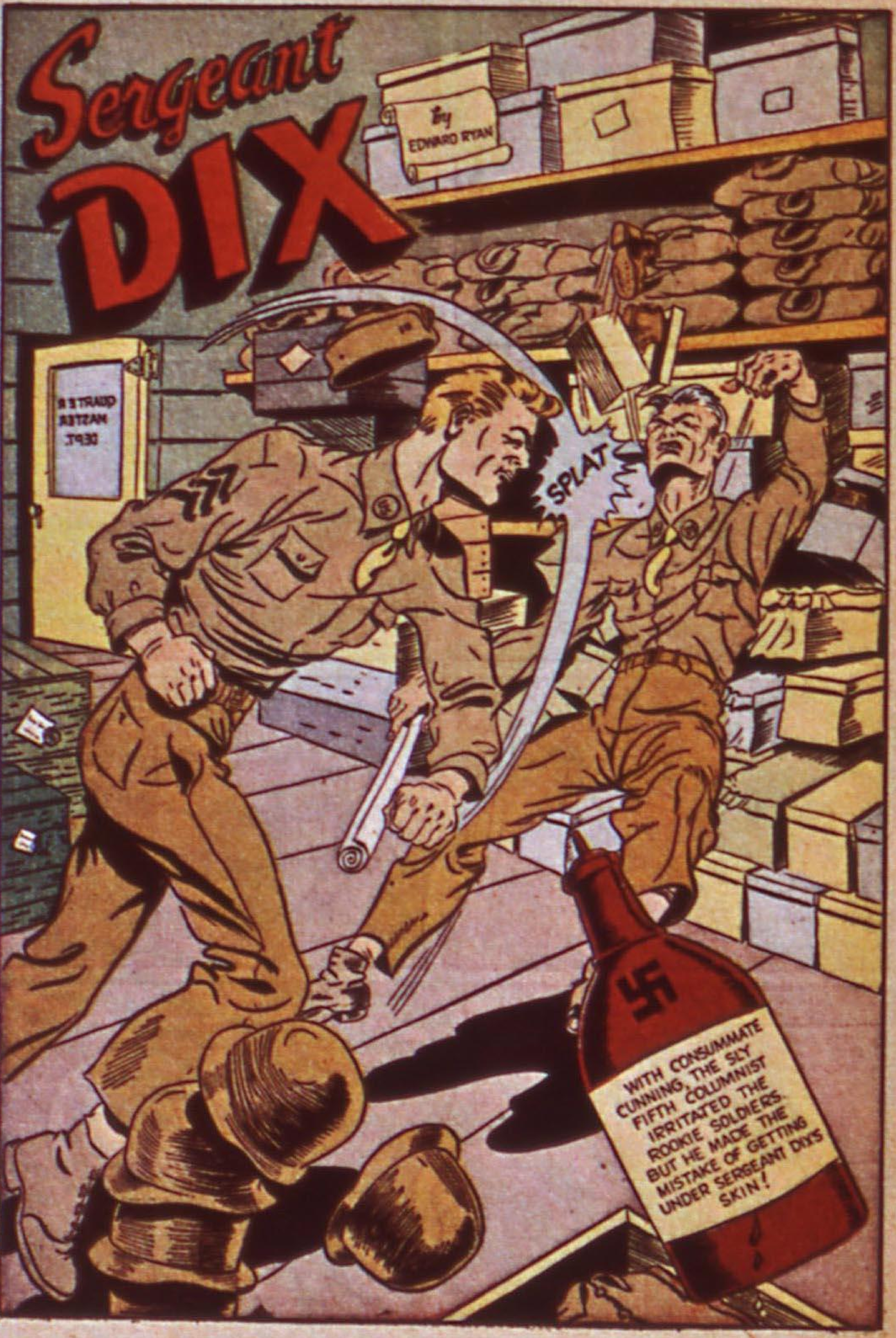

THE SECRET STAMP
FOR DEFENSE
BUY
UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS
FIND SOMETHING INTERESTING, RODDY?
WHAT? UH OH--- NO--- HELP ME WITH THIS SAFE
BACK ON THE WAGON--- AND ONCE AGAIN TO THE SCRAP PILE!
BLACK DIAMONDS! GEE! THAT'S FUNNY! THIS SAFE WASN'T IN A FACTORY.
MEANWHILE, LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THE SIDE DOOR OF THE OLD WAREHOUSE.
QUICK, HANS! THE OLD WATCHMAN MUST NOT SEE US!
JA, HERR CHIEF. THE DOOR IS NOW OPEN. COME!
INSIDE
HAVE YOU GOT ALL THE STONES?
JA, I PUT THEM IN THE SAFE WITH THE--- ACH! THE SAFE! IT'S GONE!
ACTING WITH THE TRAINED MILITARY DIRECTNESS OF NAZI AGENTS, THEY CORNER THE OLD WATCHMAN.
SPEAK UP, YOU OLD FOOL! THE SAFE-- WHERE IS IT?
WHO ARE YOU? THE SAFE?-- SOME BOYS TOOK IT FOR SCRAP
HERE- I'LL TIE HIM UP!
HURRY, HANS! WE MIGHT STILL BE ABLE TO CUT THEM OFF. IF ONLY THEY WON'T TRY TO OPEN IT!
THIS ONE WON'T CRY FOR HELP!
UGH!
THEIR FAST CAR SOON OVERTAKES THE SCRAP WAGON---
PULL UP, KIDS WE WANT A TALK!
HEY! WHAT'S THIS?
HERE IT COMES!

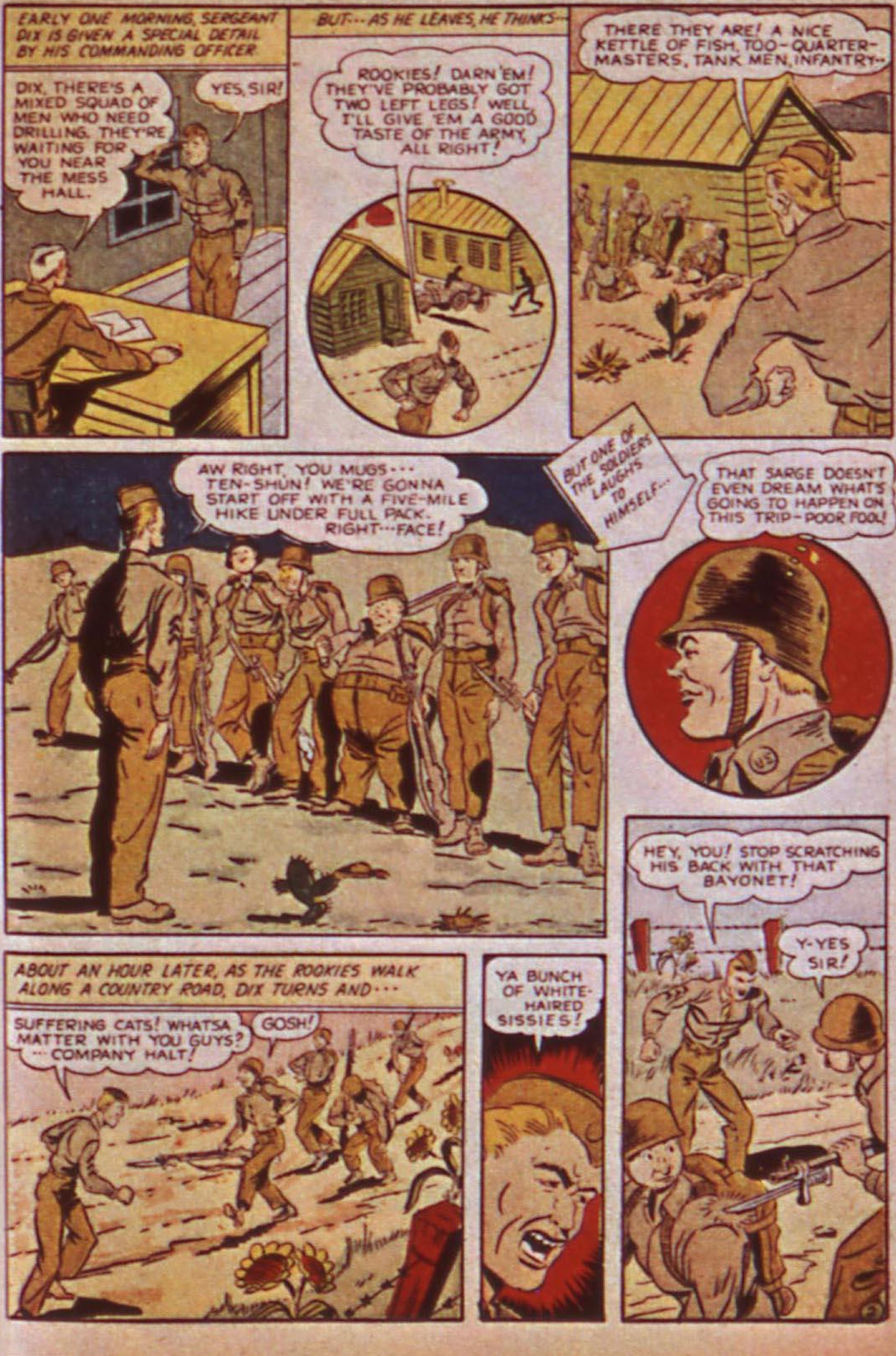

THE SECRET STAMP
FOR DEFENSE BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS
WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA, MISTER?
WE WANT THAT SAFE! THAT'S ALL, YOU LITTLE CROOKS!
SEE HERE! WE HAD PERMISSION TO TAKE EVERYTHING ON THIS WAGON.
YEAH! YOU'RE TOO LATE. THIS STUFF IS SCRAP— FOR WAR!
OKAY, OKAY! BUT HOW ABOUT SELLING IT BACK-- THEN YOU CAN BUY WAR BONDS WITH THE MONEY I'LL GIVE YOU TWENTY FIVE DOLLARS
NO SOAP, PAL!
WAIT A MINUTE... IT'S **MY** SAFE... I FOUND IT. I'LL SELL IT, MISTER!
SMART BOY!
THANKS, MISTER! S'LONG, KIDS! I HAVE AN ERRAND TO DO- I'LL SEE YOU LATER!
DON'T HURRY BACK!
FINE HELP **YOU** ARE! **PHOOEY!**
A FEW SECONDS LATER... RODDY COLT HAS CHANGED TO THE **SECRET STAMP!**
I HATED TO DO THAT, BUT I HAVE A HUNCH THAT I'M ONTO SOMETHING MORE IMPORTANT THAN SCRAP!
SECRET U.S. STAMP
THEN AS THE CAR SPURTS AWAY...
HERE WE GO AGAIN!
QUICK, HANS! ON OUR WAY!
AFTER A FAST RIDE, THE CAR PULLS UP NEAR A SEEMINGLY VACANT HOUSE.
WELL, HERE WE ARE- BUT **WHERE** ARE WE?

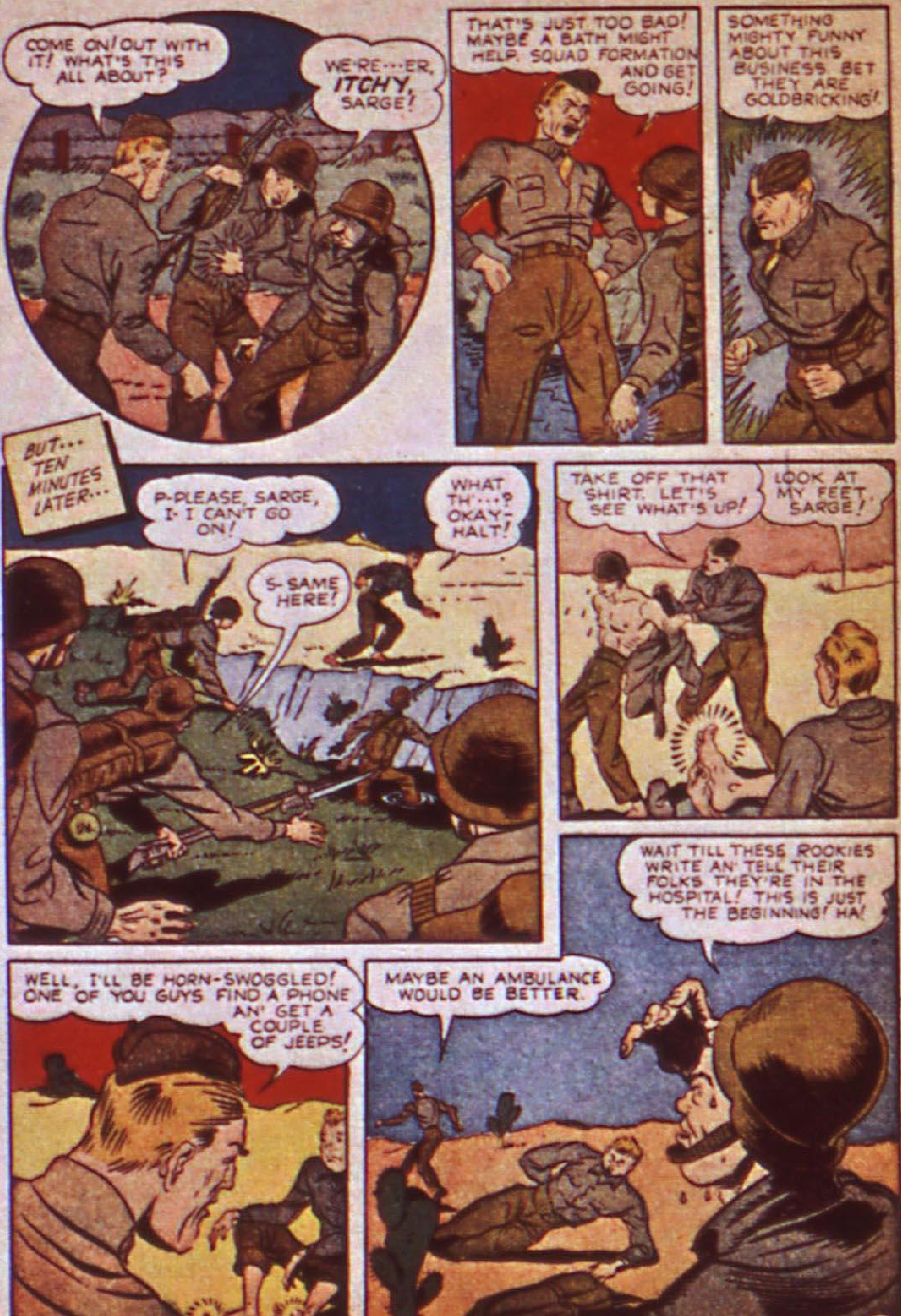

THE SECRET STAMP
FOR DEFENSE
BUY
UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS
AS THE CAR STOPS STAMP DUCKS INTO THE BRUSH.
IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!
AFTER THE MEN CARRY THE SAFE INTO THE HOUSE...
GOOD! I CAN HEAR THEM CLEARLY.
IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME TILL THAT WATCHMAN'S DISCOVERED.
YES! WE'D BETTER GET THESE DIAMONDS TO THE SUB QUICKLY-- AND WHATEVER ELSE WE CAN PICK UP AT THE PLANT TONIGHT.
WE CAN'T WAIT UNTIL TONIGHT! WE MUST DO IT THIS AFTERNOON. AFTER WE GET THE REST OF THE DIAMONDS, WE'LL DESTROY THE PLANT. THE FEUHRER, HIMSELF, WILL DECORATE US FOR THIS! HEIL HITLER!
JA WOHL!
SECRET
THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME BUT I'LL HAVE TO GET HELP. THIS TRUCK WILL DO-- HAVEN'T GOT TIME TO ASK FOR A RIDE.
GOTCHA! NOW TO PICK UP A REAL BUNCH OF SCRAPPERS!
HE DROPS OFF AS THE TRUCK PASSES THE SCRAP DUMP.
HEY, KIDS!
LOOK! THE SECRET STAMP!
SCRAP PILE
STAMP ASKS THEIR HELP.
ARE YOU WITH ME?
YOU BET! GRAB A FISTFUL OF SCRAP, FELLOWS! WE'RE OFF TO THE WARS!
SCR PILE

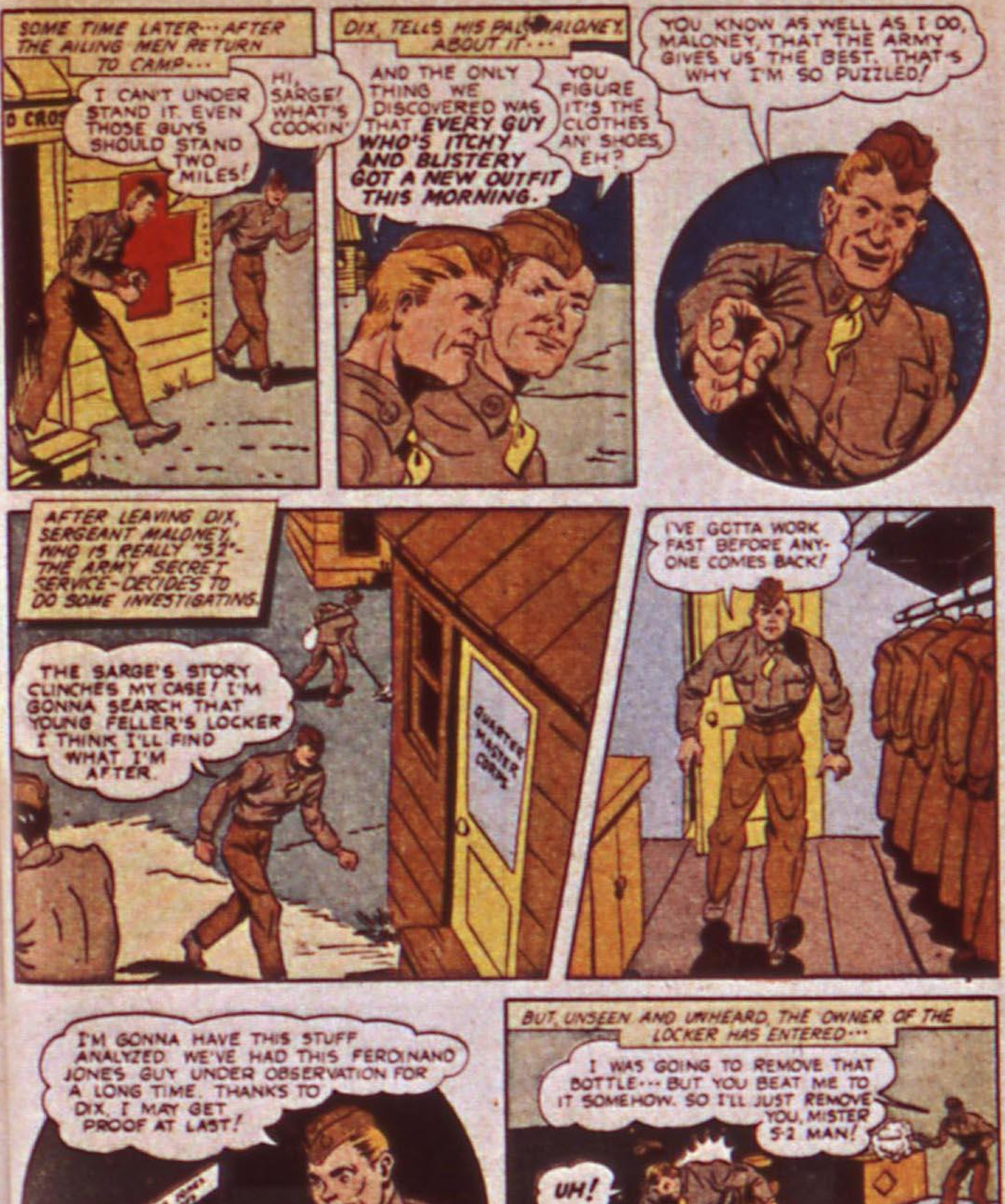

THE SECRET STAMP
U.S.
FOR DEFENSE
BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS
OH-H-H, WE'RE HELPING THE SECRET STAMP STAMP OUT THE AXIS! WE'RE...
QUIET! IF MISS CONROY HEARS US, SHE MIGHT STOP US- SHE'S EATING LUNCH ACROSS THE STREET.
WE'LL HAVE TO BE QUIET, ANYWAY.
REACHING THE NEAREST TOOL WORKS, THEY PILE OUT
O'TOOLE TOOL WORKS
SHOW YOUR PASS.
I WASN'T SURE WHICH PLANT THEY HAD IN MIND BUT MY GUESS WAS RIGHT. THERE ARE OUR MEN, TALKING TO THE GUARD.
HE LET THEM PASS!
HM-M! A GUN WITH A SILENCER IS A PERFECT PASS. THIS GUARD IS DEAD! COME ON!
SECRET U.S. STAMP
INSIDE, OTHER GUARDS APPEAR... BUT STAMP TALKS TO DEAF EARS.
YOU KIDS HAVE BEEN READING TOO MANY COMIC STRIPS! BEAT IT BEFORE I....
LET THEM HAVE IT, GANG- NO TIME TO EXPLAIN!
LET'S GO! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THOSE MEN!
THERE THEY GO!
OOOF!
BAM!
POW!
READY! AIM! FIRE!
HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON?
STAMP EXPLAINS TO THE FOREMAN...
THEY CAME HERE TO STEAL THE DIAMONDS THAT YOU...
YOU MEAN THESE PUNKS ARE ONLY JEWEL THIEVES? WE THOUGHT THEY WERE SABOTEURS!

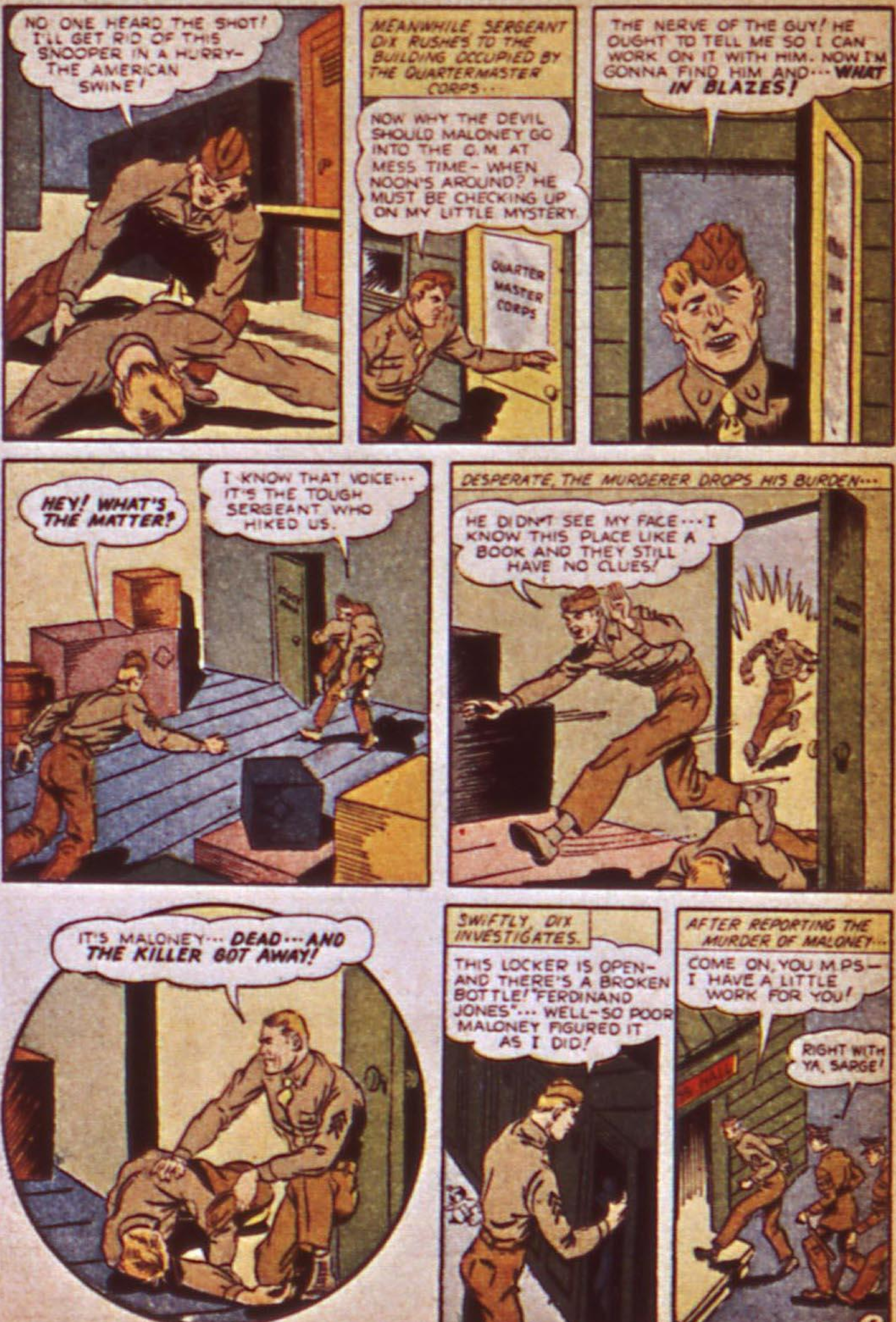

THE SECRET STAMP
FOR DEFENSE BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS
THEY ARE SABOTEURS! THESE ARE BLACK DIAMONDS– USED FOR TOOLING THE MACHINES OF WAR! IF THESE HAD REACHED GERMANY, THEY COULD HAVE BEEN A GREAT HELP TO THE NAZIS.
STAMP'S RIGHT, BOYS!
THIS IS THE NEAREST PLANT THAT USES THEM. THAT'S WHY I KNEW THESE TWO··· HEY! WHERE DID THE OTHER BUM GO TO···? GANGWAY!
DASHING INTO THE MACHINE SHOP, STAMP SPIES HIS MAN.
THERE HE IS! HOPE HE DOESN'T DROP HIS "LUNCH."
BECAUSE, IF HE DOES···
STAMP MAKES A DESPERATE SWING!
GOT IT! WUPS!– AND OUT HE GOES!
UGH!
LATER··· AFTER THE BOMB IS DUNKED IN OIL···
IT'S DEAD NOW AND THE PLANT IS SAVED– THANKS TO YOU AND THE BOYS, STAMP!
YOU MUST HAVE AN AGGRESSIVE SPIRIT TO OVERCOME AGGRESSION··· ALL THESE BOYS KNOW THAT.
YEAH··· ALL EXCEPT RODDY COLT.
HM-M··· I, AH, KNOW RODDY··· AND I'LL SPEAK TO HIM. S'LONG!
The End

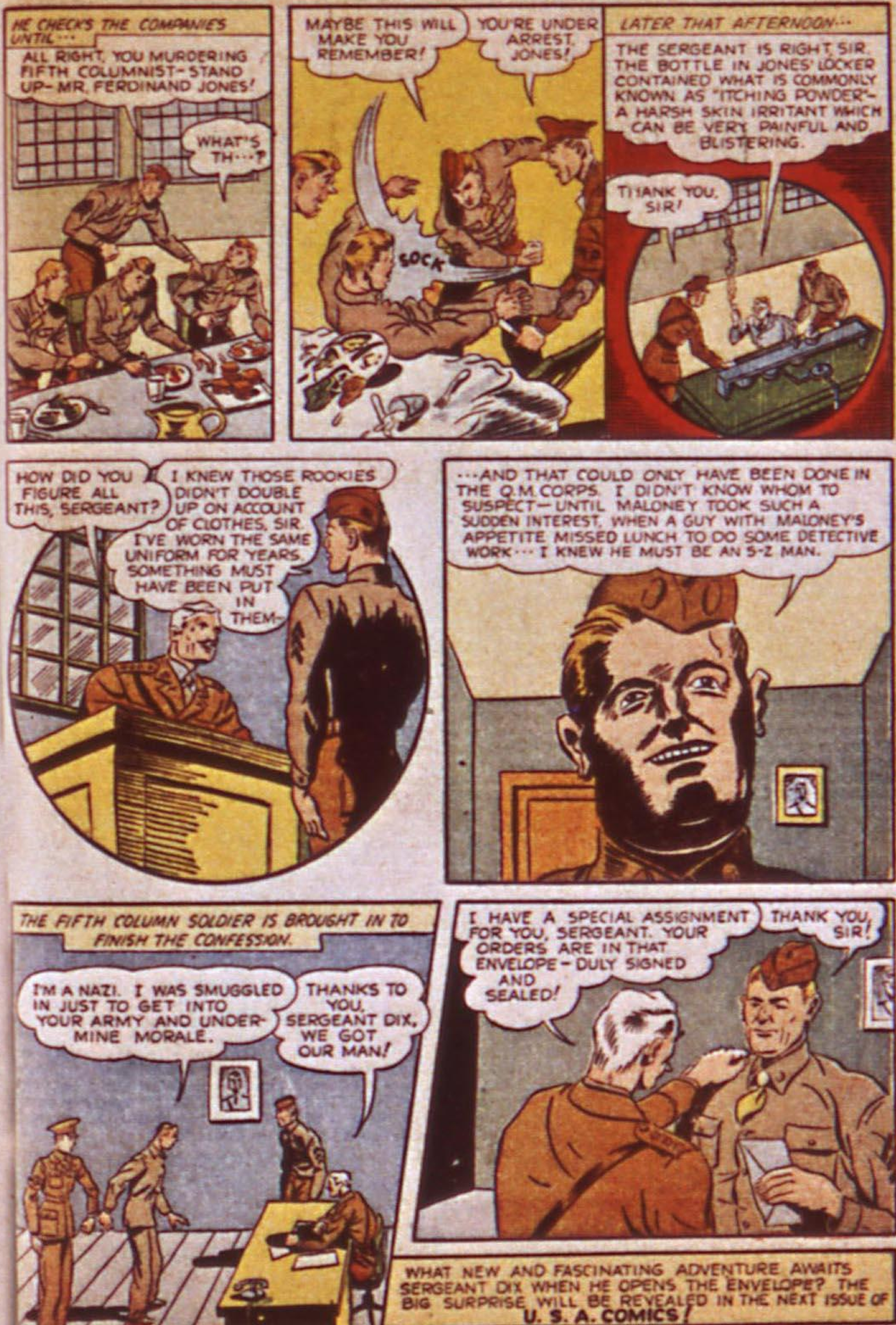

Sergeant
DIX
by
EDWARD RYAN
QUARTER MASTER DEPT
SPLAT
WITH CONSUMMATE CUNNING, THE SLY FIFTH COLUMNIST IRRITATED THE ROOKIE SOLDIERS. BUT HE MADE THE MISTAKE OF GETTING UNDER SERGEANT DIX'S SKIN!


EARLY ONE MORNING, SERGEANT DIX IS GIVEN A SPECIAL DETAIL BY HIS COMMANDING OFFICER
DIX, THERE'S A MIXED SQUAD OF MEN WHO NEED DRILLING. THEY'RE WAITING FOR YOU NEAR THE MESS HALL.
YES, SIR!
BUT--- AS HE LEAVES, HE THINKS---
ROOKIES! DARN 'EM! THEY'VE PROBABLY GOT TWO LEFT LEGS! WELL, I'LL GIVE 'EM A GOOD TASTE OF THE ARMY, ALL RIGHT!
THERE THEY ARE! A NICE KETTLE OF FISH, TOO- QUARTER-MASTERS, TANK MEN, INFANTRY--
AW RIGHT, YOU MUGS--- TEN-SHUN! WE'RE GONNA START OFF WITH A FIVE-MILE HIKE UNDER FULL PACK. RIGHT---FACE!
BUT ONE OF THE SOLDIERS LAUGHS TO HIMSELF...
THAT SARGE DOESN'T EVEN DREAM WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN ON THIS TRIP- POOR FOOL!
HEY, YOU! STOP SCRATCHING HIS BACK WITH THAT BAYONET!
Y-YES SIR!
ABOUT AN HOUR LATER, AS THE ROOKIES WALK ALONG A COUNTRY ROAD, DIX TURNS AND---
SUFFERING CATS! WHATSA MATTER WITH YOU GUYS? ---COMPANY HALT!
GOSH!
YA BUNCH OF WHITE-HAIRED SISSIES!


COME ON! OUT WITH IT! WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?
WE'RE...ER, ITCHY, SARGE!
THAT'S JUST TOO BAD! MAYBE A BATH MIGHT HELP. SQUAD FORMATION AND GET GOING!
SOMETHING MIGHTY FUNNY ABOUT THIS BUSINESS. BET THEY ARE GOLDBRICKING!
BUT... TEN MINUTES LATER...
P-PLEASE, SARGE, I- I CAN'T GO ON!
WHAT TH'...? OKAY- HALT!
S-SAME HERE!
TAKE OFF THAT SHIRT. LET'S SEE WHAT'S UP!
LOOK AT MY FEET, SARGE!
WELL, I'LL BE HORN-SWOGGLED! ONE OF YOU GUYS FIND A PHONE AN' GET A COUPLE OF JEEPS!
MAYBE AN AMBULANCE WOULD BE BETTER.
WAIT TILL THESE ROOKIES WRITE AN' TELL THEIR FOLKS THEY'RE IN THE HOSPITAL! THIS IS JUST THE BEGINNING! HA!


SOME TIME LATER... AFTER THE AILING MEN RETURN TO CAMP...
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT. EVEN THOSE GUYS SHOULD STAND TWO MILES!
HI, SARGE! WHAT'S COOKIN'
D CROS
DIX, TELLS HIS PAL MALONEY ABOUT IT...
AND THE ONLY THING WE DISCOVERED WAS THAT EVERY GUY WHO'S ITCHY AND BLISTERY GOT A NEW OUTFIT THIS MORNING.
YOU FIGURE IT'S THE CLOTHES AN' SHOES, EH?
YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO, MALONEY, THAT THE ARMY GIVES US THE BEST. THAT'S WHY I'M SO PUZZLED!
AFTER LEAVING DIX, SERGEANT MALONEY, WHO IS REALLY "S-2"- THE ARMY SECRET SERVICE- DECIDES TO DO SOME INVESTIGATING.
THE SARGE'S STORY CLINCHES MY CASE! I'M GONNA SEARCH THAT YOUNG FELLER'S LOCKER I THINK I'LL FIND WHAT I'M AFTER.
QUARTER MASTER CORPS
I'VE GOTTA WORK FAST BEFORE ANYONE COMES BACK!
I'M GONNA HAVE THIS STUFF ANALYZED. WE'VE HAD THIS FERDINAND JONES GUY UNDER OBSERVATION FOR A LONG TIME. THANKS TO DIX, I MAY GET PROOF AT LAST!
BUT, UNSEEN AND UNHEARD, THE OWNER OF THE LOCKER HAS ENTERED...
I WAS GOING TO REMOVE THAT BOTTLE... BUT YOU BEAT ME TO IT SOMEHOW. SO I'LL JUST REMOVE YOU, MISTER S-2 MAN!
UH!
4


NO ONE HEARD THE SHOT! I'LL GET RID OF THIS SNOOPER IN A HURRY— THE AMERICAN SWINE!
MEANWHILE, SERGEANT DIX RUSHES TO THE BUILDING OCCUPIED BY THE QUARTERMASTER CORPS...
NOW WHY THE DEVIL SHOULD MALONEY GO INTO THE Q.M. AT MESS TIME— WHEN NOON'S AROUND? HE MUST BE CHECKING UP ON MY LITTLE MYSTERY.
QUARTER MASTER CORPS
THE NERVE OF THE GUY! HE OUGHT TO TELL ME SO I CAN WORK ON IT WITH HIM. NOW I'M GONNA FIND HIM AND... WHAT IN BLAZES!
HEY! WHAT'S THE MATTER?
I KNOW THAT VOICE... IT'S THE TOUGH SERGEANT WHO HIKED US.
DESPERATE, THE MURDERER DROPS HIS BURDEN...
HE DIDN'T SEE MY FACE... I KNOW THIS PLACE LIKE A BOOK AND THEY STILL HAVE NO CLUES!
IT'S MALONEY... DEAD... AND THE KILLER GOT AWAY!
SWIFTLY, DIX INVESTIGATES.
THIS LOCKER IS OPEN— AND THERE'S A BROKEN BOTTLE! "FERDINAND JONES"... WELL—SO POOR MALONEY FIGURED IT AS I DID!
AFTER REPORTING THE MURDER OF MALONEY...
COME ON, YOU M.PS— I HAVE A LITTLE WORK FOR YOU!
RIGHT WITH YA, SARGE!


HE CHECKS THE COMPANIES UNTIL...
ALL RIGHT, YOU MURDERING FIFTH COLUMNIST–STAND UP–MR. FERDINAND JONES!
WHAT'S TH...?
MAYBE THIS WILL MAKE YOU REMEMBER!
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, JONES!
SOCK
LATER THAT AFTERNOON...
THE SERGEANT IS RIGHT, SIR. THE BOTTLE IN JONES' LOCKER CONTAINED WHAT IS COMMONLY KNOWN AS "ITCHING POWDER"– A HARSH SKIN IRRITANT WHICH CAN BE VERY PAINFUL AND BLISTERING.
THANK YOU, SIR!
HOW DID YOU FIGURE ALL THIS, SERGEANT?
I KNEW THOSE ROOKIES DIDN'T DOUBLE UP ON ACCOUNT OF CLOTHES, SIR. I'VE WORN THE SAME UNIFORM FOR YEARS. SOMETHING MUST HAVE BEEN PUT IN THEM–
...AND THAT COULD ONLY HAVE BEEN DONE IN THE Q.M.CORPS. I DIDN'T KNOW WHOM TO SUSPECT–UNTIL MALONEY TOOK SUCH A SUDDEN INTEREST. WHEN A GUY WITH MALONEY'S APPETITE MISSED LUNCH TO DO SOME DETECTIVE WORK... I KNEW HE MUST BE AN S-Z MAN.
THE FIFTH COLUMN SOLDIER IS BROUGHT IN TO FINISH THE CONFESSION.
I'M A NAZI. I WAS SMUGGLED IN JUST TO GET INTO YOUR ARMY AND UNDERMINE MORALE.
THANKS TO YOU, SERGEANT DIX, WE GOT OUR MAN!
I HAVE A SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT FOR YOU, SERGEANT. YOUR ORDERS ARE IN THAT ENVELOPE – DULY SIGNED AND SEALED!
THANK YOU, SIR!
WHAT NEW AND FASCINATING ADVENTURE AWAITS SERGEANT DIX WHEN HE OPENS THE ENVELOPE? THE BIG SURPRISE WILL BE REVEALED IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF U. S. A. COMICS!

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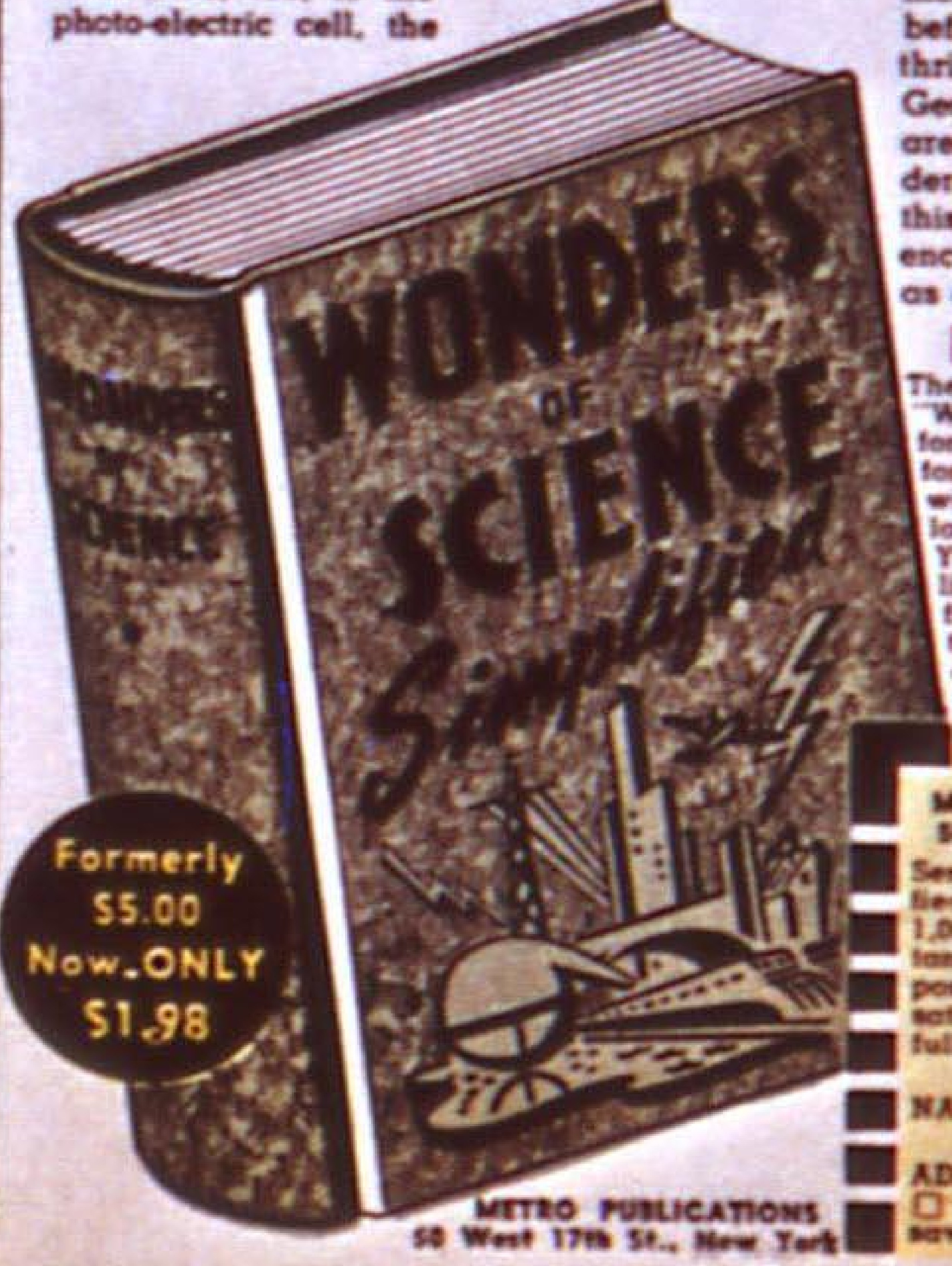

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